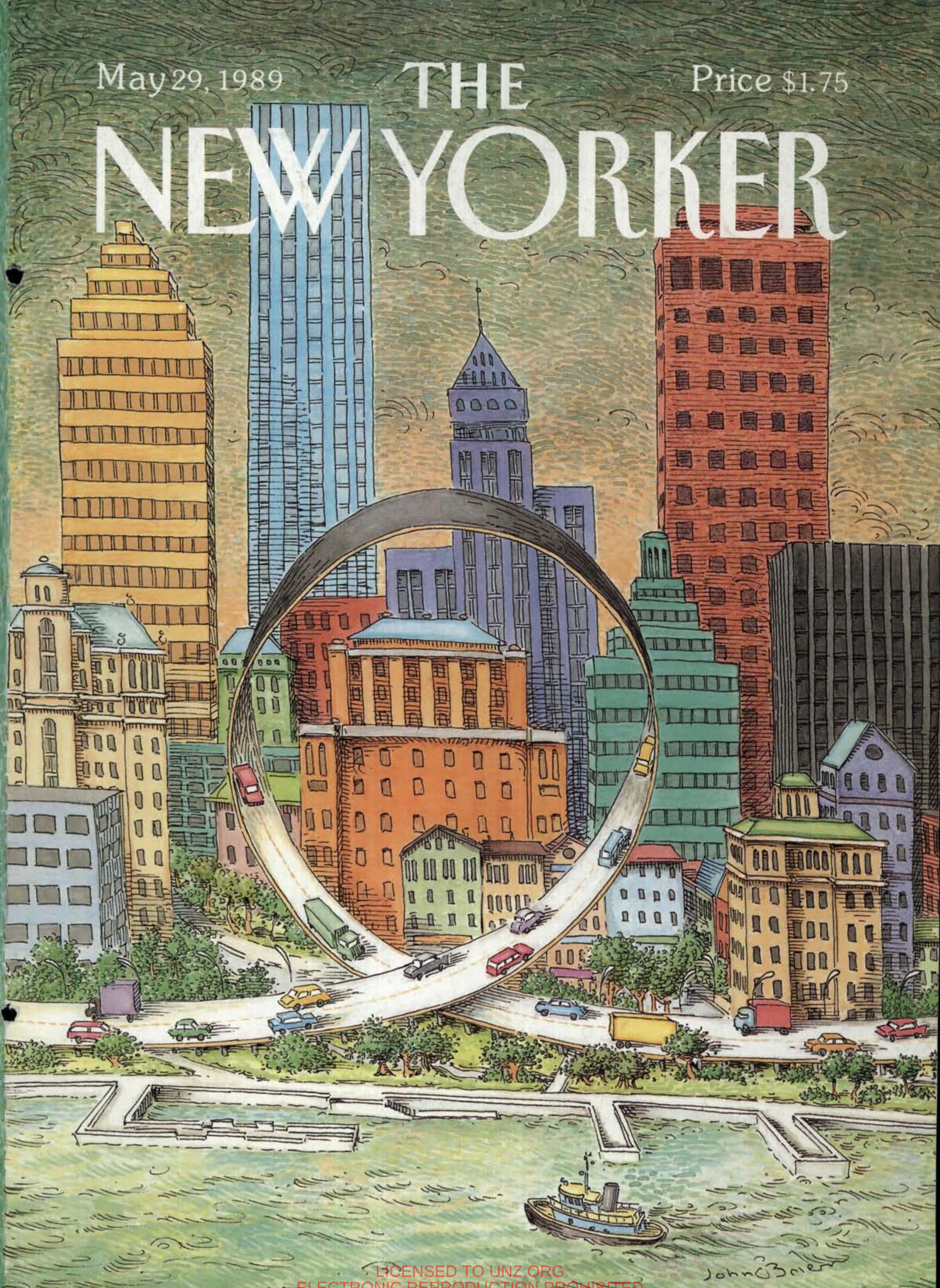
May 29, 1989

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75


John O'Brien

SHO
24 VALVE DOHC
Ford

Ford Taurus SHO. The car that will turn your idea

Exhilarating. Innovative. Exciting. Not the ordinary way to describe a four-door sedan. But the new Ford Taurus SHO is far from an ordinary sedan. Taurus SHO is the end product of Ford's quest to take the American sedan beyond its traditional role of people mover, and into the heady realm of the world class sports sedan. The end result is so compelling that you would seek out its performance even if you didn't need the convenience of four doors.

We began with the distinctive Taurus design, then added a fuel-injected 24 valve V-6 engine with double overhead cams. The result: a 220 horsepower work of art, delivering the super high output that gives Taurus SHO its name.

But power is nothing without the abilit

of a four-door sedan inside out.

control it precisely. So we gave Taurus O a 5-speed manual transmission and our-wheel independent sport suspension, r agile handling on demanding roads. nd four-wheel disc brakes for stops ong the way.

That same precision is reflected in the terior of Taurus SHO. Designed to reduce istractions. Designed to increase your enjoyment of the road. Standard features include a 6-way power adjustable driver's seat and an 8000 RPM tachometer.

The new limited production Ford Taurus SHO. Conceived to turn your preconceived notions about four-door sedans inside out.

Have you driven a Ford...lately? Ford

MADRID
BAR
MADRID IS PRICELESS.
We invite you to a free stop-over.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAVIER ROMERO

Ayuntamiento de Madrid
Patronato Municipal de Turismo

MADRID AMIGO

Stopping over in Madrid between any two international flights –one of them being intercontinental– is now free. The City Council of Madrid invites you to enjoy its MADRID-AMIGO Programme: a night's stay at one of the best hotels in the city, dinner and a show for completely no charge.*

*Certain restrictions applied.

Fashionable Madrid, with its unique combination of art, culture and entertainment 24 hours a day. You have a friend in Madrid now. Call your travel agent or 1-800-SPAIN-IB.

IBERIA
AIRLINES OF SPAIN

WARM TO THE EXPERIENCE.

Ayer

BONNARD
BRAQUE
CEZANNE
CHAGALL
COROT
DEGAS
DERAIN
DUFY
FOUJITA
GAUGUIN
KISLING
LAUTREC
MANET
MARQUET
MATISSE
MODIGLIANI
MONET
PICASSO
PISSARRO
REDON
RENOIR
ROUAULT
SEURAT
SISLEY
UTRILLO
VAN DONGEN
VAN GOGH
VLAMINCK
VUILLARD

We are seeking to acquire
select 19th and 20th century paintings.
As a well-established
international gallery, we assure swift
transactions and complete confidentiality.
We welcome further inquiry
from interested parties at 212.439.4955.

nichido galleries

NEW YORK
30 East 85th Street, Suite 18A
212.439.4955

PARIS
61, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré
4266.62.86

TOKYO
3-16, Ginza 5-chome Chuō-ku
03.571.2553

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
MAY 26 1989

ROY LICHTENSTEIN Bronze Sculpture 1976-1989 May 19-July 1, 1989
65 THOMPSON STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10012 212-219-2219

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS
MAY 29, 1989

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 6
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"THREE POEMS" . . . . *Eavan Boland* 33
"PERFECT VISION" . . . . *Julie Hecht* 34
"THE IGNOMINY OF THE LIVING" (POEM) . . . . *Kathleen Norris* 40
PROFILES (CHRISTOPHER DE HAMEL) . . . . *Israel Shenker* 48
A REPORTER AT LARGE (MOZAMBIQUE—PART II) . . . . *William Finnegan* 69
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 97
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 99
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 102
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 105
BOOKS . . . . *Judith Thurman* 108

COVER: *John O'Brien*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, J. B. Handelsman, Roz Chast, Charles Addams, John O'Brien, Ed Fisher, Arnie Levin, Michael Crawford, Bernard Schoenbaum, Edward Koren, Warren Miller, Bill Woodman, Eldon Dedini, Danny Shanahan, Burt Silverman, Mischa Richter, Joseph Farris, Richard Cline, Tom Funk, Henry Martin, James Stevenson, Robert Mankoff, Peter Steiner, William Hamilton, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 414, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXV, No. 15, May 29, 1989. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1989 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

CALL TOLL FREE 800-777-0000 FOR YOUR NEW "OPTIMA" LUGGAGE

Presenting The Premium Lightweights From Delsey

Seven top-of-the-line luxe ways to pack up and leave with style and substance. Leather handles and trim, 24k gold surface hardware and a super tough textured nylon twill that will take you years and years of hard traveling to wear out, and even then it's doubtful. All pieces are fully lined with multiple pockets, pullmans with recessed wheels and pull handles. If you're looking for a quality grade luggage this is it! Black only. Please specify item number when ordering.

Clockwise From Top:

48″ Garment Bag (#09806)	265.00
27″ Pullman with wheels (#09808)	205.00
3 Zip Carry-On (#09804)	185.00
24″ Duffle (#09803)	140.00
Carry-On with wheels (#09805)	175.00
24″ Pullman with wheels (#09807)	190.00
29″ Pullman with wheels (#09809)	215.00

For phone orders: Postage and handling add 10.00. Shipments to Conn., add 7½% tax; to VA, 4½%; to NY, add applicable tax. Bloomingdale's by Mail Ltd.. welcomes American Express. Diners Club. MasterCard. VISA and Bloomingdale's own charge card.

bloomingdale's
By Mail Ltd.

CALL TOLL FREE (800) 777-0000
8am to 10pm Monday-Friday, 8am to 8pm Saturday and Sunday Eastern Time.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THE Repertorio Español (as theatres go) is difficult to pin down in terms of its schedule: we found this out when we rang the company (889-2850) to inquire about the performances of René Buch's wonderful new production of Lorca's "La Casa de Bernarda Alba." Gilberto Zaldívar, the company's producer, told us that the calendar is haphazard because it is dictated by the tastes and inclinations of the Spanish-speaking community that the theatre serves. Thus, with eight of the company's productions running in rotating repertory, in the space of a single weekend you might find the Lorca play at the Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St., on a Friday ("because classical drama is what people are in the mood for on that night"), and a comedy playing there on Saturday.

Not long ago, we attended a matinée of the Lorca play with an audience of students from Mother Cabrini High School, in upper Manhattan, and we were astounded at how vital Mr. Buch's production made this stark and (we'd have thought) dated play seem to us and to the forty or so teen-age girls who were there. During the intermission, we chatted with their teacher, Mrs. Margaret Chen, who helped initiate a literature program for the native Spanish speakers at Mother Cabrini fifteen years ago. She told us that most of her students come from strict Catholic families—many have emigrated from the Dominican Republic—and that they live in tough neighborhoods, in the South Bronx and Washington Heights, where a girl can't walk around alone at night. So they feel a certain identification with the claustrophobic lives led by the women in Lorca's play and with its constant refrain, "¡Déjame salir!" ("Let me out!"). Mrs. Chen also explained that for many of her students the Repertorio Español offers an introduction both to live theatre and to the notion that knowing Spanish can be a cultural asset. We keep thinking how lucky the Mother Cabrini girls are to have two such valuable institutions—the Repertorio and Mrs. Chen.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedules and ticket information.)

THE ACTING COMPANY—A brief engagement by the group that John Houseman founded. Shakespeare's **LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST,** directed by Paul Giovanni: May 22-26. . . . ¶ Bella and Samuel Spewack's 1935 comedy **BOY MEETS GIRL,** directed by Brian Murray: May 30-June 3. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 279-4200.)

ARMS AND THE MAN—Shaw's comedy, with Daniel Gerroll, Roma Downey, and Christopher Noth. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The final play of the season is **FLORIDA CRACKERS,** a drama by Wm. S. Leavengood about three brothers and their involvement in the drug trade. John Bishop is the director. In previews. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

CONVERSATION AMONG THE RUINS—A play by Emilio Carballido, presented by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre and starring Elizabeth Ruiz Clemens and Mark Morant. Some performances are in English; most are in Spanish. Preview on May 24. Opens May 25 at 8. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

CYMBELINE—The ninth production in the Shakespeare Marathon stars Joan Cusack as Imogen. JoAnne Akalaitis is the director. With an original score by Philip Glass. Previews through May 30. Opens May 31 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE—The 1989 marathon—nine plays in all—opens with performances of "The Essence of Margrovia," by Jenny Lombard; "Self Torture and Strenuous Exercise," by Harry Kondoleon; and "Wink-Dah," by William Yellow Robe, Jr. Previews May 24-26. Opens May 27 at 3, and will run through June 4. The marathon continues through July 2. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

THE LISBON TRAVIATA—A play by Terrence McNally, with Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, Dan Butler, and John Slattery. John Tillinger is the director. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

UBU—Larry Sloan and Doug Wright's adaptation of Alfred Jarry's "Ubu Roi," based on a translation of the play by Jacqueline de la Chaume. With Oliver Platt as Père Ubu, Jodie Markell as Mère Ubu, and Christopher Durang as Ubu's Conscience. Directed by Mr. Sloan. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

UP 'N' UNDER—A comedy by John Godber about England's worst amateur rugby team. Previews begin May 24. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

THE VALUE OF NAMES—A play by Jeffrey Sweet, set in the eighties, about a comedian who was blacklisted during the fifties. With John Seitz; directed by Gloria Muzio. In previews. (Gertrude & Irving Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

NEW THIS SEASON

APPROACHING ZANZIBAR—Tina Howe's quirky comedy is about a family of four—father, mother, and two children—who drive across the country to visit the mother's dying great-aunt, an artist in New Mexico. Most of the scenes are funny, or at least touched with a fleck of mystery. Harris Yulin, Jane Alexander, and Bethel Leslie are fine in the leading roles, and so are the actors in support. Directed by Carole Rothman. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/15/89.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes May 28.)

EUROPE ON THE HUDSON

Now is the best time of the year to visit the Cloisters. The glass comes off the arches around the courtyards, and the gardens erupt with the color and scent of flowers and herbs. It's a place to head for a serenity as elusive as the unicorn stalked by nobles in the museum's remarkable set of tapestries. But beneath the soothing tranquillity there's a history of violence: the revolutionary de-Christianization that swept through France in the late eighteenth century, "executing" religious buildings in an architectural equivalent of the Terror. As a result, countless artifacts of medieval art and architecture eventually became available for museum acquisition, including many of those that make up the Cloisters. This quiet spot above the Hudson is one of New York's most tangible links to the French Revolution.

ARISTOCRATS—Brian Friel's portrait of the family of Judge O'Donnell, of Ballybeg Hall, in Donegal, is witty, ironic, and loving. It is faultlessly performed by Niall Buggy (an astonishing actor, who got his start at the Abbey Theatre), Peter Crombie, John Pankow, Kaiulani Lee, John Christopher Jones, and Margaret Colin, among others, under the direction of Robin Lefèvre. Distinguished setting, lighting, and costumes by John Lee Beatty, Dennis Parichy, and Jane Greenwood. (5/8/89) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-0102.)

BLACK AND BLUE—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

THE BLESSING—A play by Clare Coss, with Anita Gillette, Kelly Bishop, and Louisa Horton. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

CANTORIAL—Ira Levin's play about a couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are as cute as all getout playing, respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

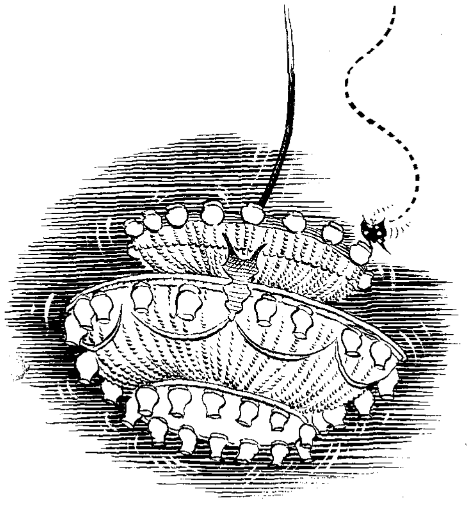
THE COCKTAIL HOUR—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The final production of the season is a revival of **GIGI,** Lerner and Loewe's 1973 musical that was based on the movie of the same name. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. 663-2028. Closes June 4.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

THE FORBIDDEN CITY—This domestic drama about a black family living prosperously on the edge of suburban Philadelphia in 1936 was written by Bill Gunn, who died the day before it opened. It's essentially an unfinished play, as full of interest as it is of excess and inconsistency. The writing ranges from the embarrassingly overwrought to the inspired, as does the acting, under Joseph Papp's direction. With Gloria Foster, Akili Prince, and Frankie R. Faison. (4/17/89) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

GHETTO—A play about an actual theatre in the ghetto in Vilna, Lithuania, during the Holocaust, or, more precisely, a play about an attempt to produce a show there. Joshua



Sobol is the author; Stephen McHattie, Jarlath Conroy, and Donal Donnelly, poor souls, appear in the leading roles. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes May 28.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

The Investigation of the Murder in El Salvador—A play by Charles Mee, Jr., with music composed and performed by Peter Gordon. Presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Largely New York—It would be a mistake to assume that Bill Irwin's dance-mime extravaganza is fundamentally boring because it lacks words; in fact, it has the best "book" on Broadway. The piece is partly a send-up of theatrical technology, partly a comment on the ills that beset a pluralistic society, and partly a debate about art. Irwin puts onstage all the conflicts, tensions, and antagonisms of city life and resolves them by means of an invented language. His solution is unrealistic—it obtains only in a theatre—but what makes the message so uplifting is that to understand it you have to learn a new idiom. (5/15/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through May 28: Sigmund Romberg's **new moon**. . . . ¶ Starting May 31: Gilbert and Sullivan's **mikado.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Love Letters—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. May 22 at 8, Jane Curtin and Stephen Collins; May 28 at 7, Elaine Stritch and Jason Robards; and May 29 at 8, Julie Hagerty and John Shea. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

The Night Hank Williams Died—Larry L. King, whose "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" was a hit some years ago, has again written a strong play with music, set in a saloon in an obscure Texas town in 1952. The performance, under Christopher Ashley's direction, is satisfying and more, and so are Mr. King's songs. With Betsy Aidem, Matt Mulhern, and Darren McGavin. (2/20/89) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Noiresque: The Fallen Angel—A new theatrical work, conceived and staged by Ping Chong. Presented by Pan Asian Rep. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Closes May 27. For information about tickets, call 245-2660.)

Only Kidding—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team, still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

S. J. Perelman . . . In Person—Lewis J. Stadlen plays the American author and humorist in this one-man show written by Bob Shanks. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Starmites—This musical about a girl who enters the world of her favorite comic-book characters is pretty much what you'd expect. The style of the main plot—visually and otherwise—leans toward Michael Jackson, aerobic dancing, and Andrew Lloyd Webber; the style of the subplot is more in the direction of leather. We lasted almost to intermission. (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

A Thrill a Moment—A musical revue featuring songs that William (Mickey) Stevenson, who was once head of A. & R. at Motown, had a hand in creating. You'll hear "Devil with the Blue Dress On," "Pride and Joy," and "Dancing in the Street," to name a few. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 869-3981. Closes May 28.)

Yankee Dawg You Die—A two-character play by Philip Kan Gotanda, with Stan Egi and Sab Shimono. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

York Theatre Company—The final production of the season is a revival of **the lark,** Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's "L'Alouette." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Closes June 3. For information about tickets, call 534-5366.)

LONG RUNS

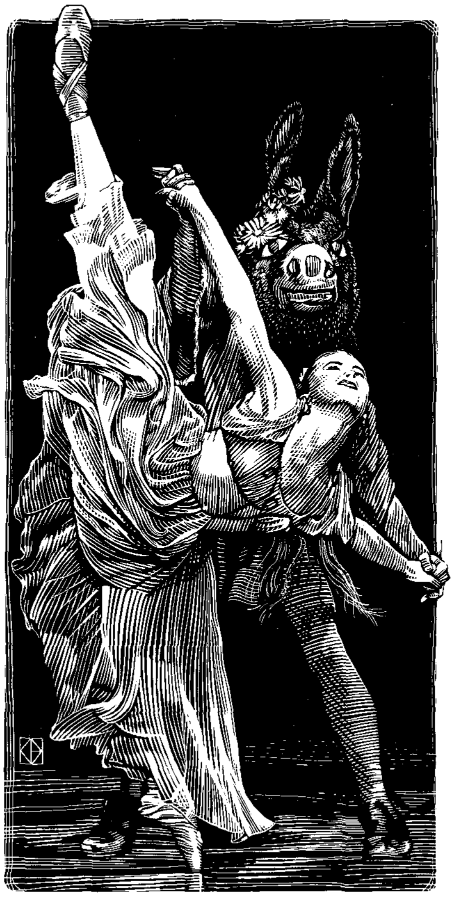
anything goes: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams and Bill McCutcheon, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run recently turned twenty-nine. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **m. butterfly:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **les misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **sarafina!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

MUCH has been written about how hard it is for a Westerner to grasp the spiritual meaning of African performance. We thought about this while studying a brochure the other day for the twelfth annual DanceAfrica Festival at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—which features Les Guirivoires, from the Ivory Coast, on June 3rd and 4th—and again while attending a dress rehearsal for "Africa Oyé!" ("Long Live Africa!"), the revue of sub-Saharan music and dance at City Center through May 28th.

Despite the runthrough's numerous technical glitches, which kept driving the masked or befeathered or brilliantly painted dancers back into the wings, we could tell that "Africa Oyé!" was a varied and exuberant show, emphasizing performers over elaborate sets. Still, we wondered whether a single world could encompass the ancient art of the Peul acrobats and the cordless mikes of Zaire's Afro-pop star Papa Wemba.

Such differences between old and new seemed to collapse as we watched three of Zaire's tribal dancers. They loped onstage, straightened their spines, then jumped into action, possessed with movement. We knew the rhythm of this entrance. We had witnessed it in ballet studios, and among certain postmodern virtuosos and flamenco masters. It was the rhythm of the dancer seized by the moment. Don't think; do! We leaned back in our seat, alive in our village.



Darci Kistler in
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—May 23 at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ May 24 at 8: "Swan Lake," "The Waltz Project," and "The Unanswered Question." . . . ¶ May 25 at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ May 26 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Moves," "Other Dances," and "The Unanswered Question." . . . ¶ May 27 at 2: "Black & White," "In the Night," and "Divertimento No. 15." . . . ¶ May 27 at 8: "Swan Lake," "The Waltz Project," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ May 28 at 1: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ May 28 at 7: "Swan Lake," "The Waltz Project," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: "Western Symphony," "Moves," "Other Dances," and "The Unanswered Question." . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Glass Pieces." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—May 22 at 8: "Bum's Rush," "Quartet," "Everlast," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ May 23 at 8; May 24 at 2 and 8; May 25-26 at 8; and May 27 at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ May 29 at 8: "Rigaudon" (New York première), "Duets," "The Garden of Villandry," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: "Bum's Rush," "Quartet," "Everlast," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ May 31 at 2: "Rigaudon," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: "Rigaudon," "Pillar of Fire," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 1.)

KEI TAKEI'S MOVING EARTH—In "The Last Rice Field" and "One Woman's Death." (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. May 24-28 at 7:30.)

JENNIFER SARGENT AND EMILY SCHOTTLAND—With their companies, in a joint engagement. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 25-28 at 8.)

SALLY SILVERS—Presenting "Pollsters for Pronouns," a program of contemporary dance. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. May 26-28 at 9. Through June 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

IN the beginning, you listened to Throwing Muses, and you either got it or you didn't. Frankly, a lot of people didn't. Throwing Muses was a troubling band, to be sure—a predominantly female quartet of manic neo-hillbillies who stomped all over rock's verse/verse/chorus conventions. The lead singer, Kristin Hersh, now twenty-two, wrote edgy, occasionally suicidal lyrics that had critics worried about her welfare, and sang with a voice many thought belonged to a "Betty-Boop-from-Hell."

Three years after they released their first album, Throwing Muses—who will play two shows at the Bottom Line this week—are a cult band that has grown up. The group's first video won an American Film Institute award; the second was screened this month alongside work by Laurie Anderson and Robert Longo at the Museum of Modern Art. Throwing Muses' records were once available only as imports, which is strange, given that the band is from Boston. Recently, Warner Bros. Records—whose specialty is finding famous people like Elvis Costello and Lou Reed and making them *more* famous—had the surprisingly good sense to sign them. When we asked Hersh about the deal, she said, "We were heavily courted by everyone. God knows why, since we've had it pounded into our heads that our music alienates people."

Bad things sometimes happen to cult bands when record companies decide to make them rich, but Throwing Muses' latest offering, "Hunkpapa," is a bright and funky record, and the group is still exceptional in concert. Onstage, Hersh paces with a spooky, wide-eyed stare ("The music is always bossing me around," she explained), while the band's rhythm guitarist, Tanya Donelly, plays as if no one had ever told her what a chord was. Throwing Muses' shows are lively and tight. No one need worry about this group's welfare—emotional or musical. People understand black and white, Hersh told us, "but they see a trace of gray and they think, 'Uh-oh, *Death Rock*.' "

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ *Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.*)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and avoiding the subject of **CHRISTOPHER MASON,** who writes songs for rich people about—who'd have guessed it?—rich people. Mason is in the woody nook known as the Oak Room May 23-25 at nine-fifteen and May 26-27 at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call **MABEL GODWIN** "a *scandal*." Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to the accompaniment of a snare and a stand-up bass. Ms. Godwin performs Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, cornettist **LEE LORENZ** leads the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band, and on Mondays the *Grove Street Stompers do their Dixieland* thing. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that takes its name from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65). It's a cool person's kind of habitat, with pastel walls and a high ceiling and some potted vegetation. The lineup, in part: a quartet led by saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** May 25-27, and pianist **MICKEY TUCKER'S** trio on May 30. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). The bad news is that the Blue Note tends to accept more reservations than it honors and that, if you make it inside, you can spend a hundred dollars before deciding what to order. The good news is: pop-jazz trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** May 23-28; saxophonist **LOREN SCHOENBERG'S** All-Star big band on May 29; and bassist **(RED HOT) RAY BROWN'S** trio starting May 30. First set at nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them into until someone says Uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. **FOSTER & LLOYD** perform on May 23; the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL** on May 24; and, on May 25, **THROWING MUSES.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The "great savory *pot au feu* called New York" (in the words of the great romantic Duke Ellington) has loads of West Indian restaurants, but not too many that feature name-brand jazz bands. Singer and songwriter **OSCAR BROWN, JR.,** goes to work for two weeks starting May 23. Singer Jean DuShon concentrates on the blues every Monday. Music from nine-thirty.

Things of inspiration.

How profound to think that these have meaning only because we give it to them.

How marvelous to consider, that in our uniqueness, we can imbue ordinary cloth, or stone, or words, with values and abilities and feeling.

Phillips Petroleum Company celebrates in human genius that which hungers to inspire and be inspired. Without it, the products that we make would forever remain only objects. That without vision, an advanced composite could never make a plane lighter, a Petromat® make a road safer. A polyethylene save a life.

A humbling thought, we think.

And our inspiration to keep on inspiring others toward a better world.

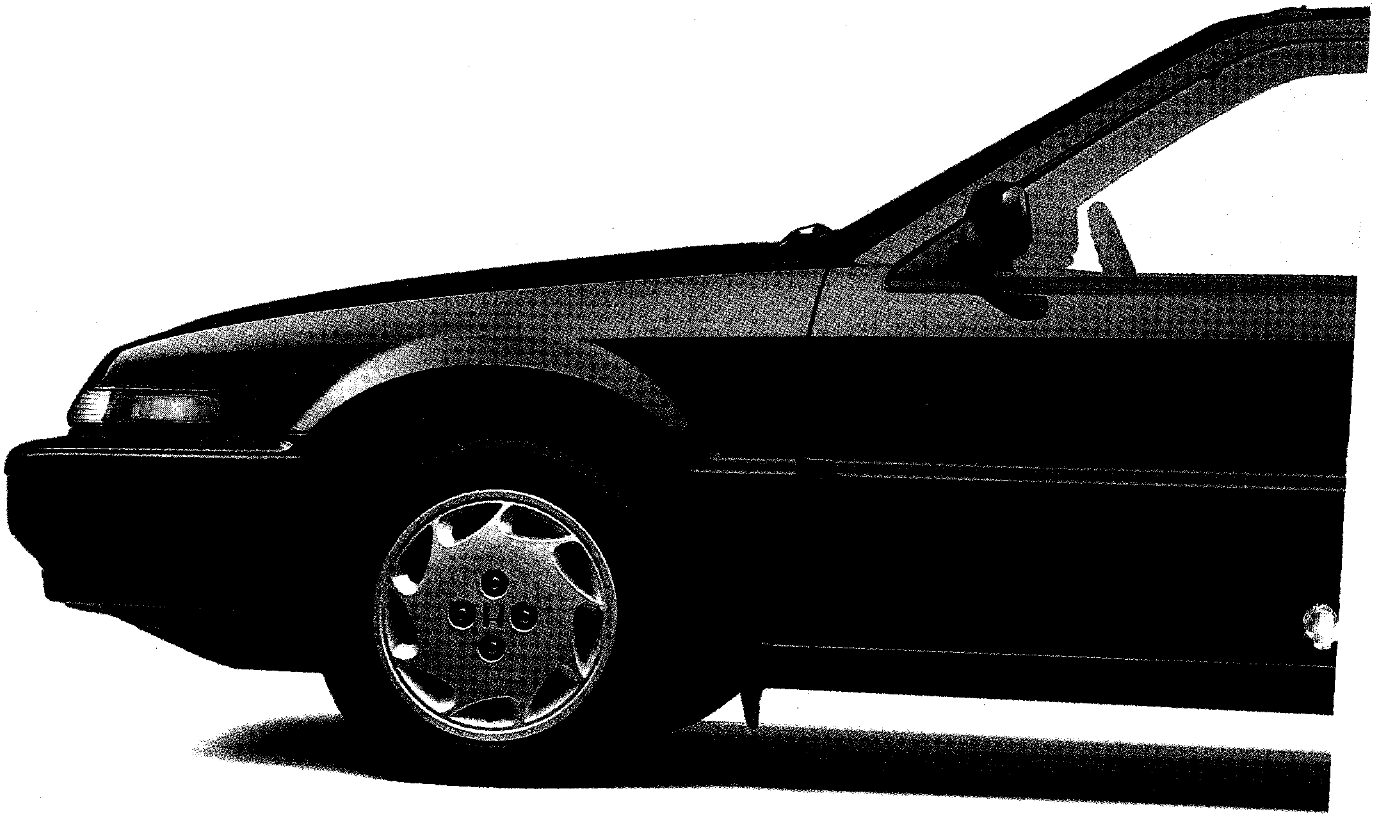
PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY PHILLIPS 66

For a copy of our annual report, write to Greg Derrick, Phillips Petroleum Company, 16 A-1 Phillips Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004.

®Trademark Phillips Petroleum Company

SATURDAY
AUGUST 16, 1969

A new art

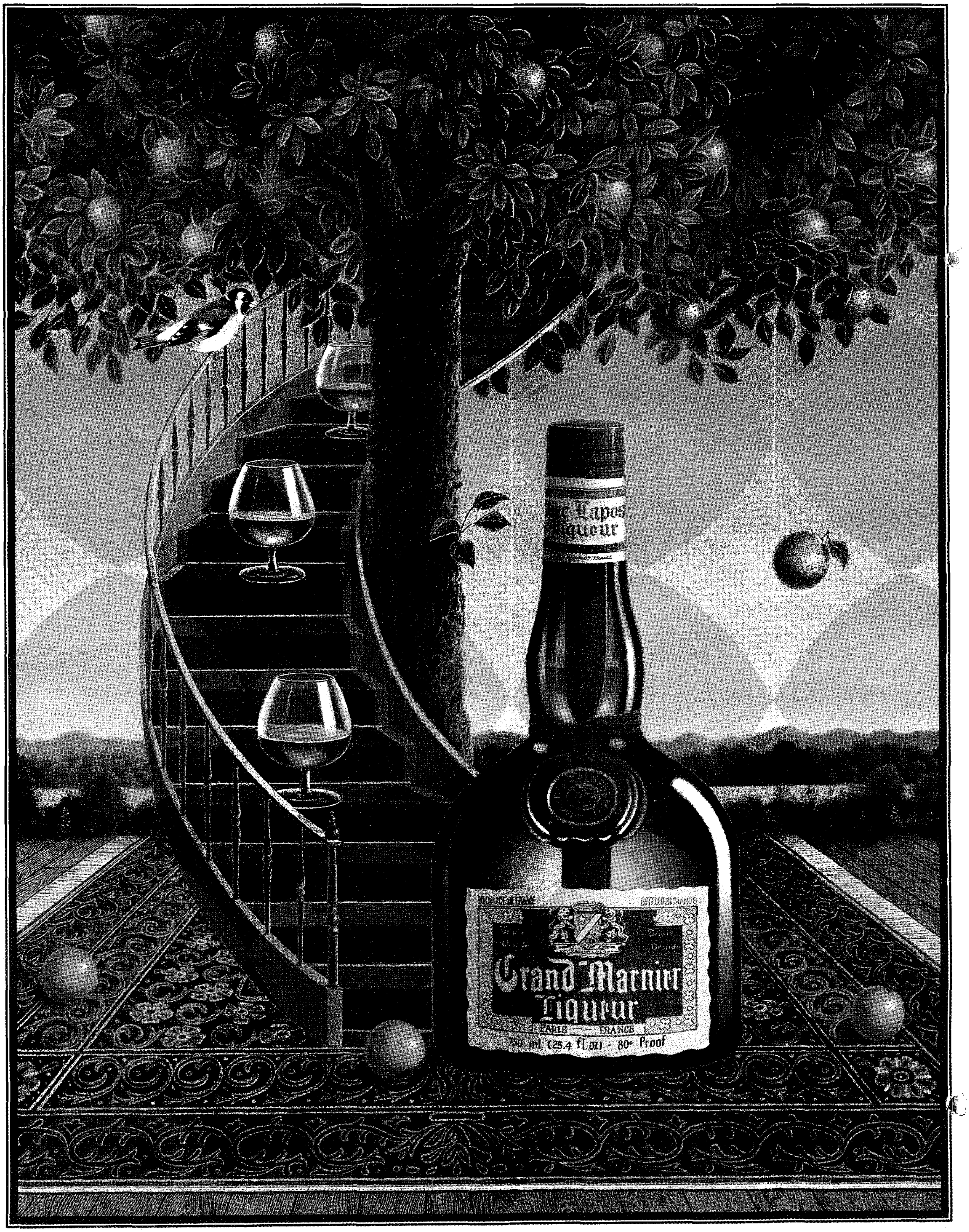


It is subtle, refined. Flawless function is heightened by clean aerodynamic form.

© 1988 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. LXi model shown.

movement.

It is undeniably powerful and it will move you. The Accord Coupe. **HONDA**


Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PARIS — FRANCE
750 ml (25.4 fl.oz) - 80° Proof

UP THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-CHEER-UP.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1988 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time pretty much stands still. Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT,** who played here in 1968, liked it, and decided to stay, is in action Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you'll find **BARBARA CARROLL,** a pianist who made it known in the fifties that she didn't want to be referred to as bebop and who's been called it ever since. She is at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Bobby Short

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the Pat Boone album cover and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, R. & B. on Wednesdays, and country on Saturdays. On May 25, the zydeco outfit **LOUP GAROU** holds forth; the **NED SUBLETTE** band serves up some "honky-tonk salsa" on May 28; and on May 30 there's Latin pop, with Destroy All Monsters. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays). May 27 belongs to Southern Rail, a bluegrass group from the wilds of New England.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. May 23-28 **ROGER KELLAWAY**—a pianist who grew up wearing out George Shearing records—teams up with bassist **JAY LEONHART.** Trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON,** once an on-again, off-again soloist with Basie, starts up on May 30. Pianist **KUNI MIKAMI** performs on Mondays. Music from eight-thirty Mondays, from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, from eight Fridays and Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—This burgundy room walled with mirrors gives one the not unpleasant sensation of sitting in a giant glass of red wine. House pianist **WES MC AFEE** will lend a hand to a couple of singers this week: Caroline Durham (May 24) and **BARBARA LEA** (May 26). May 25 belongs to singer-pianist Linda November. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant that looks as if it might be an outlet for vintage theatre and newspaper posters. A Steinway sits near the center of things, though there are nights when it might as well be out on the street, for all you can hear of it. Singer, pianist, and "It" girl **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** will be on view May 28. Mondays belong to Five Play, an a-cappella group, and Tuesdays through Saturdays to piano-bass teams. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music and performance space, reached by passing through a swinging bohemian restaurant, opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown avant-garde music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) In the rear, there's a mini-bar stocked with herbal tea and imported beer; up front is a small stage, which every Monday belongs to the **ORDINAIRES,** a nine-piece, category-bending ensemble with electrified violins, screaming guitars, and mikes that are used only to say "Thank you." Last time we saw the group here, they were got up in stylishly nerdy suits and flapper dresses, and they played a cacophonous rendition of "Kashmir" that was loud enough to satisfy any Led Zep fan. On May 27, the jazz-funk group **DEFUNKT** steps in. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and men wearing dozer caps. Guitarist Mick Taylor, who was a Rolling Stone for a while, is here May 27-28. Also on May 28, yell-show host Morton Downey, Jr., presides over a Current Events Brunch. Bring the antacid. Music after nine. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Guitarist **DOC POWELL'S** group claims May 26-27; trumpeter **EDDIE HENDERSON** guides a quartet on May 28. Music from about ten until two.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, glossy, multilevel maroon-and-silver cabaret, seating about ninety, and located on the north side of the sixty-fifth floor in what used to be the cocktail lounge. The performers, working in a shallow well in the center of the room, do unwitting battle with the bejewelled backdrop of Central Park, Lenox Avenue, the G. W. Bridge, and points north. Starting May 23, **LORNA LUFT,** who performed with her mother, Judy Garland, in the sixties, tips her hat to Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, and Walt Disney, to name a few. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of its previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. May 31 belongs to the husky-voiced reflections of **TONI CHILDS** and the straight-ahead rock of Matthew Sweet. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**MC COY TYNER,** who played with John Coltrane in the early sixties, will occupy this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) May 23-28, with bassist **AVERY SHARPE** and drummer **AARON SCOTT.** On May 30, **ART BLAKEY,** who has taught a lot of people how to hit a high hat, starts up with his **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** The electrified big band that the late Gil Evans brought here on Mondays—it shimmered a little and rumbled a lot, while Evans, a hands-off conductor, let his soloists blow at length—is now under the direction of his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-3088)—The old Tramps, a small Irish pub on East 15th Street, closed its doors last year, and this new incarnation, located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, indoor miniature golf, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), opened a few weeks ago. Unfortunately, the proprietors have succumbed to the prevalent notion that New Yorkers prefer to congregate in pillared, airplane-hangar-size rooms; the character of the original place has all but vanished. **JAMES COTTON,** a blues-harmonica player who has backed up some big-name rock people, directs a band May 26-28.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size basement room, which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a giant Louise Nevelson sculpture, salsa bands pack them in on Monday nights. **TITO PUENTE,** a timbale master who sometimes uses his drumstick as a comb or a Q-Tip, brings in his orchestra on May 22. On May 29, **WILLIE COLÓN** and his posse trade sets with a group chaired by pianist **HILTON RUIZ.**

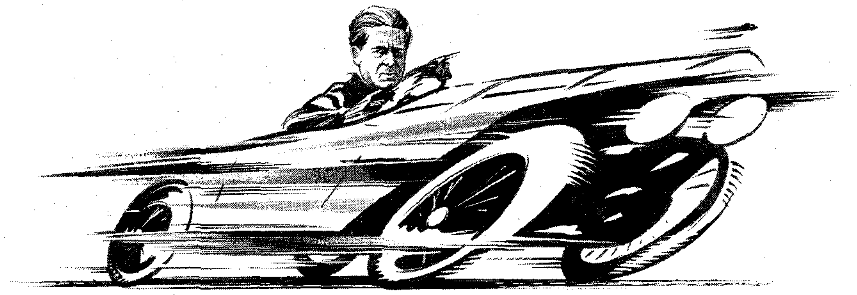
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. May 23-28, pianist and Duke Ellington spokesperson **TOMMY FLANAGAN** flies through with his trio. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THE Retirement Home for Exhausted Words is crowded with all sorts of epithets that went from being "cool" to generic to tired all too soon. Words we once took out with us we have now put to rest. No club is said to be "groovy" any longer. Only Diane Keaton can use "keen" and get away with it. Wouldn't you be tempted to make fun of anyone who labelled your party "boss" even if he *was* yours? But every now and then an event occurs that makes it necessary to dig through old lexicons for the right adjective.

Susanne Bartsch's "Love Ball"—to benefit DIFFA (the Design Industries Foundation for AIDS)—was such an evening. A word like "dazzling" might take in the costumes, but that adjective has nothing to do with the sensually comic "voguing" onstage. "Euphoric" might embrace the mood of the crowd, but what an imprecise description of the so-dreary-it's-delightful décor of Roseland. The food was "gross." But the hatboxes it came in were "divine." Here was a crowd that at one time could have been termed a balanced blend of the "rad" and the "gnarly," or the "haves" and the "have-mores." (One young woman with her hair curled into squares said to her fringed date's best friend, who had only paid for standing room, "It was really nice hanging out with you, but we have better tickets.") There's only one word, however overused, that could encompass a night that included people dressed as furniture; a troupe wearing gowns made solely from the magazine *Paper;* bowling trophies converted to art by Haring, Scharf, Schnabel, and others; dancing skateboarders; endless champagne; non-stop yoo-hooing; and a panel of contest judges featuring Gwen Verdon, Iman, David Byrne, Thierry Mugler, and Lypsinka: "fabulous."

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Francis Picabia

ART

HERE are some things you can be sure of in art: styles go away, styles come back, and—this one is often forgotten, obvious though it may be—contradictory styles, fashionable and unfashionable, coexist at any given moment. Take today. The original, funkier East Village genres are gone, while a spectacular variety of others—ranging from the Hudson River School revival to neo-Pop—are here for a stay. Also making a comeback is a kind of painting that is flagrantly *decorative*, a word that alone was box-office poison a fast ten years ago. Many dealers and artists still remember their biggest trauma to have been the premature de-accessioning, at auction, of a warehouse full of works then grouped under the label "Pattern and Decoration."

Philip Taaffe may be the strongest, most interesting painter to have emerged from the second, sleeker phase of the East Village phenomenon. Initially recognized for his versions of Op Art and of Barnett Newman's "zip" paintings, Taaffe went on to fool freely with an assortment of twentieth-century abstract conventions. He also developed a signature technique that involves printing, painting, and collage. Recently, Taaffe moved to Naples, Italy, where he lives in a gloriously decaying villa on the bay—a kind of Pasolini dream house. He met fellow-expatriate Gore Vidal, who recycled one of his own texts to provide a dim catalogue introduction for the artist's double show (at the Mary Boone and Pat Hearn galleries through May 27th).

Taaffe's work looks great. It is full of the patterns of earlier styles—Bridget Riley as usual, but also, surprisingly, Clifford Styll—combined with Islamic and Greco-Roman decorative motifs. It makes you wonder what all those traumatized "P. & D." painters are going to do now that their style has an aura that sells.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment," a major exhibition of paintings and works on paper by this intense and elusive giant (1746-1828), proposes the artist as philosopher and political theorist. The installation is a little low on visual magic and a little long on wall labels. Of particular interest are two self-portraits: a young Goya working by the light of a candle-holding hat; an old, sick Goya attended by his physician. Through July 16. . . . ¶ A survey of Italian majolica, with many Renaissance-era examples, such as a bowl depicting the papal arms and tiara of Julius II. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ "American Porcelain: 1770-1920." Through June 25. . . . ¶ Fifty Ming and Ch'ing dynasty (fifteenth through seventeenth century) paintings from the museum's collection. Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ The roof garden has opened for the season. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-five sculptures and fifteen drawings by Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87). Starts May 25. . . . ¶ "Minor White: The Eye That Shapes." Through June 18. . . . ¶ The sculptor Scott Burton's installation of Brancusis from the permanent collection. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "America Worked: The 1950s Photographs of Dan Weiner." Through July 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of the Austrian artist Arnulf Rainer's paintings and works on paper. (A complementary exhibit is at the Austrian Cultural Institute, 11 E. 52nd St.) Through July 9. . . . ¶ Nineteen collages and assemblages by Hannelore Baron (1926-87), dating from 1975 to 1984. (A show of her work can also be seen at the Schlesinger Gallery, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) Through July 9. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial. The first criticism usually lodged against the Biennial is that it has all too conveniently varied criteria for inclusion. But this Biennial is better thought-out than any in recent memory. Its subject is new art—art by artists who are new (like Liz Larner, Hirsch Perlman, Charles Ray), or who have never been in the Biennial (Robert Gober, Matt Mullican), or who have not been in the Biennial since 1975 (Allan McCollum, David Reed), or who have gone through significant changes (Chris Burden, Joel Shapiro, William Wegman). This somewhat anemic show captures the season's unspoken mood. Through July 9. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Traditions and Transformations: Contemporary Afro-American Sculpture" attempts to demonstrate the vitality of black artists working within the mainstream. Martin Puryear is not shown to best advantage, but Maren Hassinger, Alison Saar, and Melvin Edwards are well represented. Through May 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of sixty-six lacquerware objects (dishes, boxes, bottles) from China, Japan, Korea, Burma, Thailand, and Iran. Through June 14. . . . ¶ The museum's Georgia O'Keeffe holdings (twelve pieces), including five paintings and one pastel drawing that all came through a recent bequest. Through June 19. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from Madagascar. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members (Jasper Johns, Jane Freilicher, John Cage, Mary McCarthy, and others) and by recipients of Academy-Institute awards, among them Isaac Bashevis Singer, Richard Rogers, Rackstraw Downes, and Anne Arnold. Manuscripts, paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"George Nakashima: Full Circle" is a show of furniture by a woodworker who favors an organic approach to tables, chairs, cabinets, and lamps. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eighteen Israeli artists, responding to their country's political and social conflicts of the past decade. Through Aug. 6. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Words of Blood, Images of Fire," another tribute to the French Revolution, includes Robespierre's holograph of a speech Saint-Just gave attacking Danton; a sketch (attributed to David) of Robespierre on the day of his execution; and letters, more speeches, and memoranda. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square (entrance on Columbus Ave, between 65th and 66th Sts.)—Inaugurating the new exhibition space is a show of paintings, sculptures, furniture, and textile and decorative works from the permanent collection. Through July 16. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Calvert Vaux, Architect and Planner" salutes (with photographs and drawings) the nineteenth-century designer, whose career was distinguished by, among other things, his collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted on Central Park and Prospect Park. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The first installment in a two-part retrospective of Nancy Spero's work, including her protest scroll "Torture of Women." Through June 11. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Botanical illustrations from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries. Included are Georg Ehret's colored engraving "Yucca Aloisolia"; a couple of Redouté watercolors and prints of his work from "Les Roses" and "Les Liliacées"; and watercolors by Lilian Snelling, Mary Grierson, and Pandora Sellars. Starts May 25. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays and Memorial Day, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A fine overview of the evolution of Baroque string instruments, represented by members of the violin family from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries; X-rays showing the intricate construction of some of the instruments; and a video with an elaborate sound system, featuring performances on viola da gamba, viola d'amore, and English violet. Through June 10. (Open Mondays, except Memorial Day, and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays and Fridays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Art as a Verb: The Evolving Continuum" is a show of works by thirteen contemporary African-American artists mainly interested in video, performance, and installation. Among the artists are Faith Ringgold, Adrian Piper, and Howardena Pindell. Through June 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Memorial Day.)

Walter De Maria—"13, 14, 15 Sided Open Polygons" (1984), in stainless steel, each with a movable ball. Through May 27. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Robert Motherwell—One of the few survivors from among the original Abstract Expressionists, Motherwell is still painting within the narrow range of imagery that brought him fame. By now the works look like tired versions of the same old thing, in black and yellow. Through May 25. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Odd Nerdrum—Lush yet rigid new drawings in charcoal on lamb's-wool paper. As in the artist's paintings, Norse folkloric figures are realized in a dramatically intense neoclassical style that recalls David and Ingres. Through June 9. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Arturo Rodriguez—Crowded narrative paintings, with a Cuban flair, in a tortured social-realist idiom, and a more personal series of glib self-portraits, which have temptresses posing on the artist's nose, roller-skating across his cheeks, or doing acrobatics on his forehead. Through May 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Rotterdam—In the seventies, this artist made masterly post-minimalist drawings in deeply rubbed graphite. Most of his new graphite works, on view here, are abstractions from nature, and his characteristic intensity is now diffused over large areas of white paper. Through June 10. (Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

C. C. Wang—Chinese landscape scrolls, in the traditional style but with an awareness of Post-Impressionist painting, displayed along with antique brush pots, brush washers, armrests, bronze weights, and other scholar's implements. Through May 27. (China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Center for African Art—"Wild Spirits Strong Medicine: African Art and the Wilderness." What is collected today as African art was originally made in response to the spiritual world, and nowhere is this more evident than in this provocative display of artifacts. It begins with pairs of objects which illustrate the contrasts between village life and wilderness, or bush, life. The village objects are refined and domesticated; the others are aggressive and exaggerated. Additional exhibits related to the wild include an extraordinary fifteen-foot snake mask and ritual statues still slick from palm-oil libations. Through Aug. 20. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Group Shows—At **lafayette parke,** 58 E. 79th St.: This hodgepodge of still-lifes includes work ranging from Martin Johnson Heade's simple floral arrangements in a champagne glass to an odd pre-Pop abstraction in Sumi ink by Jim Dine. The show is worthwhile for its hidden marvels, like Jean Metzinger's Cubist oil and Gabriele Münter's two Expressionist paintings. Through June 24. . . . **mathes,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St: Included in "Bohemian Night Life: 1910-1935" are an early Stuart Davis painting of a buxom dance-hall singer depicted in Ashcan style; a racist drawing of black tap dancers by Miguel Covarrubias, the Mexican illustrator for *Vanity Fair;* and a fine Reginald Marsh watercolor of some hip-shaking women, which drips with sex. Through June 1. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A delightful Miró painted on burlap in the artist's characteristic figurative shorthand, a sturdy analytic-Cubist Braque of 1913, an airy Matisse of a woman in her boudoir, and other exquisitely selected masterworks of the early Parisian modernists. Through June 30. . . . **vanderwoude tananbaum,** 24 E. 81st St.: "Abstract Expressions" is a fine display of a few sculptures and a dozen abstract paintings made primarily in New York in the fifties and early sixties by accomplished artists, mostly of the second tier. Alfred Leslie's, Conrad Marca-Relli's, and Theodoros Stamos's paintings bear witness to the winding down of expressionistic abstraction. Through May 31.

Short List—**hannelore baron,** Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (through June 30); **giorgio cavallon,** McCoy, 19 E. 71st St. (through June 1); **nick ghiz,** Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through June 3); **dimitri hadzi,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (through June 3).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Romare Bearden (1911-88)—A memorial exhibition for the influential African-American artist, mostly of richly colored collages (many with watercolor), which display a delight in artmaking and owe much to Matisse's cut-outs, Rousseau's idyllic jungle paintings, and jazz. Through June 10. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Calder's signature metal sculptures and generally cheerful flying shapes have survived their well-known official uses, and, coming on the heels of similar work by Neo-Geo artists and a revived interest in biomorphic abstraction, they look refreshed. Through June 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

BLACK-AND-WHITES

What's in a name? Great pastry forms have become flour-crossed. Any horse-shoed clump of dough is now called a croissant. And if an oblong has goo inside, it must be an éclair. Time for a Baked Reality Check. Some things are just black and white—or at least they used to be.

Black-and-Whites, those circles of golden cake with contrasting frostings which allow you to eat two cupcakes at once, used to have a flavor as specific to New York as Myron Cohen's sense of humor. How you attacked one offered a clue to your local origins. Eating a Black-and-White upside down usually meant you were from Brooklyn, chomping round the circumference was very Bronxian, and splitting one down the middle meant you probably were too genteel to be from anywhere else but Queens.

Those wax-papered, sugar-coated, two-toned discuses you now see lounging on coffee-shop counters may look like Black-and-Whites, but no matter how you eat them they taste all wrong. Lowery Bake Shop, on Queens Boulevard in Sunnyside, is one of the few bakeries left that produce true bicolored pleasures. But if you split one in half that doesn't mean they'll give you another for free.

Robert Cottingham—Gravelly realistic paintings of details from old freight cars, and many small canvases of railroad-company logos. The work is intended to evoke the sturdy values of rural America, but it adds nothing to a tradition already well explored by the Precisionists in the days when industry was king. Through June 3. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John DeAndrea—Three new, emotionally direct Photo-Realist figurative sculptures by the pensive person's Duane Hanson. In one, the artist stares forlornly at a plaster mask while a female model looks over his shoulder, in a composition borrowed from Courbet. It suggests contemporary art's predatory nature toward history. Through May 26. (Lamagna, 50 W 57th St.)

David Deutsch—Landscape paintings in Flashe and gouache, or oil, on paper, canvas, or aluminum, whose arcadian vistas are simultaneously expansive and claustrophobic. Through May 27. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—Paintings and works on paper from 1955 to 1962 (called "assemblages," "texturologies," and "matériologies") that look like closeups of soil. With these sere and gritty surfaces, Dubuffet seems to anticipate the work of artists as disparate as Milton Resnick and Anselm Kiefer. Through July 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—While Jackson Pollock was busy liberating paint over here, Fontana was in Italy slashing his monochrome canvases. The results were often surprisingly poetic (and about as accidental as Arp's "chance" compositions), and here are some prime examples, gathered under the auspices of the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, of Venice. Through June 16. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mineko Grimmer—Frozen-pebble pyramids whose melting ice creates musical sensations as it falls through networks of bamboo, guitar strings, or brass rods. Very Zen. No seats. Through May 27. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paolo Icaro—Unpretentious plaster sketches by a lesser-known Arte Povera artist. Some have objects embedded in them, like a sheet of wrinkled lead or a piece of scratched colored glass. Others stand on metal poles. The artist obviously took great pleasure in their creation; for the viewer, the pleasure is less. Through June 3. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ron Janowich—A dynamic show of tondo paintings. A vertical bar is cut from the center of each, dropped down a foot or so, and usually painted to contrast with the two sections next to it. Through June 2. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—A lot of pale pencil drawings; a few major paintings, including several pointillistic park scenes; and some fascinating extras, like Klimt's caftan. Through June 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Marisol—New sculptures. The generic subjects—"Poor Family," "Working Women"—fall squarely into the realm of cliché, however well made they are. But the portraits—of Archbishop Desmond Tutu, and of Emperor Hirohito with Empress Nagako—are both revealing and great to look at. Through June 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Izhar Patkin—Two life-size tinsel-tinted statues of a mounted Don Quixote are the centerpiece of this exhibition. Through June 3. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953)—A fantastic and utterly disingenuous show of paintings from the twenties and early thirties: the long-spurned and now famous "Transparences." The filmy layers of superimposed imagery in these works—as well as the images themselves—may be the most widely and successfully imitated compositional device in art of the past decade. Seductive, sophisticated, sentimental, deranged—these paintings are altogether transcendent. Through June 3. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Pablo Picasso (1881-1973)—"Petits Formats"—small works from the Marina Picasso collection (most are for sale), including thirty paintings and more than twenty drawings, plus sculptures and graphics. There are choice tidbits from many decades, presented in a slightly stuffy way. Through June 30. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Romberger / Wayne Toepp—Skillful and conventional social-realist pastels of New York's homeless and its derelict buildings, and chaotic scenes of crowds and ghetto life, with a lively distribution of color reminiscent of Red Grooms. / Impressionistic painted études of smudged, exploding puffs of light à la Turner and Whistler. Through May 31. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harry Roseman—Meticulous ink drawings of a variety of weaves, from fishnet to basket, which display a technique in need of a subject. Through June 3. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

John Torreano—Galactic storm paintings with wooden balls of various sizes embedded in grainy plywood surfaces, often left raw, by a solid abstract painter in the all-over tradition of Pollock. (Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St.) . . .

¶ Large painted shaped-wood jewels, displayed on a shelf and on a wall. Both through June 3. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **langer,** 41 E. 57th St.: A small sampling of impeccably selected works by German artists: a Polke, two Richters, a Kiefer, and some Beuyses, including his famous felt suit. Through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5:30; Fridays, 10 to 2.) . . . **marlborough,** 40 W. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures by six artists, most of them very cartoonish. Grisha Bruskin, a Soviet artist, is represented by white delicately modelled "toys" of small creatures and people—some in military gear, one with bunny ears—holding objects like a map of the U.S.S.R. or a red tennis racket. Red Grooms displays carved, comic-book updates of Reginald Marsh's muscle beach. Fernando Botero is the only artist who makes the lampooning enjoyable. Through June 17. (Open Mondays.)

Short List—**roberto juarez** and **robert graham,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 30); **william kienbusch,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through June 9); **win knowlton,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through May 27); **peter saul,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 30.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John M. Armleder—Elegant new design-savvy objects by a popular Swiss artist, including four meticulous piles of folded wool blankets under two tacky chandeliers; three trombones of different metals on a well-padded high-style chaise; and some "paintings" (shiny fake-snakeskin fabrics on stretchers). Through June 3. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Paul Benney—Romantic paintings on slate, executed with Old Master care and containing ineffectual images, such as a wishbone, knots, a Caravaggiesque urchin with lit candles in his hair, and all sorts of helmets. Through May 27. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Scott Burton—Burton's furniture sculptures may be among the most decadent objects being made today, but they surpass most geometric post-minimalist sculpture in beauty and presence and in the questions they raise about function. His new sandstone table and chairs are a lesson in architecture. Through June 10. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Nancy Chunn—Dark paintings that map out cultures in need of liberation, overlaid with and bound by patterns derived from the cultures themselves. A map of Kurdistan is covered with the warp and woof of indigenous rug-knotting techniques, which look like prison bars with meat hooks attached to them. Many of the paintings seem to be mere illustrations of political correctness. Those with more dominant patterns take on an abstract quality. Through June 3. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Heide Fasnacht—Large painted sculptures in globular shapes, made of laminated wood layers whose edges have been left unrounded. The works have a gyrating dynamism that captures the eye without holding the mind. Through June 6. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Freeman—At first, these paintings of the Garden of Eden look like second-rate Expressionism. But they are an intelligent attempt by an African-American artist to find a place within a Western modernist tradition that owes much to sub-Saharan Africa. They depict, among other things, an assertive proto-Cubist Eve who has already taken a big bite out of the apple. Through June 3. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Viola Frey—A garish, arguably hilarious show of enormous painted ceramic figures—easily twice life-size—and some drawings. The Gargantuas sit, lounge, or hang around in groups, as if they were at a nudists' picnic. Through May 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Antony Gormley—A sculptural installation of life-size cast-iron wrestlers and a crowd of miniature terra-cotta figures arranged in a huge sunburst. This British sculptor invites comparison to Giacometti. Through May 31. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

David Hammons—A vast, loose installation made up of a pile of coal, a loop of toy-train tracks, a John Coltrane soundtrack, some bottles of Night Train, and an assortment of piano lids arranged to suggest depots, stopping points, the ghosts of live musicians, or just scenery along the way. The poetry of this piece surges at you in a direct but existentially unsettling way; it's a spiritual that isn't addressed to God. Through June 10. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

At the corner of Forty-sixth and Broadway last Saturday night, we stopped in a downpour to listen to some a-cappella singers. There were perhaps ten of them, scruffily dressed, and singing an inspirational song—not one we knew—in an impressive arrangement. They made an odd group: one tall, blond fellow, tough-looking, with an Iron Maiden haircut, holding an ashtray with a wet dollar in it that we strongly suspected he had put there himself; a slighter Latino youth, with a mustache, who was singing bass; two fattish white boys, one with bad skin, the other with soft hair and a complexion the two denim-jacketed girls in back might have envied. Socially, they seemed mismatched—like pieces from different puzzles—but they made decent harmony.

Unable to place them, we stood awhile listening as they finished the hymn and went through "Stand by Me." (They were tighter on the Jesus song.) We gave the tall guy another wet dollar and asked if his group did this sort of thing often. He said no, they were from out of town—Palmer High School, Colorado Springs, actually—and they'd just wanted to be able to say they'd sung on Broadway.

Inigo Jones (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. All his major projects as court architect are represented, as well as designs for chimneypieces, garden gates, and fountains; self-portraits and sketches of heads; and some set designs. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Kevin Larmon—Spare, flattened still-life elements (most commonly a pear and an apple in a bowl) in scratched, clotted paint atop heavily obscured magazine pictures. The work is more appealing for its reticence than for its revelations. Through May 27. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Erik Levine—Large plywood sculptures that look like huge gyroscopes or stylized cubic snowflakes, partially covered in wood putty and streaked with glue. They link up to the American tradition of organic abstraction, and, though somewhat academic, are a physical tour de force. Through June 3. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Jill Levine—Small, spirited sculptures with balls attached to geometric forms which recall jacks, Tinkertoys, and science-class models of molecules. Appealing as teething art. Through May 27. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St.)

Gerhard Merz—This installation, composed of a brass plaque, a suite of six paintings that consist mostly of frames, a granite-and-brass sculpture, and a single larger frame painting, is titled "Construire MCMLXXXIX" ("To Build 1989") and is intended as an homage to Mies van der Rohe. Merz's work is often handsome and often quite vapid. Through May 27. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Ju Ming—Bronze sculptures of figures engaged in T'ai Chi, by a celebrated Taiwanese rigorously trained in folk carving. The work has a chunky grace and a quiet strength but also resembles much bad Western figurative sculpture. Through May 31. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Manuel Neri—Sculptures and works on paper. This artist's more or less life-size figures (some in marble, others out of plaster) are masterly and upsetting. It is as if their "flesh," suggested by the marble tints or by the pastel pigments, were eroding while the figures still seemed young—as if the life the works signify were nasty and eternal. Through May 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Eric Orr—Two mesmerizing columns with water cascading down them, by a California artist not well known in New York. In one work, light flickers over the water as it brushes past horizontal ridges of bronze. In the other, water pours down in clusters, like liquid mercury. There are also monochrome paintings of intense colored light, like neon Rothkos. Through June 3. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Mimmo Paladino—Big, dumb recent paintings, mostly abstract, with some construction and with small figurative elements, such as the artist's signature masks. Through June 10. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Gary Panter—Large, colorful paintings by the man who is largely responsible for the set of "Pee-wee's Playhouse." Panter has graduated to paintings of sinister cartoon visions—one-eyed monsters and unshaven bad boys—which look all too familiar. Through May 27. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, in a new location, at 532 Broadway.)

Hirsch Perlman and **Charles Ray**—Two artists who are in the Whitney Biennial. More of Perlman's truncated art works: photographs of Polaroid photographs of great modernist architectural works, this time the Johnson Wax Company Building, by Frank Lloyd Wright, and Adolf Loos's Rufer's House. . . . ¶ At first, Ray's sculpture looks like a blank arrangement of utilitarian objects on a table—a plate, a cup, a pepper mill, a potted plant (fake)—but the hum of little motors tips you off: each of the objects is ever so slowly doing its own mechanical pirouette. Through May 27. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Ellen Phelan—New paintings of dreamily rendered verdure, in various green and non-green monochromes. All of these works refer to Romantic landscape painting and to the irrevocable intrusion of photography and contemporary edginess on that vision. Many of the paintings are amplified adaptations of the artist's better-known drawings; they do not suffer in translation. Through May 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—Rollins and his kid collaborators once again perform their tasteful graphic alterations, this time on collaged comic-book pages, and on the pages of Kafka's "Metamorphosis" and Schubert's "Winterreise." With the exception of a big caricature of P. W. Botha—a frequent but still potent subject for this group—the show looks a bit formulaic. Through June 3. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Ed Ruscha / Charles Simonds—New grisaille paintings by a recent candidate for rediscovery overexposure; they have a mysterious, penetrating poetry. As Ruscha's comic impulses fade further into the background, his Hopper side slips through. / These recent clay sculptures of miniature archeological sites for Simonds' imaginary Little People are emotionally complex. In one of them, an earthen landmass reaches out like a hand from its perch of stratified clay, its vertical "fingers" hinting of buildings about to take shape. Through May 27. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Joel Shapiro—Four recent bronze sculptures in this artist's characteristically geometric, implicitly figurative style. There's an especially good piece, in the back of the first gallery, that defies ideas about balance: it's cantilevered on all sides. Through June 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Donald Sultan—Crayon drawings—some dense and scumbly, others faint—by a prolific maker of overly elegant paintings and prints. These are poker hands, few of which—say, the one showing a pair of nines—are likely to win any jackpots. Through June 3. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Karen Sylvester—These new figure paintings in photo-emulsion and oil on canvas are efficiently executed. They may claim a number of interesting sources, including Cindy Sherman, Laurie Simmons, and Gerhard Richter, but they're D.O.A. Through June 3. (303 Gallery, entrance on 127 Spring St.)

Merrill Wagner—A show of post-minimalist paintings and assemblages on found sheets of slate and metal. The face-size works are the most satisfying, for their concision. Through June 10. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Joseph Zito—Triangular and circular steel cannisters filled with wax; some have a light bulb that melts the wax into sludgy puddles. The work is derivative of Kounellis—without the metaphors. Through June 10. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **lorence-monk,** 568 Broadway: These paintings, through closeup and enlargement, propose a new direction for abstraction. The show also proposes Julian Lethbridge—whose grisaille paintings resemble reptile-skin patterns and are very assured—as an heir apparent to Jasper Johns. Through May 26. . . . **shafrazi,** 163 Mercer St.: Exquisite minimal sculptures, including a mirror and rock and soil displacement piece by Smithson, a skyscraper of stacked open cubes by LeWitt, a beguiling Plexiglas-and-glass box by Bell, and, in one corner, a magical fluorescent-light work by Flavin. Through May 27.

Short List—**herman cherry,** Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. (through June 10), Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through June 23), and Baruch College Gallery, 135 E. 22nd St., open Mondays, closed Saturdays (through June 2); **lothar fischer,** Haller, 415 West Broadway (through May 31); **james hennessey,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through June 3); **roy lichtenstein,** 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through July 1); **tom wesselmann,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through June 10).

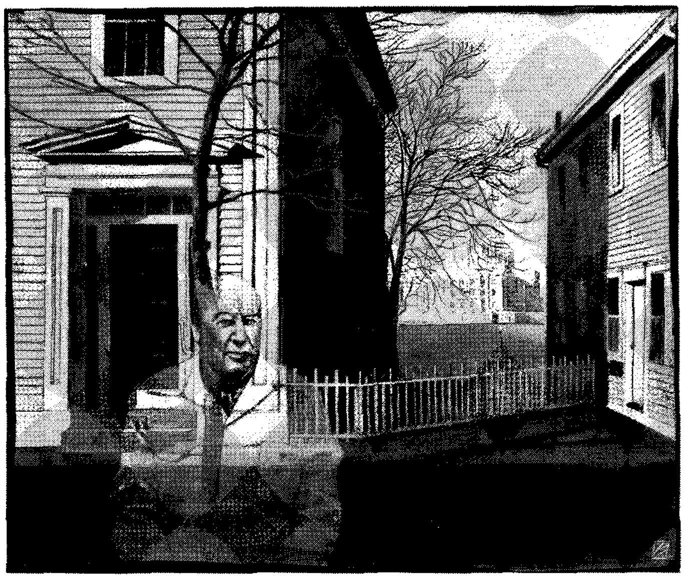
OTHER GALLERIES

Jenny Holzer—This intensely melodramatic installation on the theme of sex and death includes electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Christian Marclay—Everything in this mixed-media show has a whimsical but literal connection with sound. There is, for instance, a pillow made of crocheted Beatles tapes; two Plexiglas boxes with stereo-speaker bases; a set of altered comic-book pages whose exclamatory bubbles can be read as a score. Through May 27. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

Sylvia Martins / Vittorio Scarpati—Recent abstract paintings, in tan, buff, and burgundy tones, that are technically accomplished but academic and stiff; also, a couple of much better, jazzier, glittery sand drawings. / Scarpati's first solo exhibition consists of scores of small Rabelaisian notebook drawings, in a speedy, cartoonlike style. Through May 27. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

P.S. 1—Two major sculpture exhibitions. On the main exhibition floor is "The Drowned World," a suite of ten scherzi on the theme of the fountain. Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel are responsible for "Charybdis," the spectacular first sight of the show—an extraterrestrial tableau of fire, water, and sand, with dramatic elements, such as a slow-moving spiral and a whirring spindle, and a spotlight playing over all. (Someone really should get hold of this for the next "Ring" cycle.) Also quite grand are the lightly perspiring sculptures of Eric Orr. Not so grand but more poignant are Robin Winters' circular waterway and Rebecca Howland's "It's a Sick World." And there's more. . . . ¶ One floor up is a roomy, relaxed retrospective of work made since 1977 by Franz West, a liberated, puckish Austrian sculptor given to wordplay and subversive authority games (you're allowed to touch certain of his sculptures only if you're naked), with a very engaging sense of beauty which has to do with "giving form to neurotic symptoms." Through June 11. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)



Harry Callahan

PHOTOGRAPHY

THERE'S a double whammy of Surrealism at Zabriskie's, on Fifth Avenue. The main exhibition has drawings, collages, and photographs covering a broad range of artists and a long span of time. There's plenty of interest here, precisely because the gallery's approach is so inclusive. There are unexpected works, such as two very scratchy abstract photo-engravings by Brassaï, and two of those wonderful *cadavre exquis* games that the Surrealists loved. There are also some pieces we can live without: yet another Mona Lisa joke, this time by Man Ray, which is especially disappointing because his images rarely fall so flat. Then again, who can top the mustache Duchamp gave her?

The show in the gallery up front is devoted to work that Georges Hugnet made in 1961, and proves that in modern times minor artists have more fun. They don't have to invent a new movement, or even a style, and they can be light where others have to make an immortal mark. Hugnet's specialty—the adult version of "What's wrong with this picture?"—is Surrealism so diluted it could be tagged Surrealism Lite. There's nothing earthshaking about the collages that he put together from photographs cut out of magazines, but there's a good dose of silliness in them. Here the childlike mentality that the Surrealists believed was a way into the unconscious often results in immature naughtiness, such as a big, mushy cheese sitting on the chair of a room that otherwise looks churchy, or ladies' underwear pasted in a volcanic landscape. But these puerile juxtapositions didn't irritate us. We say, "Thank heaven for little boys."

Dike Blair—Large, grainy color photographs of an industrial plan or a suburban street viewed through a car windshield, with occasional references to the artmaking process—a few drips of paint, some painted circles of light. Most of the scenes are dusky, spotlit, or shrouded in a green haze. About half are the shape of a full-length mirror and suggest self-portraiture. An uninspired and uninspiring nod to some interesting thoughts. Through May 27. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Emmet Gowin / Joel-Peter Witkin—Delicate and exquisitely toned, these rich photographs find the abstract in the real. Aerial views, they show photography as drawing, photography as painting, and photography as beauty. / Evidence of photography's interrelations with other mediums is ample in Witkin's work, but his previously successful—even astonishing—combination of wit and the macabre is becoming heavy-handed; one can't help thinking that he's started to play to an audience. These works have less of his earlier suspense, invention, and risk and none of that challenge to the tyranny of what's "normal." Through June 10. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Louise Lawler—For over a decade, Lawler has been proving the postmodernist point that context alters meaning with her simple color photographs of art works as they have been arranged and displayed by herself, by private collectors, and by public institutions. Her newest show includes an incisive comment on contemporary art consumption: she pairs a photograph of Jeff Koons' very expensive, heavily publicized kitsch sculptures sitting in a gallery stockroom, as if awaiting shipment, with a smugly fashionable menu put together from "The Silver Palate Cookbook." Through May 27. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

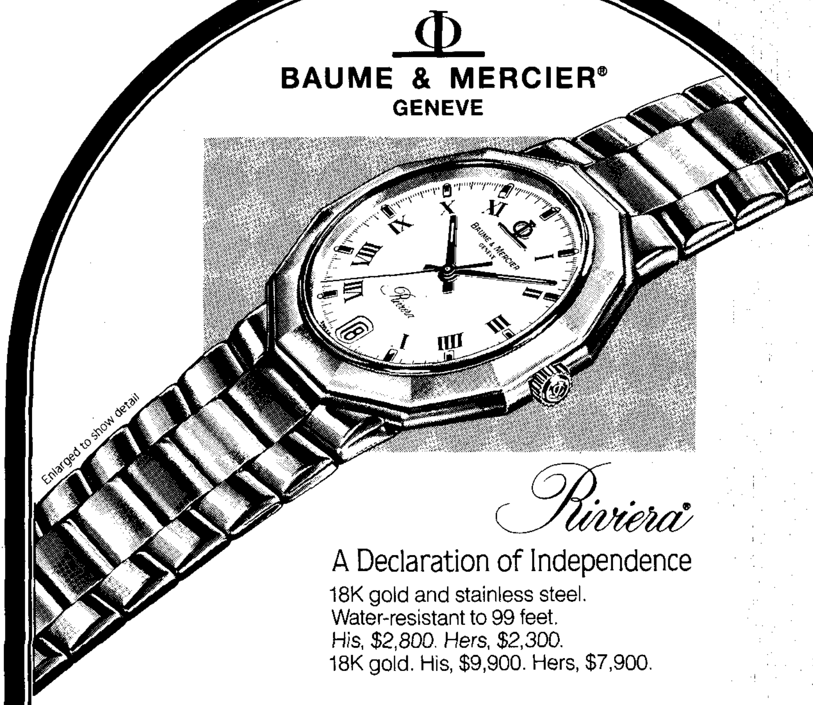
John Yang—Yang's Cirkut-camera panoramas of golf courses are so rich and the topographies so various that, despite an initial skepticism about the idea of golf-course photography as landscape art, we found it hard to stop looking at them. Through May 31. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Short List—**tina barney,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through June 16); **harry callahan,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., open Sundays (starts May 26); **ellen carey,** Good, 532 Broadway (through June 10); **robert capa,** Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St., closed Fridays and Saturdays (through July 5); **christopher williams,** Luhring Augustine, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 26).

MUSIC

NEW YORK now arrives at the light musical weeks that precede the off-season, or what was once the off-season. Within living memory, summer was a musician's time for rest and renewal: conductors withdrew to their spacious country seats; opera administrators planned the coming season while singers learned their new roles; critics wrote reminiscences or discursive Sunday columns about this and that; concertgoers took a break. For something different, all would occasionally gather for a brief festival somewhere. There were also the impoverished orchestra players who, likely as not, took employment playing vapid background music at a resort hotel.

There isn't exactly an off-season anymore, just a continuation of the season in other forms and places. Festivals are long, numerous, and strikingly similar in programming to winter subscription concerts; in New



BAUME & MERCIER®
GENEVE

A Declaration of Independence
18K gold and stainless steel.
Water-resistant to 99 feet.
His, $2,800. Hers, $2,300.
18K gold. His, $9,900. Hers, $7,900.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
Bonwit Teller/Trump Tower
Bal Harbour Shops/Florida
Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders **(212) 758-3265**
Outside NY **1-800-223-1288**
Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

HAVE YOU HEARD
ABOUT OUR NEW TRADE SECRET...

It's absolutely brilliant! Our time-honored trade-in policy for watches now goes for jewelry too! In celebration of Tourneau's expanded jewelry dept., you can now apply the trade-in value of your old watch…or your old jewelry…towards the purchase of any new watch or jewelry items. It's a simple, logical strategy that helps you recoup the value in your old watches or jewelry that you've been saving, but not wearing. Those pieces that haven't seen the light of day for years. Visit Tourneau for your free trade-in appraisal. And our little trade will be our little secret.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
Bonwit Teller/Trump Tower
Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders **(212) 758-3265**
Outside NY **1-800-223-1288**

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

York, Mostly Mozart sets up at Fisher Hall, and the City Opera starts singing in July. All that remains is a vestigial lull in late May and early June, with another at the beginning of September. The Met has finished; the Philharmonic is on its last round of concerts; Carnegie Hall is given over pleasantly to university bands, massed choruses from far and wide, audience sing-alongs, and a concert by junior-high-school students. The recital halls are still moderately busy and will remain so into June, when the Met will venture into the parks.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Zubin Mehta conducting a Wagner-Strauss program in the final performances of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. May 25 at 8, May 26 at 2, and May 27 at 8.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIC—With large and varied choral groups. May 26 at 8: Paul Torkelson conducting works by Handel, Brahms, and others. . . . ¶ May 28 at 8: Peter Tiboris conducting Verdi and John Rutter conducting John Rutter. . . . ¶ May 29 at 7:30: Peter Tiboris and Jonathan Griffith conducting works by Mozart, Taneyev, and Eric Funk. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS—Clara Longstreth directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. May 24 at 8.)

"ART OF THE EARLY KEYBOARD"—A program of works for the lautenwerk, a harpsichord-type instrument with a lute-like sound. Gwendolyn Toth will be accompanied by Jorie Garrigue, violin, and Lisa Terry, viola da gamba. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. May 24 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

BOSTON CAMERATA—With Schola Cantorum, in a performance of Jean Gilles's Requiem Mass. With vocal soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. May 25 at 8.)

JOSÉ CARRERAS—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 25 at 8.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—Schubert quartets in C Minor, C Major, and G Major. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. May 25 at 8.)

NINA BEILINA—Violin, with assisting artists. (Metropolitan Synagogue, 40 E. 35th St. May 25 and June 1 at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

AULOS ENSEMBLE—Performing Bach on period instruments. (Rutgers Church, 236 W. 73rd St. May 25 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

"DON'T BUNGLE THE JUNGLE!"—This benefit for the rain forests, hosted by the ever-vigilant Madonna and the artist Kenny Scharf, should be a long night of music and laughter. But keep your expectations low: benefits are notoriously unreliable as entertainment. Scheduled to appear, and, one presumes, to perform, are Sandra Bernhard and Maria McKee, among others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. May 24 at 8. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

TOM TOM CLUB—When they're not playing with David Byrne or their two sons, Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz are the brains and fingers of this group, whose sound falls somewhere between Talking Heads (the parent band) and bubble-gum pop. Listening to the Tom Tom Club in the living room makes you want to roll back the rug; luckily, the rugless, barnlike World holds hundreds of dancing bodies. (The World, 254 E. 2nd St. May 25-26 at 9. For tickets, call 947-5850.)

"NEW VOICES IN FOLK"—A free concert in the Park, hosted by Tom Rush, a veteran of the sixties folk scene. Almost a dozen singer-songwriters, their acoustic guitars in tow, will be serenading, telling tales, and perhaps even raising a few social consciousnesses. The program includes the duo Casselberry-Dupreé, zydeco journeymen Loup Garou, and Shawn Colvin and Christine Lavin, terrific performers whose songs can be both funny and stirring. (Central Park Band Shell, mid-Park at 72nd St. May 28 at 1.)

BARRY MANILOW—Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. 586-6510. Through June 3.

DAVID WEINSTEIN—With Shelley Hirsch. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. May 25-27 at 9.

Tom Tom Club

For information about tickets, call 219-8242.)

Aaron Neville—This delicate-voiced tenor from the Neville Brothers has had a few solo hits, and now is holding his own service of hot R. & B., New Orleans style. The message he delivers will surely "Tell It Like It Is." (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 834-8794. May 30 at 8.)

Washington Square Church—May 26: Gamelan Son of Lion and Neil Rolnick. . . . ¶ May 27: Jerome Cooper and the Hassan Hakmoun Ensemble. (135 W. 4th St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the California Angels, May 23-25 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Oakland A's, May 26 at 7:30, May 27 at 1:05, and May 28 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Seattle Mariners, May 29 at 1:30, and May 30-31 at 7:30.

Mets—Away until June 2, when they start a three-game series against the Pirates. (Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Acorn, a race for three-year-old fillies, will be run on May 27; the Metropolitan Handicap, on May 29. . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Washington Square Outdoor Art Show—The sidewalks of Greenwich Village will fill up with art May 27-29 for the first of two consecutive weekends. This year's exhibit/sale/contest, the fifty-eighth, will include works by more than three hundred artists and artisans. The show will be open from noon to sundown.

Botanical Bazaar—A daylong event (on May 25) inaugurating the New York Public Library's botanical-illustration exhibition. Astor Hall, at the Forty-second Street address, will be the site of this sale, where you'll find cut flowers, garden ornaments, books, and botanical prints.

"The Great Saunter"—A thirty-two-mile walk around the perimeter of Manhattan, sponsored by Shorewalkers. (May 27, starting at 7 A.M.; rain date, May 28. For more information, call 663-2167.)

Reading—Claire Bloom, Jane Curtin, and Michael Mitchell read from the stories of Emma Tennant, Gail Godwin, and John A. Williams. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. May 24 at 6:30.)

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

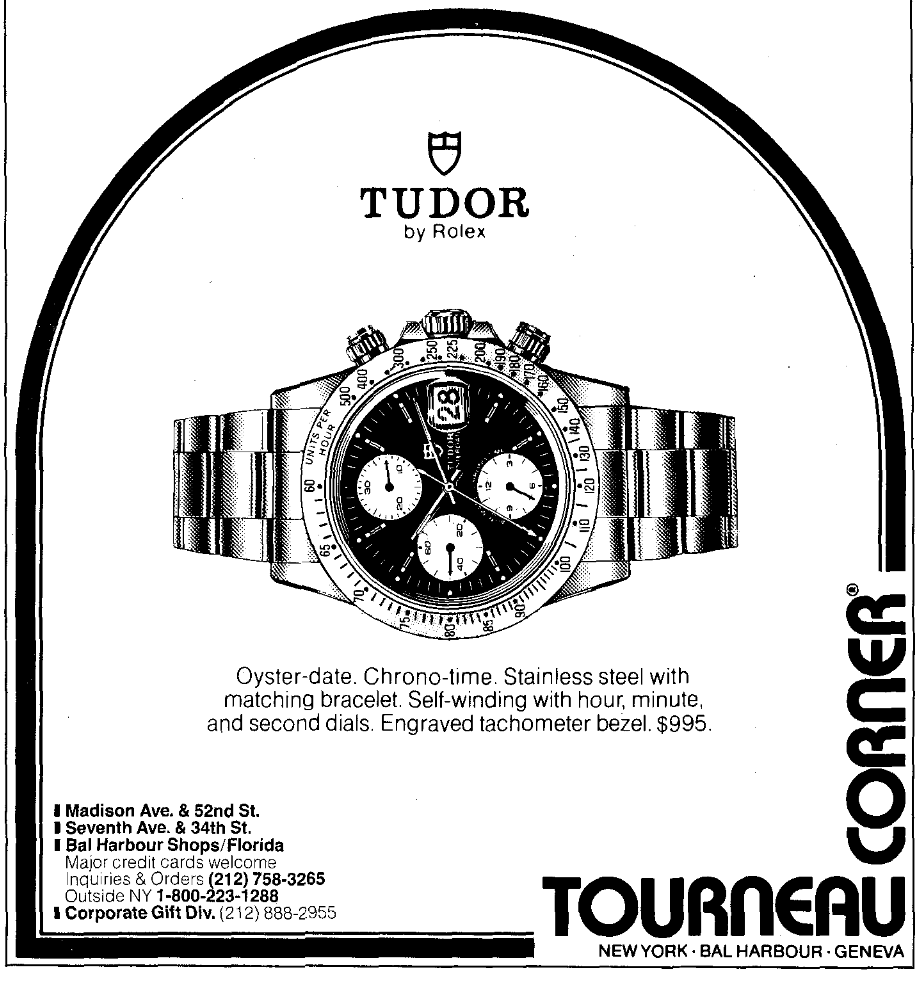
A PATEK PHILIPPE DOESN'T JUST TELL TIME, IT TELLS SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.

Elegant, distinctive, classic dress watch. Completely handcrafted in Switzerland. 18K, $5,650.

- **Madison Ave. & 52nd St.**
- **Seventh Ave. & 34th St.**

Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders **(212) 758-3265**
Outside NY **1-800-223-1288**
Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA



TUDOR
by Rolex

Oyster-date. Chrono-time. Stainless steel with matching bracelet. Self-winding with hour, minute, and second dials. Engraved tachometer bezel. $995.

- **Madison Ave. & 52nd St.**
- **Seventh Ave. & 34th St.**
- **Bal Harbour Shops/Florida**

Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders **(212) 758-3265**
Outside NY **1-800-223-1288**
Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

May 23: At 6, "Brand New Day" (1987, directed by Amos Gitai), a documentary; at 8, "Field Diary" (1982, Gitai) and "In Search of Identity" (1980, Gitai), both documentaries; and, at 10, "King Lear" (1988, Jean-Luc Godard).

May 24: At 6, "House" (1980, Gitai) and "Wadi" (1981, Gitai), both documentaries; at 8, "Pineapple" (1983, Gitai), a documentary; and, at 10, "King Lear."

May 25: At 6, "Esther" (1986, Gitai), a documentary; at 8, "Bangkok Bahrain" (1984, Gitai), a documentary; and, at 10, "King Lear."

May 26: At 5:45, "The Sacrifice" (1986, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson; and "Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky" (1987, Michal Leszczylowski), a documentary; and, at 10, "Pattes Blanches" (1949, Jean Gremillon; in French), with Paul Bernard.

May 27-28: At 4, "Pattes Blanches"; at 5:45, "The Sacrifice" and "Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky"; and, at 10, "Pattes Blanches."

From May 30: At 5:45, "The Sacrifice" and "Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky"; and, at 10, "Pattes Blanches."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (†).

Theatre 2: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 3: Through May 25: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†). From May 26: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Scandal" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Through May 25: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

From May 26: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert). From May 24: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford, Sean Connery, Denholm Elliott, Alison Doody, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover.

Theatre 2: Through May 23: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From May 24: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade."

Theatre 3: "Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze, Ben Gazzara, and Sam Elliott.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"How I Got Into College" (Savage Steve Holland), with Anthony Edwards and Corey Parker.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Miss Firecracker" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through May 25: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

From May 26: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Say Anything" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Theatre 2: "Miracle Mile" (Steve DeJarnatt), with Anthony Edwards and Mare Winningham.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

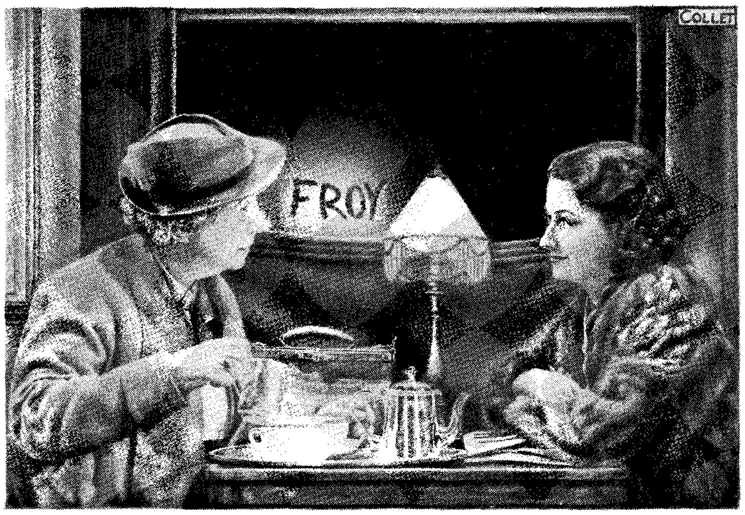
"Field of Dreams" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Scandal" (†).

Theatre 2: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†).

Theatre 3: "For Queen & Country" (Martin Stellman), with Denzel Washington.



Dame May Whitty and Margaret Lockwood in "The Lady Vanishes"

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: Through May 23: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis. From May 24: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford, Sean Connery, Denholm Elliott, Alison Doody, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"How I Got Into College" (Savage Steve Holland), with Anthony Edwards and Corey Parker.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 2: "Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze, Ben Gazzara, and Sam Elliott.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Cold Feet" (Robert Dornhelm), with Keith Carradine, Sally Kirkland, and Tom Waits.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Heathers" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze, Ben Gazzara, and Sam Elliott.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert). From May 24: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford, Sean Connery, Denholm Elliott, Alison Doody, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover.

Theatre 2: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through May 25: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), *with* Geena Davis. From May 26: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Theatre 2: "Miracle Mile" (Steve DeJarnatt), with Anthony Edwards and Mare Winningham.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through May 30: "The Suitors" (directed by Ghasem Ebrahimian; in English and Farsi).

From May 31: "The Brave Little Toaster" (1987, Jerry Rees), an animated film.

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "A Night in Havana: Dizzy Gillespie in Cuba" (John Holland), a documentary.

Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Theatre 2: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

Through May 25: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

From May 26: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising"†.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 2: "How I Got Into College" (Savage Steve Holland), with Anthony Edwards and Corey Parker.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Let's Get Lost" (†).

Theatre 2: "Wonderland" (Philip Saville).

Theatre 3: "La Lectrice" (†).

Theatre 4: "New York Stories" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Miracle Mile" (Steve DeJarnatt), with Anthony Edwards and Mare Winningham.

Theatre 2: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Theatre 3: "Heathers" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"New York Stories" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Heathers" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Let's Get Lost" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Rainbow" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Rain Man" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze, Ben Gazzara, and Sam Elliott.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: Through May 23: "Miss Firecracker" (†). From May 24: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford, Sean Connery, Denholm Elliott, Alison Doody, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover.

Theatre 3: "Scandal" (†).

Theatre 4: "For Queen & Country" (Martin Stellman), with Denzel Washington.

Theatre 5: Through May 23: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert). From May 24: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade."

Theatre 6: Through May 25: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis. From May 26: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Miracle Mile" (Steve DeJarnatt), with Anthony Edwards and Mare Winningham.

Theatre 2: "How I Got Into College" (Savage Steve Holland), with Anthony Edwards and Corey Parker.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Cyborg" directed by Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: "How I Got Into College" (Savage Steve Holland), with Anthony Edwards and Corey Parker.

Theatre 3: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

Theatre 4: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 5: "Fistfighter" (Frank Zuñiga).

Theatre 6: "Miracle Mile" (Steve DeJarnatt), with Anthony Edwards and Mare Winningham.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

Through May 29: "For Queen & Country" (Martin Stellman), with Denzel Washington.

From May 30: Theatre temporarily closed.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (†).

Theatre 3: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Theatre 4: Through May 29: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From May 30: "For Queen & Country" (Martin Stellman), with Denzel Washington.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

Through May 23: Theatre closed.

From May 24: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford, Sean Connery, Denholm Elliott, Alison Doody, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Scandal" (†).

Theatre 2: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"The Return of Swamp Thing" (Jim Wynorski), with Louis Jourdan and Heather Locklear.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: Through May 25: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon. From May 26: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Theatre 2: Through May 25: "Say Anything" (†). From May 26: "Pink Cadillac."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through May 23: "War and Peace" (1956, directed by King Vidor), with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer.

May 24: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935, Josef von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre.

May 25: "Uncle Vanya" (1971, Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian), with Innokenty Smoktunovsky and Sergei Bondarchuk; and "The Inspector General" (1952, Vladimir Petrov; in Russian).

May 26-27: "Anastasia" (1956, Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes; and "Anna Karenina" (1948, Julien Duvivier), with Vivien Leigh and Ralph Richardson.

May 28-29: "Silk Stockings" (†); and "White Nights" (1985, Taylor Hackford), with Mikhail Baryshnikov, Gregory Hines, Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, and Helen Mirren.

May 30: "Siberiade" (1979, Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

May 31: "We Live Again" (1934, Rouben Mamoulian), with Fredric March, Anna Sten, and Sam Jaffe; and "Tovarich" (1937, Anatole Litvak), with Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, and Basil Rathbone.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 23: "Track 29" (1988, Nicolas Roeg), with Theresa Russell and Gary Oldman; and "Eureka" (1985, Roeg), with Gene Hackman, Russell, Rutger Hauer, and Mickey Rourke.

May 24-25: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970, Bergman), with Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.

May 26-27: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "Lenny" (1974, Bob Fosse), with Hoffman, Valerie Perrine, and Gary Morton.

May 28: "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "L'Avventura" (1959, Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari.

May 29-30: "The Bicycle Thief" (†); and "The Voyage" (1974, Vittorio De Sica), with Sophia Loren, Richard Burton, and Ian Bannen.

From May 31: "Castaway" (1987, Nicolas Roeg), with Oliver Reed and Amanda Donohoe; and "Walkabout" (1971, Roeg).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

May 22: "The Big Trail" (1930, Raoul Walsh), with John Wayne; and "Colorado Territory" (1949, Walsh), with Joel McCrea and Virginia Mayo.

May 23-24: "Ride Lonesome" (1959, Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott; and "Comanche Station" (1960, Boetticher), with Scott.

May 25-26: "The Searchers" (†); and "Fort Apache" (1948, John Ford), with John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Ward Bond, George O'Brien, and Victor McLaglen.

May 27-28: "Red River" (1948, Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Rio Bravo" (†).

May 29: "The Iron Horse" (1924, John Ford; silent); and "Three Badman" (1926, Ford; silent).

May 30-31: "Major Dundee" (1965, Sam Peckinpah), with Charlton Heston, Richard Harris, and Senta Berger; and "The Professionals" (1966, Richard Brooks), with Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Woody Strode, Jack Palance, and Claudia Cardinale.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

May 22: "Running on Empty" (1988, Sidney Lumet), with Christine Lahti, River Phoenix, Judd Hirsch, and Martha Plimpton; and "The Big Chill" (1983, Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, and Glenn Close.

May 23: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.

May 24: "Rain or Shine" (1930, Frank Capra), with Joe Cook, Louise Fazenda, and Joan Peers; and "Dirigible" (1931, Capra), with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Fay Wray.

May 25: "The Lineup" (1958, Donald Siegel), with Eli Wallach, Robert Keith, and Warner Anderson; and "The Sniper" (1952, Edward Dmytryk), with Adolphe Menjou, Arthur Franz, and Gerald Mohr.

May 26-27: "Breathless" (1959, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Godard; in French), with Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "My Life to Live" (1962, Godard; in French), with Karina.

May 28: "Muriel" (1963, Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (†).

May 29: "Dante's Inferno" (1967, Ken Russell; a BBC television film), with Oliver Reed; and a program of Russell short films.

May 30: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (†); and "Monsieur Vincent" (1947, Maurice Cloche; in French), with Pierre Fresnay.

May 31: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936, Capra), with Arthur and Gary Cooper.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 22: "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (1942, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny; and "La Ronde" (1950, Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

May 23: "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "The V.I.P.s" (1963, Anthony Asquith), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Rod Taylor, Orson Welles, and Margaret Rutherford.

May 24: "5 Against the House" (1955, Phil Karlson), with Guy Madison and Kim Novak; and "Pushover" (1954, Richard Quine), with Fred MacMurray and Novak.

May 25: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959, Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian), with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko.

May 26-27: "The 39 Steps" (1935, Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938 †).

May 28: "True Confession" (1937, Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray; and "We're Not Dressing" (†).

May 29: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967, Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "Doctor Faustus" (1968, Neville Coghill and Burton), with Burton and Taylor.

May 30: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (†).

May 31: "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre 1: Recent films from Argentina, all in Spanish. May 22 at 2:30: "The Loves of Kafka" (1988, directed by Beda Docampo Feijoo). . . . ¶ May 22 at 6: "Awaiting the Pallbearers" (1985, Alejandro Doria). . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30: "Easy Money" (1982, Fernando Ayala). . . . ¶ May 23 at 6: "A Time for Revenge" (1981, Adolfo Aristarain). . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30 and 6: "The Mystery of Eva Peron" (1986, Tulio Demichelli), a documentary.

Theatre 2: May 25 at 3 and 6: "Azul" (1988, Roland Legiardi-Laura), a documentary. . . . ¶ Argentine films from the fifties and sixties, all in Spanish. May 26 at 3: "Troubled Waters" (1952, Hugo del Carril). . . . May 26 at 6: "The Boss" (1958, Fernando Ayala). . . . May 27 at 2:30: "Chronicle of a Boy Alone" (1964, Leonard Favio). . . . May 27 at 5: "Three Times Ana" (1964, David Kohon). . . . May 28 at 2:30: "Little-Bird Gomez" (1965, Rodolfo Kuhn). . . . May 28 at 5: "The Odd Number" (1962, Manuel Antín). . . . May 29 at 3: "The Boss." . . . May 29 at 6: "Troubled Waters." . . . May 30 at 3: "Three Times Ana." . . . May 30 at 6: "Chronicle of a Boy Alone."

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

Riklis Theatre: "Last of the Love Goddesses," a retrospective of twelve Kim Novak films. May 24 at 2:30: "Strangers When We Meet" (1960, Richard Quine), with Kirk Douglas. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958, Quine), with James Stewart. . . .

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

¶ May 26 at 2:30: "Picnic" (1955, Joshua Logan), with William Holden. . . . ¶ May 26 at 7:30: "The Notorious Landlady" (1962, Quine), with Jack Lemmon. . . . ¶ May 27 at 1: "5 Against the House" (1955, Phil Karlson), with Guy Madison. . . . ¶ May 27 at 4: "Pal Joey" (1957, George Sidney), with Frank Sinatra and Rita Hayworth. . . . ¶ May 27 at 7:30: "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Dean Martin and Ray Walston. . . . ¶ May 28 at 1: "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968, Robert Aldrich), with Peter Finch. . . . ¶ May 28 at 4: "The Man with the Golden Arm" (1955, Otto Preminger), with Sinatra. . . . ¶ May 31 at 2:30: "Pal Joey."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM: Through June 1: Twenty-five of the twenty-nine 1988 Peabody Award-winning television programs will be shown, including two segments from "thirtysomething," four interviews from "Bill Moyers' World of Ideas," "The Attic: The Hiding of Anne Frank," and "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour: Election '88 Coverage." Our best advice is to call the museum for time and film schedules.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—May 24 at 7: "Paris 1900" (1948, Nicole Vedrès). . . . ¶ May 24 at 8:30: Outtakes from seven Maya Deren films. . . . ¶ May 25 at 7: "Triumph of the Will" (see below). . . . ¶ May 25 at 9: "Presents" (1980, Michael Snow). . . . ¶ May 26 at 6: "There Was a Father" (1942, Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). . . . ¶ *May 26 at 8: "Olympia" (see below)*. . . . ¶ May 27 at 6: Six short films by, among others, Man Ray and Marcel Duchamp. . . . ¶ May 27 at 8: "Applause" (1929, Rouben Mamoulian). . . . ¶ May 28 at 3: "Ritual in Transfigured Time" (1946, Deren). . . . ¶ May 28 at 7: "Seated Figures" (1988) and "A Casing Shelved" (1968), both by Snow. . . . ¶ May 31 at 7 and 9: "The Cocoanuts" (1929, Robert Florey and Joseph Santley), with the Marx Brothers.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—May 22 at 8: "Nightmare Alley" (1947, Edmund Goulding), with Tyrone Power and Coleen Gray. . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924, Victor Sjöstrom; silent), with Lon Chaney. . . . ¶ May 24 at 8: "New Angle International Video Festival," the second of two programs of award-winning short experimental videotapes. . . . ¶ May 25 at 8: "Home Less Home," a work in progress by Bill Brand, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 25 at 10:30: "Velvet Hustler" (1967, Masuda Toshio; in Japanese). . . . ¶ May 26 at 8: "Peggy and Fred," a work in progress by Leslie Thornton, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 27-28 at 8: "Black-Eyed Susan, Portrait of an Actress" (1988) and "Primal Screen," a new performance piece by Stuart Sherman, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 28 at 3: "Gate of Flesh" (1964, Suzuki Seijun; in Japanese) and "Guts of a Virgin" (1984, Gaira; in Japanese).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Films, videotapes, and performances by thirty-four artists as part of the 1989 Biennial Exhibition. May 23-24: "Plain Talk and Common Sense (Uncommon Senses)" (1987, Jon Jost). Showings Tuesday at 1:30 and 5:30 and Wednesday at noon. . . . "Decodings" (1988, Michael Wallin) and "Cooperation of Parts" (1987, Daniel Eisenberg). Showings Tuesday at 4 and Wednesday at 3. . . . ¶ May 25-31: "Inside Life Outside" (1988, Sachiko Hamada and Scott Sinkler), "Blues for Piggy" (1987, John Arvanites), "India Time" (1987, Ken Feingold), and "Out of the Mouth of Babes" (1987, Sherry Millner and Ernest Larsen), all videotapes. Showings Tuesday at 1:30, Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30, and Sunday at 12:30. . . . "Art of Memory" (1987, Woody Vasulka), "Belchite-South Bronx: A Trans-Historical, Trans-Cultural Landscape" (1987, Francesc Torres), "Born to Be Sold: Martha Rosler Reads the Strange Case of Baby M" (1988, Rosler, with Paper Tiger Television), and "Production Notes: Fast Food for Thought" (1987, Jason Simon), all videotapes. Showings Tuesday at 4, Wednesday through Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—MB Playhouse, a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty years. May 23-27: William Nicholson's "Shadowlands" (1985; BBC), with Joss Ackland and Claire Bloom. . . . From May 30: Quentin Crisp's "The Naked Civil Servant" (1975; Thames Television), with John Hurt. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedy specials and episodes from comedy series. May 23-27: "Wendy and Me" (1964), with George Burns, Ron Harper, and Connie Stevens; and "Oh, Madeline" (1983), with Madeline Kahn. . . . From May 30: "Yes, Minister" (1980), with Paul Eddington; and "The New Statesman" (1987), with Rik Mayall. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ May 23-27: "Cinderella" (1957, Ralph Nelson; CBS), with Julie Andrews, Howard Lindsay, Dorothy Stickney, Ilka Chase, Edith Adams, Kay Ballard, and Alice Ghostley. Music and lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. . . . From May 30: Three episodes from "Victory at Sea" (1952, M. Clay Adams; NBC), with music by Rodgers. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30.

***FRENCH INSTITUTE—ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE,** 22 E. 60th* St. (355-6100)—May 24 at noon, 3:45, and 7: "The Roads of Exile" (1978, Claude Goretta; in French), with François Simon, Dominique Labourier, Roland Bertin, and David Markham. . . . ¶ May 31 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Buffet Froid" (1980, Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Bernard Blier, Jean Carmet, and Geneviève Page.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Pinocchio" and the 1940 "Thief of Bagdad," yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Uma Thurman as Venus, and Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (*Reviewed in our issue of* 4/3/89.) (Plaza, Waverly, and Metro Cinema.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—This story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, encompassing much more than the realistic method leads you to expect. And the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on you. This neo-realist classic, directed by Vittorio De Sica and written by Cesare Zavattini, is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. It isn't a movie that warms you, though; it doesn't have the flawed poetry that De Sica's "Shoeshine" and "Miracle in Milan" have. It's a more impersonal great film. In Italian.—P.K. (Cinema Village; May 29-30.)

CHOCOLAT—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Leni Riefenstahl's notorious documentary of Hitler's 1934 Nuremberg Party Rally, "Triumph of the Will" (playing at the Anthology Film Archives on May 25), is a Nazi propaganda film that's also a milestone for its use of rhythmic editing—and massive compositions—to achieve an overwhelming visceral effect. It's a thrilling yet horrifying example of what Milan Kundera calls "totalitarian kitsch." To borrow Kundera's definition, Riefenstahl and the rally organizers banish "every display of individualism . . . every doubt . . . all irony," and even any non-gemütlich women—the only ones placed center-screen are costumed peasants.

You don't have to be a Fascist, or even a sports fan, to love Riefenstahl's movie of the 1936 Berlin Olympics, the virtuosic and legendary "Olympia" (playing at the Anthology Film Archives on May 26). Riefenstahl focusses on the athletes both as kinetic sculptures and as individualistic competitors. Watching stars like Jesse Owens, we experience an ecstatic release of human energy. The movie is an orgy of intense black-and-white imagery, and a masterpiece of editing: in the famous, climactic diving scene, Riefenstahl's out-on-a-limb camera angles and spiralling cuts engulf us in a limitless free-fall.

DANGEROUS LIAISONS—One of the least static costumes films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Festival.)

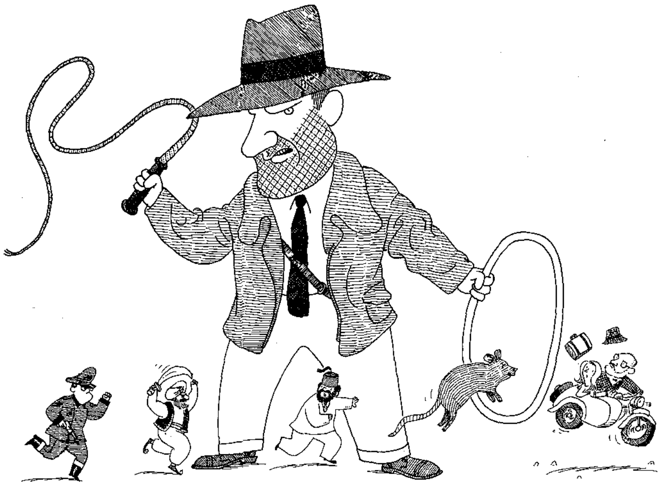
THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and, at the end, a Bach-like intensity. The dialogue and the passages read from the diary are taken directly from the novel, though while you're watching you feel as if you were seeing a silent movie. (It's the effect of the expressive images and the general austerity.) This is one of the few modern works in any art form that help one to understand the religious life—which for this useless young man is a terrible one, yet with moments of holiness. If there is a flaw in the film, it's the rhythm—you feel you're dying with the priest. The film may raise a question in your mind: Does Bresson know what a pain this young man is? The priest's austere spirituality may give the community the same sort of pain that Bresson's later movies give some of us in the audience. In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; May 30.)

Field of Dreams—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel, "Shoeless Joe." With Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, Dwier Brown as the father, and Gaby Hoffman.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Bay Cinema, 59th Street East Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, Carnegie Hall Cinema, and Regency.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Where's the sting?—P.K. (4/17/89) (Loews Tower East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who like to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—Hushed and hypnotic, it makes you so conscious of its artistry that you may feel as if you're in church and need to giggle. This first full-length film by Alain Resnais has a script by Marguerite Duras that features musical, incantatory dialogue, and a crucial line, "They make movies to sell soap, why not a movie to sell peace?" The movie, which opens with the intertwined nude bodies of a French movie actress (Emmanuèle Riva) and a Japanese architect (Eiji Okada), was taken as powerful propaganda against the atom bomb. As the film goes on, the woman tells the man about her first experience of love: it was with a German soldier, who was killed on the last day of fighting. Her lyric, masochistic account lingers in the air. With its doomed romance in the past and its tortured affair in the present, this is a woman's picture in the most derogatory sense of the term, but with a high-cultural tone. Riva gives a remarkably fine performance. Eiji Okada says no more than an analyst might; he is simply a sounding board. And if, being Japanese, he is supposed to represent the world's conscience, he brings an unsuitably bland, professionally sympathetic, and upper-class manner to the function. The images of the two in bed are intercut with what is supposed to be documentary footage of the effect of the bomb on Hiroshima, but some of the footage is from a fictional Japanese atrocity movie. In French. —P.K. (Thalia SoHo; May 28.)



"Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade"

How to Get Ahead in Advertising—The second film by the British writer-director Bruce Robinson ("Withnail and I") is a black comedy about an adman in crisis. Dennis Bagley (the resourceful and energetic Richard E. Grant), a young "creative" hot shot at a London agency, goes into a panic when he can't come up with any ideas for a pimple-cream campaign. Then he develops a huge, ugly boil on his shoulder—a boil that turns out to have a face and a voice and an extremely nasty disposition. It is, of course, a big metaphor, swollen and throbbing with significance; it stands for all the toxic stuff—greed, ruthless ambition, the manipulation of consciousness by the media—that, in Robinson's view, has been raging through our systems and is now coming to an unsightly head. The metaphor is original, but the ideas are mighty familiar. About halfway through, the movie runs out of inspiration, though Robinson carries on as if he were unaware of his own creative crisis: he just keeps squeezing the material harder and harder. Also with Rachel Ward and Richard Wilson.—T.R. (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through May 25. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting May 26.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fussy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his first major film appearance—Michael Redgrave; the heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott, Catherine Lacey, Mary Clare, Linden Travers, Googie Withers, and the team of Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford doing a parody of the "jolly good show" type of Britisher. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and Alma Reville, based on the novel "The Wheel Spins" by Ethel Lina White.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26-27.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

La Lectrice—Michel Deville's film has a gimmicky structure: a woman (Miou-Miou), in bed with her lover, reads aloud to him Raymond Jean's novel "La Lectrice," which is about a woman who makes her living by reading to people. The woman in bed naturally casts herself as the novel's heroine, and for most of the movie we watch Miou-Miou, as the professional reader, entertaining her various clients: a paralyzed teen-age boy, to whom she reads Maupassant and Baudelaire; a general's widow, to whom she reads Marx and other political literature; a nervous businessman, whom she treats to Marguerite Duras; and so on. "La Lectrice" fancies itself a celebration of the delights of reading and, in a backhanded way, it sort of is: it makes you feel like staying in bed and never, ever going to the movies again. Also with Patrick Chesnais, Régis Royer, and, as the widow, the radiant Maria Casarès. In French.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

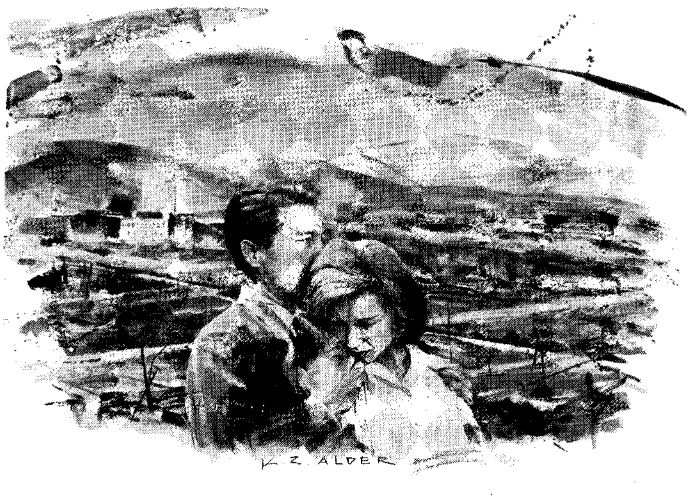
Let's Get Lost—This documentary, by Bruce Weber, isn't primarily about Chet Baker the jazz trumpeter and singer: it's about Chet Baker the love object, the fetish. And maybe because Weber, despite his lifelong fixation on this charmer, knew him only as a battered, treacherous wreck, in the two years before his death, it's one of the most suggestive (and unresolved) films ever made. The soundtrack is made up of Baker recordings that span more than three decades—the idealized essence of the man. The 16-mm. black-and-white cinematography (by Jeff Preiss) is reticent yet expressive, impassioned; the film has a great look.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

Miss Firecracker—With Holly Hunter, Mary Steenburgen, and Tim Robbins; directed by Thomas Schlamme. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through May 23.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept

—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza.)

New York Stories—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) Allen's short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Quad Cinema, and Guild.)



Eiji Okada and Emmanuèle Riva in "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic melodrama of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all the fatalistic French screen romances, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot. But "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare with the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. Ironically, Duvivier had hoped to make an American-style gangster film and had drawn some of his characters from "Scarface." With Mireille Balin and Marcel Dalio. The script, by Henri Jeanson, is based on a novel by Ashelbé (Henri La Barthe), at one time the commissioner of the Paris police. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30.)

The Rainbow—With Sammi Davis, directed by Ken Russell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino; Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Bleecker Street Cinema, Cinema 3, and Embassy.)

Rio Bravo (1959)—Howard Hawks directed this semi-satiric Western pastiche (mainly of old Hawks movies), with John Wayne as John T. Chance, Dean Martin as a drunk called Dude, Ricky Nelson as Colorado, Walter Brennan as Stumpy, and Angie Dickinson as Feathers. Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett provided the script, Dmitri Tiomkin the score. Silly, but with zest; there are some fine action sequences, and the performers seem to be enjoying their roles.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 27-28.)

Say Anything—Lloyd Dobler (John Cusack) is a high-school senior who doesn't know what he wants to do yet. And he's so in awe of Diane (Ione Skye), the class valedictorian and prize student, that when he phones to ask her to the graduation party he's so nervous he can't keep up a sequential conversation—he babbles, and talks in spurts. Yet when they're out together he makes Diane feel happier than she has ever been. As for Lloyd, he's found bliss. He wants to hang on to Diane—for life. This first picture directed by Cameron Crowe (who wrote "Fast Times at Ridgemont High") is unabashedly romantic about Lloyd Dobler's capacity to make a commitment. Crowe is great here on oddity and fringe moments; the comedy helps to dry out the romanticism—to give it lightness and a trace of enchantment. And Cusack is a wonder: Lloyd's (nearly) blank look tells you that a lot of things are going on inside him—he has a buzz in his blank face. Crowe's script has some central flaws, and there's no special moviemaking excitement in the picture, but it's a lovely piece of work. Clearly, Crowe loves actors. There's a compelling performance by John Mahoney as Diane's father; there are a couple of astonishingly fluid scenes between Cusack and his real-life sister Joan, playing Lloyd's sister. And the cast includes Lili Taylor as the girl who has written sixty-five songs about her ex-boyfriend's perfidiousness, Kim Walker, Loren Dean, Jason Gould, Eric Stoltz, Amy Brooks, Chynna Phillips, Lois Chiles, Philip Baker Hall, and a terrific three-year-old, Glenn Walker Harris, Jr.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ West Side Cinema; through May 25.)

Scandal—Tepid. The director, Michael Caton-Jones, and the writer, Michael Thomas, who dig up the Profumo affair, might have used it as the basis for a satirical slice of history; instead, they've made a sentimental docudrama—one more English film about the cruelty of the class system. What sustains a viewer is the narrative, with its evocative details of life in London from 1959 to 1963—how teen-age showgirl Christine Keeler (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer), bored with the middle-aged dignitaries that the society osteopath Stephen Ward (John Hurt) introduced her to, took on a West Indian lover and then another West Indian, and how, as a result of a violent quarrel between the two, a newspaperman got on her trail. She then offered up the story of her earlier gentlemen callers, the Tory Secretary of State for War, John Profumo (Ian McKellen), and the assistant naval attaché of the Soviet Embassy (Jeroen Krabbé). And bang! The tabloids whipped up indignation over the decadence of the "Establishment"—over sadomasochism and spies and naked bathing in Lord Astor's pool. Along the way there's Ward introducing Christine to hash and her becoming spacey, and the music changing, and the kinky Victorian repressiveness giving way to London's Swinging Sixties. But Whalley-Kilmer's Christine is opaque, unreadable. She comes to life a bit in her scenes with her showgirl pal, Mandy Rice-Davies, played by Bridget Fonda, who brings a gamine crispness to the role. She's the movie's only wild card. With Daniel Massey, Roland Gift, Britt Ekland, Leslie Phillips, and Trevor Eve.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Gramercy, Cinema I, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

The Searchers (1956)—John Wayne is the taciturn loner, Ethan Edwards, a Confederate veteran who arrives at his married brother's ranch in Texas in 1868. Learning that there are Comanches in the area, Ethan and Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), a part-Cherokee young man who lives with the brother's family, go off to look for them. While they're away, the Comanches attack the ranch; they return to a scene of horror—the house has been burned down and the family slaughtered, all except Ethan's two nieces, who have been abducted. The ravaged body of the older girl is found and buried; the search for the little one (played by Lana Wood) goes on. It's a peculiarly formal and stilted movie, with Ethan framed in a doorway at the opening and the close. You can read a lot into it, but it isn't very enjoyable. The lines are often awkward and the line readings worse, and the film is often static, despite economic, quick editing. What made this John Ford Western fascinating to the young directors who hailed it in the seventies as a great work and as a key influence on them is the compulsiveness of Ethan's search for his niece (whose mother he loved) and his bitter, vengeful racism. He's surly and foul-tempered toward Martin, who accompanies him during the five years of looking for the girl (who by then has turned into Natalie Wood, in glossy makeup), and he hates Indians so much that he intends to kill her when he finds her, because she will have become the "squaw" to what he calls a "buck." The film doesn't develop Ethan's macho savagery; it's just there—he kills buffalo so the Comanches won't have meat, and he shoots out the eyes of a dead Comanche. The sexual undertones of Ethan's character almost seem to belong to a different movie; they don't go with the many crude and corny touches in this one. Throughout, the performances are highly variable. With Vera Miles, Dorothy Jordan, Ward Bond, who wears a fine top hat, and Henry Brandon as Chief Scar. Also, Ken Curtis as Charlie the singing guitarist, Peter Mamakos as Futterman, and Olive Carey. From a novel by Alan LeMay, adapted by Frank S. Nugent; music by Max Steiner.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 25-26.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—A paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; May 28-29).

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard; he doesn't bat her around the way the hero of Lina Wertmüller's shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You."—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 28.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

LARK®

Hot wild boar, cold liquid bread and a warm bear hug from a frau in a dirndl.

Germany. Land of the strudel and the dumpling. Unfortunately, after a week of working lunches, I still hadn't gotten my hands on so much as a *wienerschnitzel.* Now I knew this was strictly a business trip, but you know what they say about all work and no *wienerschnitzel.* So I personally cancelled my afternoon seminar to go search for the perfect meal.

I discovered a *gaststätte* tucked away in a corner of the Bavarian Alps. It was like a gingerbread house set down on a storybook street. Everywhere I looked were bright shutters, animated frescoes, and window boxes blooming with pink and red geraniums.

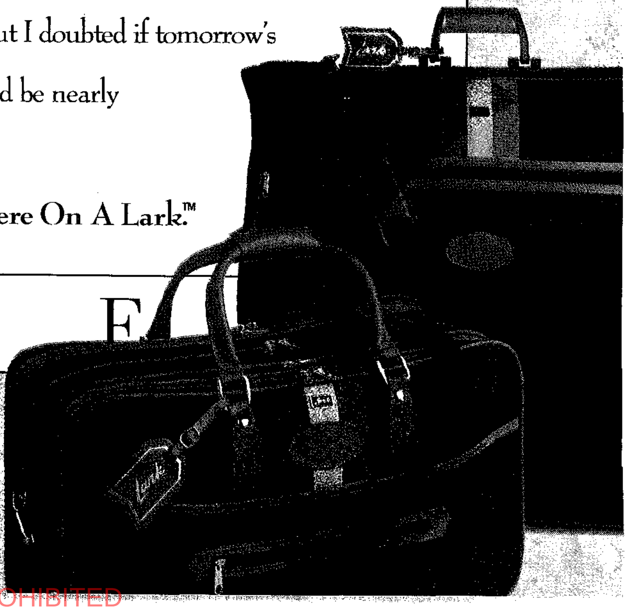
Inside was equally charming. My waitress was even decked out in her *dirndl,* a traditional costume. Helga–yes, that was her real name–was a strapping woman with a cherubic face and blonde pigtails falling halfway down her back. She set down a couple of *biers* –what the Bavarians like to refer to as liquid bread. Because, as Helga noted with a laugh, "where there is a brewery there is no need for a bakery."

That afternoon I feasted on everything from *knödels* to *spätzle* to a roast haunch of wild boar. Between courses I was entertained by the remarkable Helga. She could grip six liter steins in each hand, perch a plate of *wursts* on her elbows and glide between the crowded tables, all without spilling a drop. And, oh yes, she brought me my *wienerschnitzel,* too.

When I was sufficiently stuffed, Helga swallowed me up into a hearty embrace. "*Vorsicht,*" she yelled. "Take care." I forgot to ask her what tomorrow's special was, but I doubted if tomorrow's seminar would be nearly as appetizing.

Go There On A Lark.™

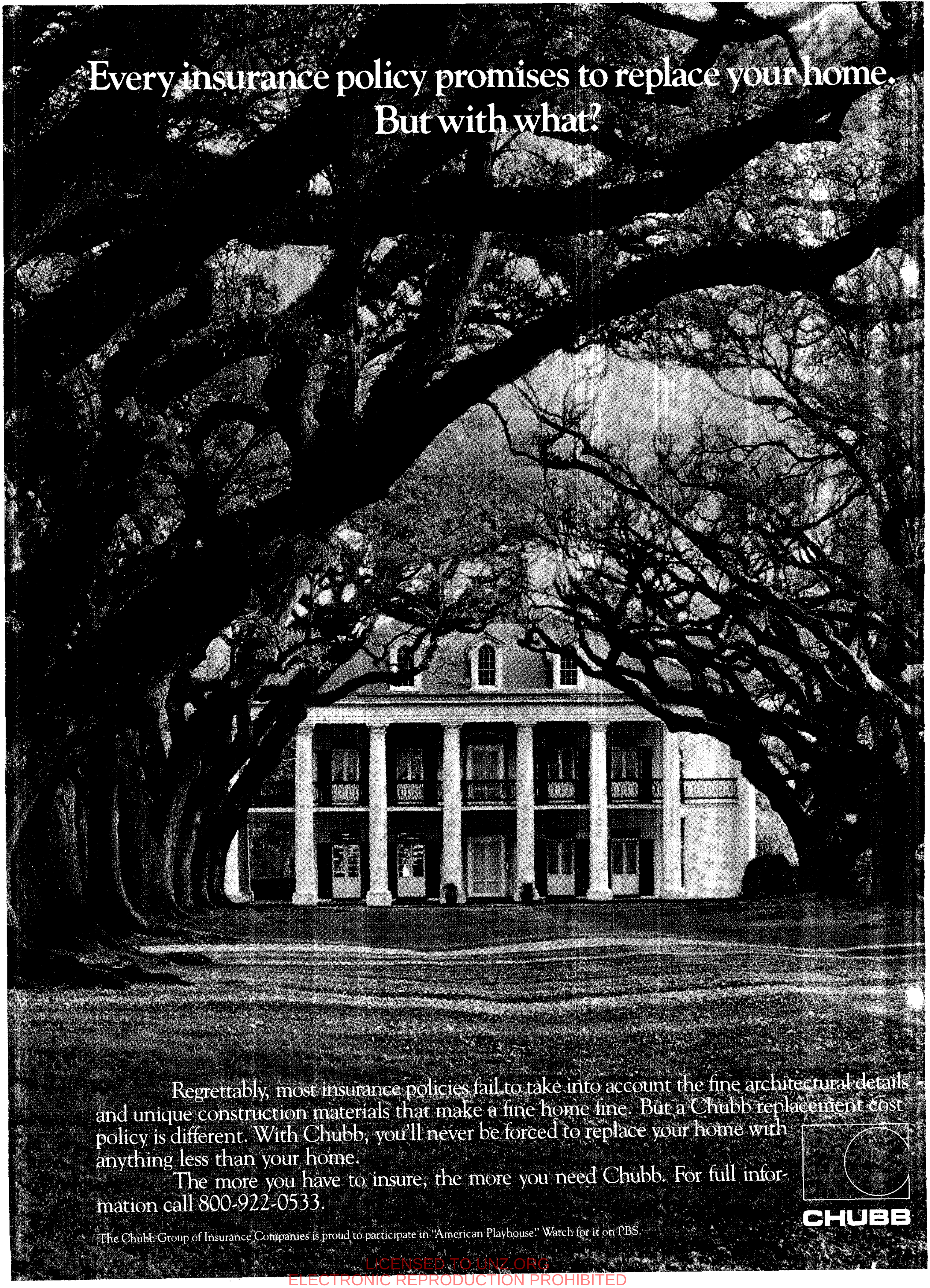
LUGGAGE



Lark's Expandable Carry-On provides you with additional packing space in a snap. It comes with three oversized compartments to keep you organized, and an exterior pocket for immediate access to important papers. Other durable features include brass zippers, leather I.D. tags and Du Pont Teflon® treatment that repels stains and water.

Our Expandable Garment Pack is equipped with an "extendo" bar for even more hanger room, and an interior snap-in pocket for shoes or laundry. This handcrafted, classic design also features a leather padded handle for maximum carrying comfort. For information on where to find Lark luggage, call 1-800-782-7555.

© 1989 Lark Luggage Company.


Every insurance policy promises to replace your home.
But with what?

Regrettably, most insurance policies fail to take into account the fine architectural details and unique construction materials that make a fine home fine. But a Chubb replacement cost policy is different. With Chubb, you'll never be forced to replace your home with anything less than your home.

The more you have to insure, the more you need Chubb. For full information call 800-922-0533.

CHUBB

The Chubb Group of Insurance Companies is proud to participate in "American Playhouse." Watch for it on PBS.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

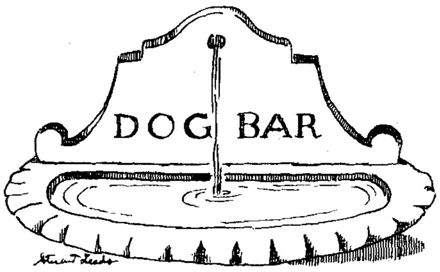
Notes and Comment

WALKING by the White House on a recent visit to Washington, we heard beyond the bushes that screen the South Lawn a sound we had heard before but could not quite identify: *thud clink*, and then, a few paces along, *thud clink* again. Peering through the iron fence, we glimpsed light-colored clothing and some hardware—probably television cameras—and heard mingled, indistinct voices and, again, *thud clink*, and this time we knew that it was the sound of a horseshoe landing in the dirt and striking another horseshoe. Although there was no way of telling which thud came from which hand, we thought it was safe to assume that somewhere in there George Bush was playing horseshoes. It has not been possible to make an equivalent assumption about what has been going on in the first few months of the new Administration. The thud of a solid choice and the clink of one idea against another have rarely been heard. Hesitations, hedges, delays, silences, and omissions are the modes in which the Administration has most often expressed itself. Choices, to the extent that they have been made at all, have been blurred and muffled. It hasn't been unusual for the Administration to appear to be trying to cover tracks that weren't there in the first place.

There have been reports that President Bush dislikes high-profile public relations and dramatic rhetoric, and he has suggested that there is no need to compete with Soviet initiatives by plunging into global affairs prematurely. Standing back and letting events in the Soviet bloc take their course is probably wise, and, anyway, it's far from clear what we might do instead. It's hard for Americans not to occupy center stage, but the truth is that a President of the United States who was a bold choice-maker bent on dominating events could well be a dangerous factor in the world right now.

What's troublesome about the Bush Administration is that it gives the impression of not registering realities outside its mind-set. Gorbachev has thrown away the Cold War script, and the Bush people don't seem to know it. The Administration replies to lines that have never been spoken before, and belong in an entirely new drama, with lines from the old script, and it does so comfortably, complacently, and, often, in a dismissive, condescending way. It brushed aside as an empty gesture Gorbachev's announcement that he was stopping production of enriched uranium, a key ingredient of nuclear weapons. "The idea is not really relevant to nuclear weapons in the world," an Administration spokesman said. That statement—patently untrue—belongs to the days when our propaganda war with the Soviets required that we dismiss as meaningless any positive move they made.

The saga of the short-range Lance missile is another example of an inappropriate script. The Lance, which is an outmoded short-range missile, was a concern of considerable importance in NATO's old bipolar, business-as-usual scenario, and it is a concern of some importance still, but not to the degree the Administration seems to assume that it is. Against the background of the changes taking place not only in the Soviet Union and its satellites but in Western Europe, the Administration's obsession has been the Lance. In particular, its goal has been to avoid negotiations with the Soviet Union on reducing short-range missiles, because they *might* lead to a total ban, including—and this is the heart of the obsession—a "new" Lance, with a range so close to intermediate that it really violates the spirit of the treaty banning intermediate missiles. The Administration's single-mindedness on this issue produced a "deal" with Chancellor Helmut Kohl, of West Germany, who worked to put off the new Lance. But the deal ignored the discrepancy between the scripts, and when it collapsed beneath the reality of West German political opinion, a White House spokesman said, "What we have here is grandstanding by a panic-stricken government. The Kohl government needed something that would give it the image of being in control on a major issue." When practically all of NATO lined up behind Kohl, the Administration still didn't seem to register that something new and real was going on. Then, when the Administration had dug itself so deep into its position that it looked as if a bewildered NATO were in danger of being torn apart, the United States suddenly presented NATO headquarters with a working document suggesting *unilateral*, as opposed to negotiated, reductions of short-range nuclear missiles, while reserving the right to deploy the modernized Lance when the time comes. Thus, the Administration has managed to wrestle the unfolding historical drama back into a niggling



corner of the old script, but it seems unlikely that it can be held there for long. Fading from confrontation toward a deal that, in its complications, obscures the issues at stake and also the convictions of the Administration is becoming a regular Bush turn.

Other muffled sounds have been heard. When, in a recent speech, President Bush finally addressed the matter of what our foreign policy should be, he invoked the spirit of the 1948 Berlin airlift and proposed Eisenhower's idea of "Open Skies," or airplane surveillance of each other's territory by the United States and the Soviet Union—an activity made obsolete by satellites. Otherwise, the speech was about not what we might do but what the Soviet Union ought to do. It had a touch of folie de grandeur, and left an impression of the United States as a kind of Grand Duchess outlining the unlikely, or perhaps impossible, lengths to which a grovelling Soviet Union would have to go before it could even think of gaining entry to her circle. When the rest of the world, and the press, responded with more interest to Gorbachev's proposal to withdraw five hundred short-range missiles from Europe than to President Bush's speech, the White House was reported to be growing embittered by the way we were all buying Gorbachev's snake oil.

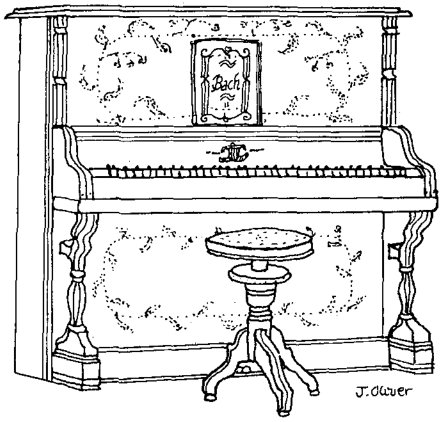
Ronald Reagan was a subjective President, with a disregard for facts and a capacity for magical thinking which were almost winningly childlike. In contrast, the Bush Administration at first seemed characterized by an overdetached, jaded professionalism. Still, it seemed to bring to the White House, at the very least, a welcome competence and predictability—a sense, which one did not always have with Reagan, that the President is in the same world that the rest of us are in. With the passing of time, this basic reassurance has melted. The members of the Administration look and sound as if they were in this world, but their behavior is not consistent with what is going on in this world. The impression arises not only from the Administration's lack of response to events in Europe and the Soviet Union—that might be explained away by ideological bias—but from its handling of other matters, such as its peculiarly slow and then extraordinarily weak reaction to the oil spill in Alaska, and its billion-dollar notion that crime can be cured by prisons. With the passing of time, what at first appeared to be professional detachment is looking more and more like a tenuous grasp of reality.

• •

Junk

On January 25, 1939, in Room 128 of the Pupin Physics Laboratories at Columbia University, green lines on John Dunning's cyclotron which should have remained level jumped. "Believe we have observed new phenomenon of far-reaching consequences," he wrote in his log later that day. Dunning and his cyclotron had split an atom, for the first time in America, and set the planet on the path to nuclear destruction. After the cyclotron was retired, in 1965, pieces of it were carted off to the Smithsonian Institution for an exhibit called "Hall of Nuclear Energy." But a decade or so later the Hall was dumped in favor of a new exhibit, called "Atom Smashers," and Columbia's contribution didn't make the cut. Since 1977, it has been stored in a warehouse in Suitland, Maryland. What the Smithsonian chose not to take in 1965—a thirty-ton carbon-steel electromagnet—fared even worse. Its home is still the right side of Room 128, and Room 128, which happens to be in the basement, was until recently the dilapidated junk room of Pupin Physics Laboratories.

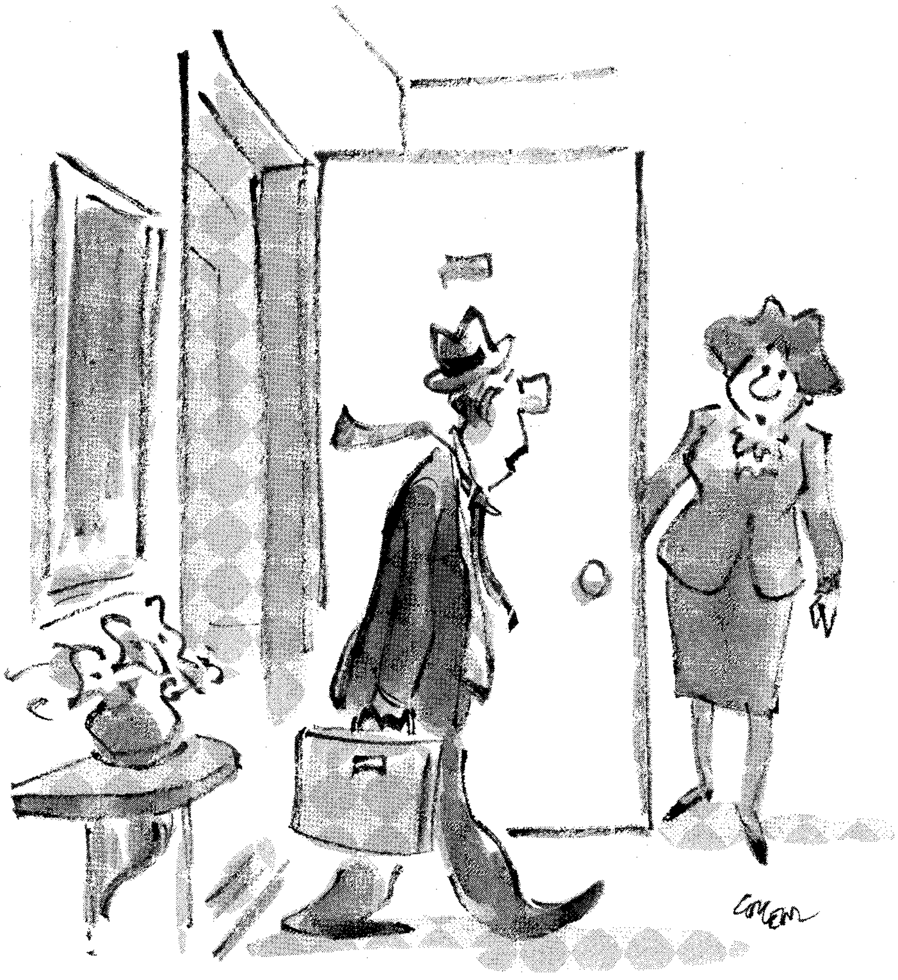
When we called a while ago and asked to see the electromagnet, the staff at Pupin said that it wasn't much of a tourist attraction, and suggested instead a never used reactor in the engineering building. But we stuck with the electromagnet, and eventually we were led to it, by Marti Wheat, the Physics Department's business manager. We had hoped to reach it through a maze of tunnels which we'd heard ran beneath Morningside Heights, but Ms. Wheat informed us that the university had blocked up most of the tunnels, mainly because during the riots of 1968 students used them to invade buildings. We settled for an elevator ride from the Physics Department offices, on the seventh floor, to the basement.



A plaque in Pupin's lobby designates it a National Historic Site, and we expected to find Room 128 similarly marked, but the only signs outside it turned out to be a terribly faded "128" and a red "No Smoking" sign. The room was behind a dark-blue double door at the end of a long corridor littered with archaic physics gizmos. Inside, we saw a bottle of Amstel Light sitting on a rotting table. A partly crushed can of Holland Premium Beer lay on the floor. The left wall displayed graffiti—a smiley face seemingly finger-painted in red. The electromagnet, seven feet by twelve across and nine feet high, stood to the right, looking, we thought, punier than an atomic-particle accelerator ought to look. It had two disks separated by a small gap, and suggested a dumbbell standing on end. Its coloring was a genteel shade of silver. A carbon-steel arch encircled it like a rainbow.

When the cyclotron was shut down, stable cobalt-59 within the disks begat unstable cobalt-60, which emits gamma rays. Ms. Wheat warned us to stand seven or eight feet away from the electromagnet, and we did. (After all, an overdose of gamma rays is what turned Dr. David Banner into the Incredible Hulk.) The gamma rays mean that stuff that gets too close to the electromagnet must remain in Room 128, and over the years the place had become a sort of burial ground for physics relics. On our visit, we noticed a report of a 1969 spill of radioactive materials withering away on top of a hundred and fifty feet of X-ray tubing that may or may not have been part of a scheduled astrophysics experiment, and filing cabinets, display cases, and chalkboards stacked haphazardly beside fire extinguishers, sinks, and lockers. There were cobwebs and broken glass near the ceiling, and on the floor was a medley of items not generally associated with the arcane study of matter and motion: a shopping bag from Herman's World of Sporting

Goods; a pair of sneakers; a pair of underpants; a coffee cup; a montage of socks, rags, and a glove. No Holland Premium Beer has been brewed since 1972. Until the cobalt-60 decays to an unappreciable level, sometime during the middle of the twenty-first century, or someone picks up the prohibitive tab for safely disposing of it, the electromagnet will go on languishing on the right side of Room 128, across from the smiley face, and beneath the bricked-up tunnels.



"Sorry to be late, but the streets are inexplicably filled with demonstrating Chinese students."

• •

House Sale

LOT 130, the final item offered for bidding at a recent sale of an "Important Collection of 20th Century Furniture," is not the most expensive object ever auctioned by Sotheby's, but it's certainly the largest. It is a two-story contemporary town house, at 242 East Fifty-second Street, sandwiched between the Turtle Bay Music School and an ordinary apartment building. The town house was designed in 1950 by Philip Johnson as a guesthouse for Blanchette Rockefeller and is the only private home designed by him in New York.

"It is *not* a family house," we were told by Barbara E. Deisroth, Sotheby's Art Nouveau and Art Deco expert, who was responsible for the sale, and who took us on a tour of the house before it began. "You have to go outside to get to the master bedroom, and there's a *very* small kitchen. I can't foresee someone living here full time. It's a real party house—in the good sense of the word. To cook a dinner in that kitchen is impossible."

The last house we'd heard of being sold at auction had gone on the block because the owner had defaulted on his mortgage payments. But the Fifty-second Street house was deemed appropriate for a Sotheby's sale for a quite different reason, Ms. Deisroth explained. "We decided to sell the house as a work of art, which in fact it is," she said. "To live here is really to live in a work of art."

The first floor of the work of art consists of a brick-and-frosted-glass façade, a kitchenette, some freestanding walnut closets, and a huge living area, which ends in a glass wall. Beyond the glass wall, which you can slide open in good weather, is a small garden with a decorative pool, a locust tree, and a small fountain. Three stone steps take you across the pool (on the day we visited, the water was a little cloudy) to the master suite, in its own little one-story building. Upstairs in the house proper are an ordinary fifties bathroom and two bedrooms, which overlook the gravel-topped roof of the living area. It's a modest and happy refuge from the city as long as you direct your gaze away from your neighbors' fire escapes and keep the front door closed.

Even though we were inspecting a work of art, we couldn't help noticing that few of the light switches or the electric curtain openers worked properly. We stifled the urge to find out whether the toilets flushed, but couldn't resist a tour of the basement. A washer and dryer there seemed to be in fine working order, and so did a sixty-gallon hot-water heater. Last year, the taxes on the work of art were $14,414.

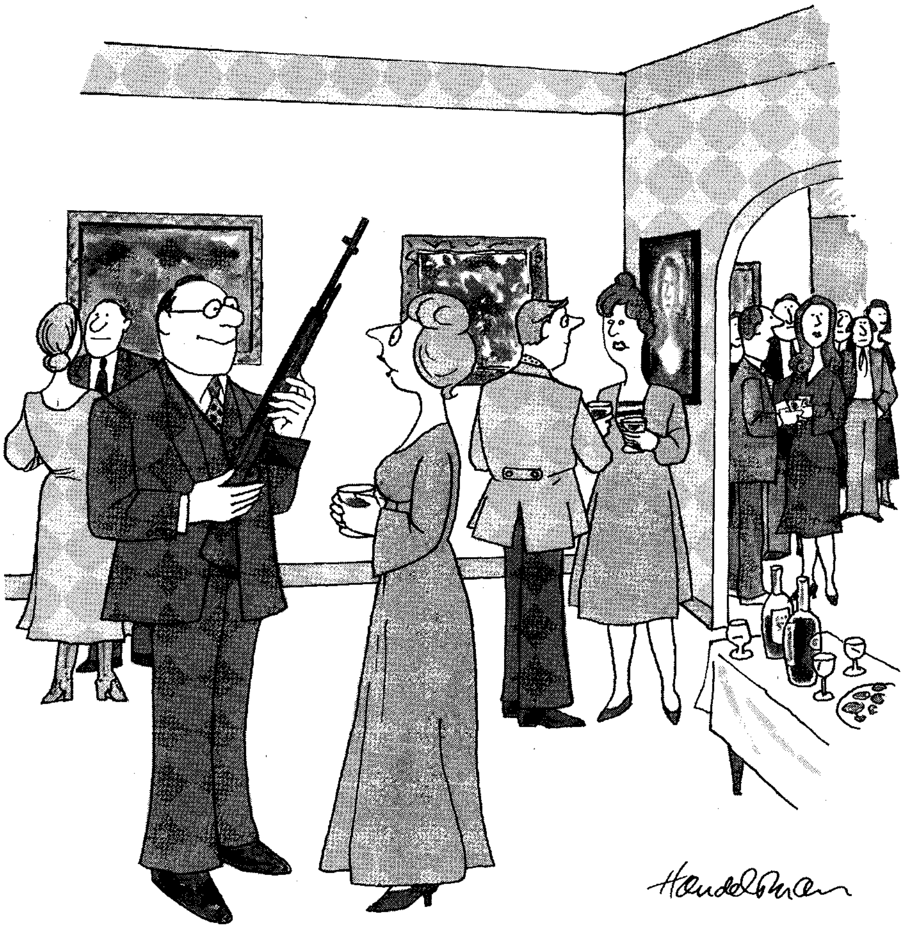
Mrs. Rockefeller donated the house to the Museum of Modern Art in 1958, and the museum deaccessioned it six years later. For a while, Mr. Johnson leased it from the woman who had become its owner. In 1978, it was bought by Mr. Robin Symes, a London-based antiquities dealer, and he filled it with his collection of important early-twentieth-century furniture, by Pierre Legrain, Eileen Gray, and the elusive Eyre de Lanux. According to Ms. Deisroth, Mr. Symes spent only twenty days in the house last year.

The auction of the house and its contents began at Sotheby's on a sunny Saturday afternoon, with a small number of onlookers, who clustered on either side of the center aisle, like the guests of a bride and groom. On the podium were several dozen telephones, to keep Sotheby's personnel in touch with absentee bidders. The contents were auctioned first. We watched as lot after lot evoked stunning, unanticipated bids: a Legrain table of palisander wood with an Africanate carved ebony base, which had been designed for the couturier Jacques Doucet; a Cubist table by de Lanux; a famous Eileen Gray lacquer screen; a Ruhlmann wastebasket once owned by the Maharaja of Indore. As the sale proceeded, the crowd and the anticipation grew.

About two hours after the auction began, the auctioneer said, "Now the house. Lot 130, the Philip Johnson town house. We can start low, so that everyone has the feeling of ownership for a little while." Nine people had registered ahead of time, as was required, to bid on the house. "Starting at one-half-million dollars. The town house. The bid is one-half-million. I have half a million dollars in the room now. One-half-million. At five hundred." Then the bidding took off. "Six hundred thousand, seven hundred thousand, eight hundred thousand." The number kept going up, in hundred-thousand-dollar increments.

"One million six, standing in the back. One million seven, on the right." The bidding quickly reached two million nine hundred thousand, which was offered by a man in a checked sports jacket, holding Paddle No. 12. A woman with him, in a floral-print dress and with a shag haircut, nervously tightened her lips. The auctioneer turned to a surrogate bidder holding one of the phones, and received a signal to raise the bid. "Three million," the auctioneer said, adding, "It's not a house. It's a work of art." Laughter. "At three million dollars now, at three million, the bid is on the phone here with Roberta," he went on, looking at the man in the checked sports jacket. The woman with the shag haircut shook her head. The auctioneer continued, "Fair warning, then. At three million dollars, the bid is here on my right on the phone. Fair warning, then."

"One!" an attendant shouted. The couple behind Paddle No. 12 had bid again.



"How very exciting! I have never before met a *Second Amendment lawyer."*

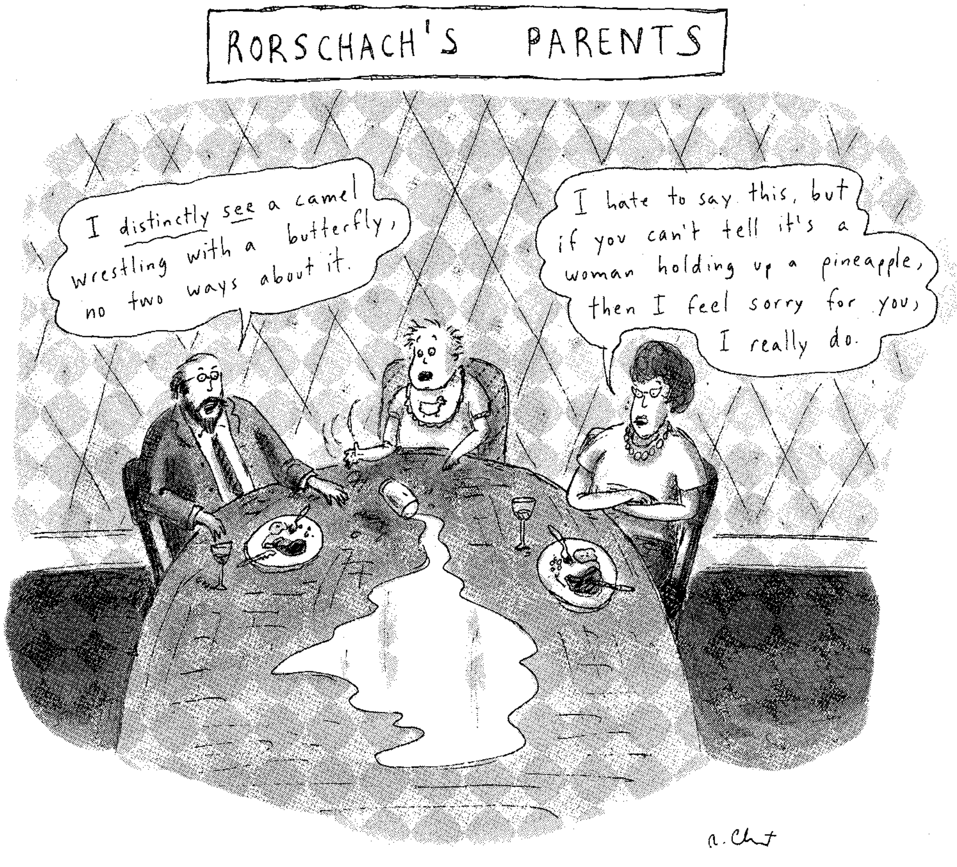
"Three million one." The auctioneer turned to Roberta, and then said, "Three million two hundred thousand. At three million two hundred thousand dollars now. Three million two hundred thousand. The bid is here, against you on my right. At three million two hundred thousand dollars, then, fair warning, the bid is on the phone." *Pound!* Applause.

In less than two minutes, a piece of expensive real estate had been sold for a price quite reasonable for a rare work of art. Had we been in the market for the house, we would have preferred to have the auction begin with it, in case we wanted to pick up some of the furniture. We wondered what else the new owner collected.

NYASk

It seemed like a strange thing to bring people together: nonbelief in UFOs. We had assumed that whoever had gone to the trouble of putting a sign in the window of a dry cleaner's on West Ninety-sixth Street—"The New York Area Skeptics Presents Philip J. Klass, Author of 'UFO Abductions: A Dangerous Game' "—did believe in UFOs, and that if we went to the Alfred E. Smith School, on Ninety-seventh Street, for what was announced as part of a lecture series given by the New York Area Skeptics, or NYASk, we'd meet some veterans of the Twilight Zone.

No such luck. Philip Klass, who, as a founding member of CSICOP, the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, is one of the nation's leading debunkers of UFO-abduction claims, and the New York Area Skeptics turned out to be some of the most sensible people we've ever met. There was Lloyd Buchanan, a young investment manager, presiding over a table of books published by Prometheus Books, in Buffalo, which included one called "A Skeptic's Handbook of Parapsychology." There was Brad Marshall, a billboard artist and NYASk's program director, who was looking at the books but was too skeptical to buy any. And there was Joel Serebin, the president of NYASk, who is the chief law administrator of the Bronx Supreme Court, Criminal Division. He has a very open face for a skeptic, enhanced by receding red hair and lively deep-brown eyes.


RORSCHACH'S PARENTS
I distinctly see a camel wrestling with a butterfly, no two ways about it.
I hate to say this, but if you can't tell it's a woman holding up a pineapple, then I feel sorry for you, I really do.

His young son, Ben, was selling blue-and-white T-shirts printed with NYASk's name and logo (an apple with a question mark curled inside it). We pegged him for a budding skeptic when we decided to buy a T-shirt and he sized us up and said, "I think an extra-large."

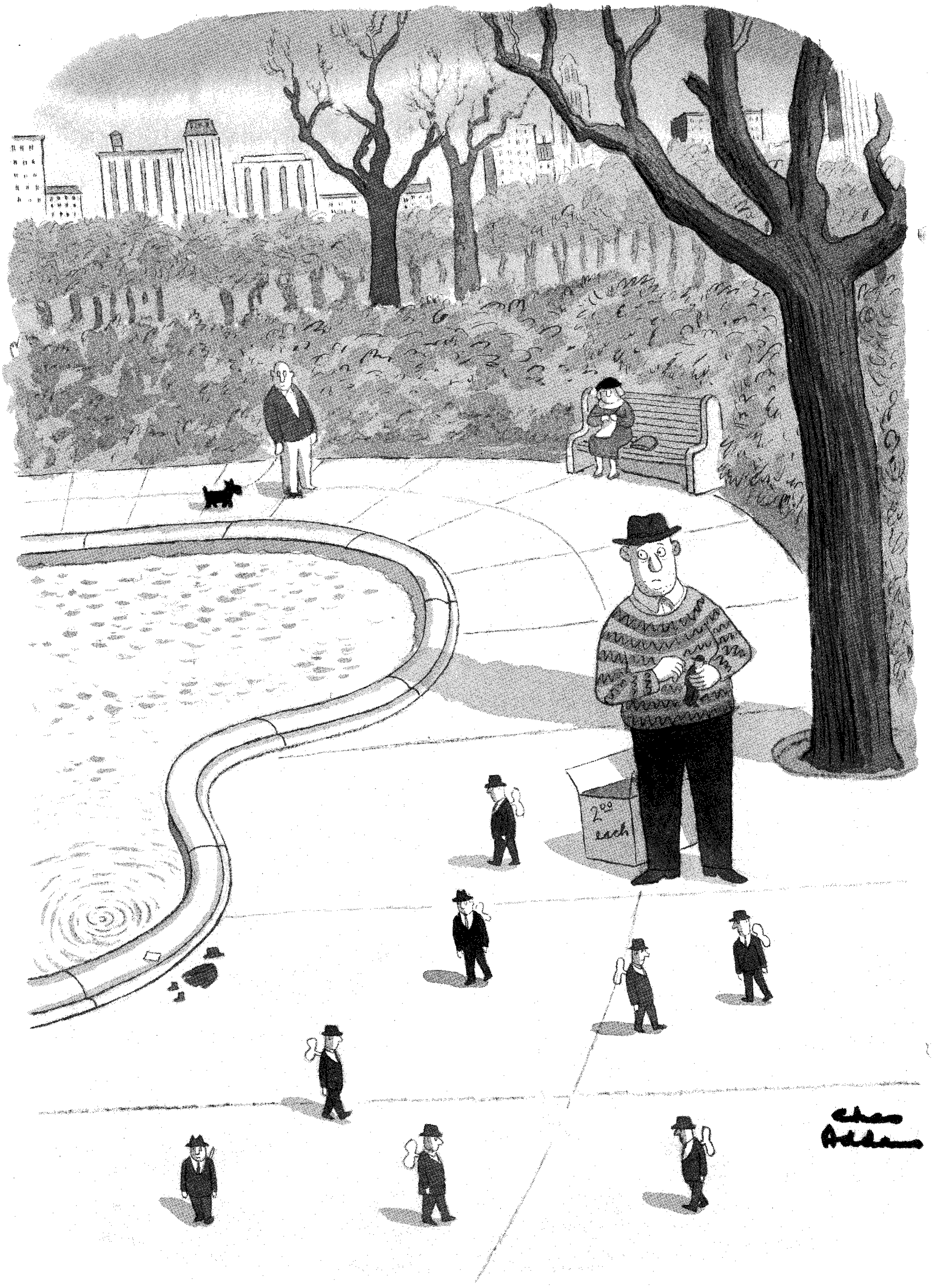
The New York Area Skeptics was established a few years ago by means of a questionnaire sent out to people in the New York area who were on the subscription list of *The Skeptical Inquirer*, the journal of CSICOP. UFOs aren't the only thing its subscribers are skeptical about. Over the years, some of the things that have come under scrutiny in *The Skeptical Inquirer*, which began life, in 1976, as *The Zetetic* (a zetetic is like a heretic, but secular rather than religious), are iridology (reading people's over-all health from markings on their irises), skotography (spirit photographs), Arkeology (sightings of Noah's Ark), phone calls from the dead, New Age phenomena (channelling, crystals, astral projection, Shirley MacLaine), psi (shorthand for all psychic phenomena: ESP; PKMB, or psychokinetic metal-bending; psychotronic weapons; reincarnation; telepathy; pyramidology), moon madness, poltergeists, the lost continent of Atlantis, Lourdes, fire-walking, spontaneous human combustion, cryptozoology (including the Loch Ness monster, which the Skeptics think is a tree trunk, and Bigfoot, which they suspect is just that, a big foot that somebody cast in plaster and made prints with for a hoax), calculating horses, backward masking (satanic messages in rock and roll), biorhythms, Vitamin B_{15}, Nostradamus, creationism, the Shroud of Turin, and fortune cookies.

The Skeptics are skeptical of each other, too. Brad Marshall, who is earnest and articulate about the goals of NYASk (he believes that headlines like "MIRACLE HEALING POWER OF YOUR PET'S SALIVA HELPS CURE CANCER," from the *National Examiner*, can actually keep people from consulting medical doctors), winced when Joel Serebin said, "Skepticism is fun." Joel enjoys finding out how people are deceived, what makes them receptive to cons and scams. "It's fun to hear all these kookie stories," he told us.

Toward the end of the evening, both Joel and Brad seemed a little skeptical of Philip Klass. Mr. Klass's style was ironic and exhaustive. He took us through the history of UFO-abduction claims, from the tale of Betty and Barney Hill, who claimed to have been abducted in the White Mountains of New Hampshire in 1961, to the recent best-selling books of Budd Hopkins and Whitley Strieber, whom Mr. Klass holds responsible for a dangerous new cult. In twenty-three years, Mr. Klass went on to say, he had yet to investigate a UFO claim for which he could find no prosaic explanation (like a troubled marriage or a hypnopompic dream). He also showed slides (the average UFOnaut looks a little like Bob Hope), and then he took questions from the audience. At that point, Joel Serebin and Brad Marshall started dropping hints to Mr. Klass that the lecture was over. They tried joining him at the lectern, they announced that there would be "one last question," and, finally, Joel just interrupted him in mid-answer to end the meeting.

That night, Joel was carrying the group's correspondence around in a Zabar's bag. He told his fellow-Skeptics that he had just received the first entry in an essay contest that NYASk is sponsoring in New York-area high schools this year, and he told us that the Skeptics also sponsor talks by people like James (The Amazing) Randi and Isaac Asimov—both founding members of CSICOP—and hold an annual UFO picnic (aliens welcome) at the Sheep Meadow, in Central Park, in June. At last year's UFO picnic, a skeptic named Steve Okulewicz, who is a professional magician and a geology professor, sawed a lady in half. The skeptics love magic. Recently, they had a visit from an Indian skeptic named B. Premanand; he dazzled them with all kinds of tricks that so-called godmen of India use to bilk innocent people, and then he showed them how the tricks were done.

Joel told us how he ate glass. "I'd never done it before, but Premanand taught me," he said. "I was at a party. First, I ate a banana. Then I chewed the glass to one-sixteenth of an inch. It was thin glass, from a broken light bulb. You have to chew it up very fine, like sand on a beach. Then I drank some water. The trick is to keep the glass on your teeth." He added, "The guy who gave the party—he was a dentist. Just in case."


2^{00} each
Chas Addams

THREE POEMS

OUR ORIGINS ARE IN THE SEA

I live near the coast. On these summer nights
Arcturus is already there, steadfast
in the southwest. I stand at the edge of our grass.

I do not connect them: once they were connected—
the fixity of stars and unruly salt water—
by sailors with an avarice for landfall.

And this is land. The way the whitebeams will
begin their fall to an alluvial earth and
a bicycle wheel is spinning on it proves that.

From where I stand the sea is just a rumor.
The stars are put out by our street lamp. Light
and seawater are well separated. And how little

survives of the sea captain in his granddaughter
is everywhere apparent. Such things get lost:
He drowned in the Bay of Biscay. I never saw him.

I turn to go in. The hills are indistinct.
The coast is near and darkening. The stars are clearer.
The grass and the house are lapped in shadow.

And the briar rose is rigged in the twilight,
the way I imagine sails used to be—
lacy and stiff together, a frigate of ivory.

WHAT WE LOST

It is a winter afternoon.
The hills are frozen. Light is failing.
The distance is a crystal earshot.
A woman is mending linen in her kitchen.

She is a countrywoman.
Behind her cupboard doors she hangs sprigged,
stove-dried lavender in muslin.
Her letters and mementos and memories

are packeted in satin at the back with
gabardine and worsted and
the cambric she has made into bodices;
the good tobacco silk for Sunday Mass.

She is sewing in the kitchen.
The sugar-feel of flax is in her hands.
Dusk. And the candles brought in then.
One by one. And the quiet sweat of wax.

There is a child at her side.
The tea is poured, the stitching put down.
The child grows still, sensing something of importance.
The woman settles and begins her story.

Believe it, what we lost is here in this room
on this veiled evening:
The woman finishes. The story ends.
The child, who is my mother, gets up, moves away.

In the winter air, unheard, unshared,
the moment happens, hangs fire, leads nowhere.
The light will fail and the room darken,
the child fall asleep and the story be forgotten.

The fields are dark already.
The frail connections have been made and are broken.
The dumb show of legend has become language,
is becoming silence, and who will know that once

words were possibilities and disappointments,
were scented closets filled with love letters
and memories and lavender hemmed into muslin,
stored in sachets, aired in bed linen;

and travelled silks and the tones of cotton
tautened into bodices, subtly shaped by breathing;
were the rooms of childhood with their griefless peace,
their hands and whispers, their candles weeping brightly?

NIGHTS OF CHILDHOOD

My mother kept a stockpot—

garlic cloves, bones,
rinds, pearl onions, and the lacy spine and eyes
of a trout went into it.

When the window cleared, the garden showed
beyond the lemon balm,
through the steam,
cats:

Bucking. Rutting.
All buttocks and stripes.
Up on the wall and wild, they made the garden wild—
for all the gelded shrubs and the careful stemming
on trellises of a bushed-out, pastel clematis.

One summer night I went out to them.
I looked up. Their eyes looked back—

not the color of fields or kale,
the available greens,
but jade-cold
and with a closed-in chill I was used to—

lucid as a nursery rhyme and as hard to fathom,
revealed by rhythm, belied by theme
never forgotten

in those nights of childhood,
in a roomful of breathing, under wartime sheeting.

Outside, the screams and stridency of mating.

—Eavan Boland

PERFECT VISION

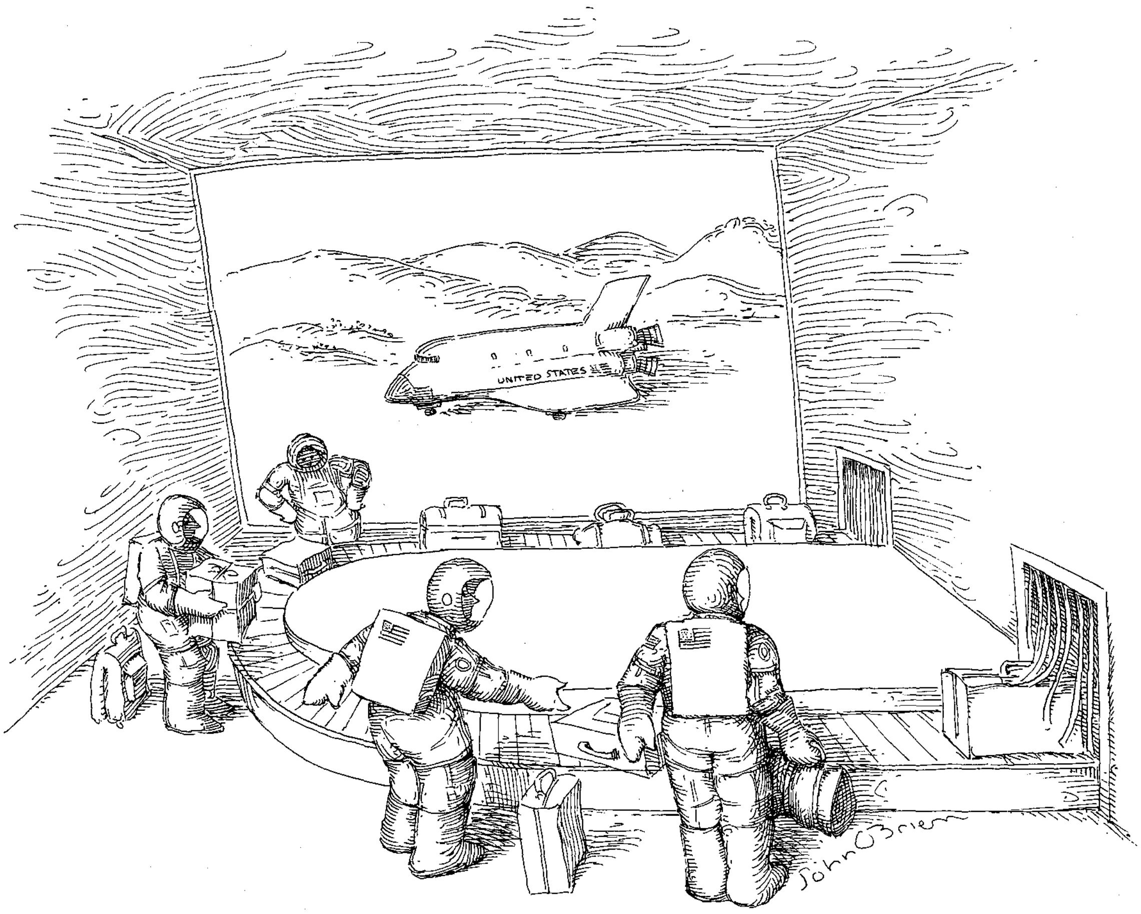
December 21

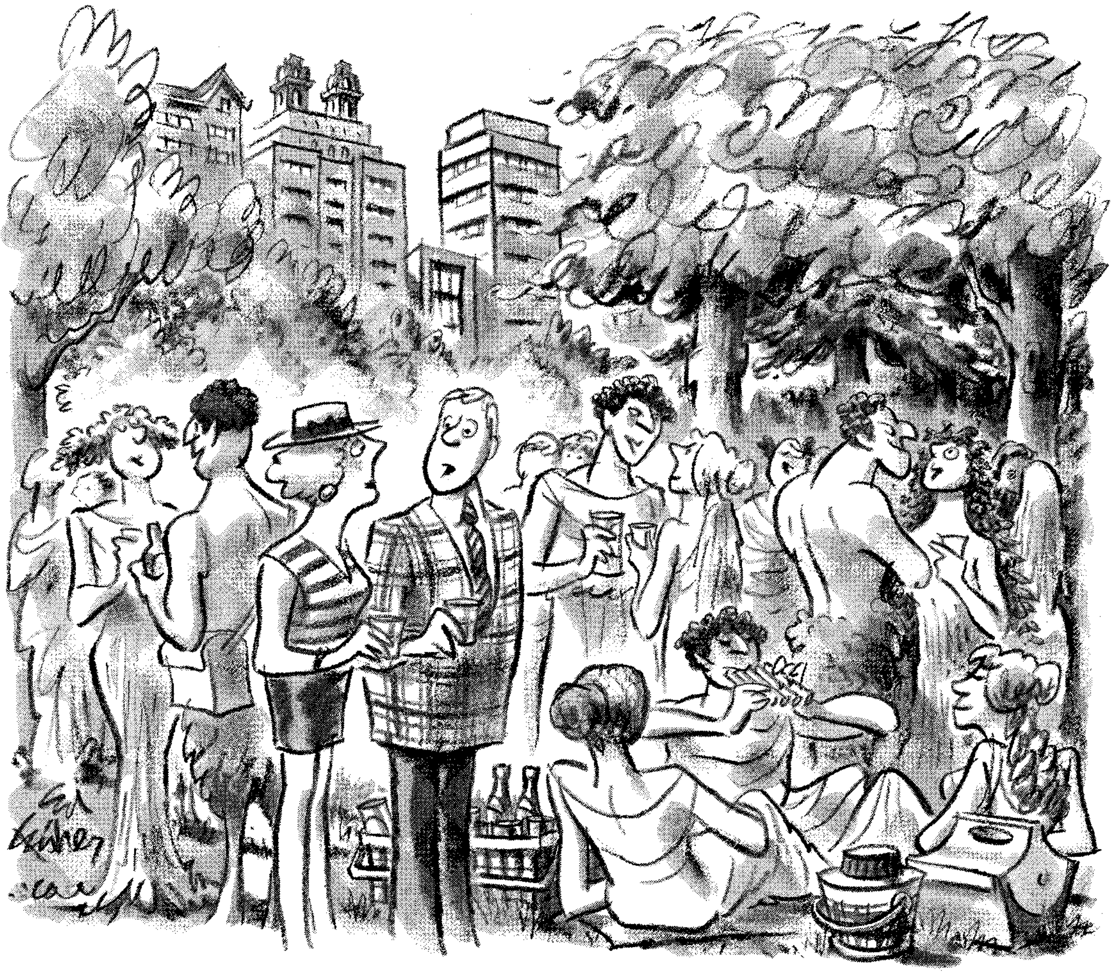
Dear Elizabeth,

Although we have not spoken in more than a year (I believe it was before last Christmas when you stopped calling me and refused to tell me why), I feel I should warn you about Mr. Kropstadt, the German (or Kraut, as I used to call him, to your great amusement)—the man who either owns or manages Osborn's Opticians, on Park Avenue. I was there last December, about a year ago, and his behavior and demeanor convinced me that he is definitely a Nazi, was a Nazi (age is right for Hitler Youth), is the son of Nazis, is a neo-Nazi, or is at least a Nazi sympathizer. I've had to go back to the store several times in the past year. I tell you, I looked into those stone-cold icy-blue eyes, and they seemed not to be eyes at all but some frozen mineral substance through which every kind of extreme cruelty could be transmitted either in or out. The blue-glass, eyeball-shaped objects could take in information and process it into Nazi ideology-propaganda instantly. I saw it happening as we spoke. I could see him giving a death command for millions, slamming a prison door—worse, really, but I don't want to say the words, see the words, even think them. I see him at a higher level than prison guard—more of an official, perhaps an assistant in policymaking. I can't see him in the locality of a camp. I see him in an office; he's in between a petty bureaucrat and a high official. I can sometimes see him sitting back with his shiny black boots up on the massive mahogany desk. He's smoking a cigar, drinking a brandy, and smiling while frowning. This is something only the Germans could do—this complicated facial maneuver. He's turning down the pleas of Jews for their lives.

What he is doing now in midtown Manhattan (where I personally cannot stand to go) among the hordes of inferior racial types I don't dare to imagine. He must be working up and on his hatred and disgust and collecting names and addresses for the extermination of millions in the future. Do you remember that you once told me that your five-year-old son fell in love with the cheap-looking receptionist there? The one with the dyed-black puffed-out hair and pounds of makeup? Imagine why Kropstadt keeps such a specimen in his store, if you can.

I had brought in my sunglasses to have the frames copied—as I once did before, with a pair of my husband's frames—since those thin Italian frames aren't made anymore, and Kropstadt said, "I haf to send them to Germany." Imagine my horror! He's German, but his Germanness has always been an unspoken though apparent fact, and suddenly there he is, out of the skeleton closet, actually saying the name of that country. There was a period of time in New York, even in the whole U.S.A., when one wouldn't have dared to have something sent to be made in Germany. One didn't mention Germany, except as the enemy. If one was German, one had to hide in Argentina. German products were shunned; a dead silence or worse greeted the mention of anything that seemed to be German—except maybe Mozart or Goethe. My mother was loath to buy my older sister a Steiff Teddy bear, though they were the highest-quality bear made and she was drawn to these fine animals, with their beautiful shining eyes—animals that I first saw in the late fifties. They seemed to appear suddenly, after being banned by some unspoken agreement after the war. My mother wanted so much for my sister to have the best animals to take with her to her college room at Wellesley. "These girls all have Steiff animals on their beds, Isabelle," my mother explained to me. Somehow my sister came to own a bear and a zebra, worth hundreds now—I saw them at a toy auction last year. We weren't allowed to have a hairbrush made in Germany, and my father looked pale and sick when being offered a good buy on a used Mercedes in 1961. "It's bad to put the money back in the sons of bitches' pockets," my mother said. "But, on the other hand, it





"Last week it was all communications people. Lord knows what group we're networking with today."

• •

spites them that some survived and can drive around in their best cars—cars they can't afford themselves right now." My parents would try to think these things over and figure them out as we all saw German products begin to appear in the late nineteen-fifties.

As I imagined my frames being sent to Germany—I could never consent to this—he gave me the price. "It now costs two hundred and fifty dollars," he said in a cruel, killing deadpan style, trying with those ice-blue eyeballs to pierce, as if with sharp daggers, my plan to have my frames copied. When I asked, "What happened to the man who copied them in this country for a hundred dollars?" he said, "He died," still staring at me, his face a cold white stone, his eyes frozen gray-blue. He said the word "died" in a horrible way—he may even have had the man murdered. When I said, "Oh, I was afraid you might say that, because he took so long to do the work that I assumed he was an old man," Kropstadt (obviously a false name) said, still with no facial expression but boredom, "Yesss, yesss, he isss too oldt." (Why did he change tense from past to present?) When I asked him to which city in Germany he had the frames sent, he said, "Yes. Germany." When I repeated, "Which city?" he said, "I don't know." He then added, with a spurt of mental activity or simply the German efficiency his monster race is so known for, "The man who takes the frames iss comink tomorrow morningk, and that iss your best chance to have it done. He will take them with him."

I saw the transaction between the two: Kropstadt giving him the frames, the other German putting them into his black leather briefcase, a briefcase that might have been used in the nineteen-forties for other kinds of documents—what kind of documents we can imagine, or try not to imagine. I saw the frames in the briefcase in the airplane over the ocean, then going into the factory—the factory that was used for what, in 1944? I said I didn't want to lose the glasses, sending them overseas and all that—couldn't they be copied from a drawing or pattern?—and he said, without any expression in face or voice, "Well, I give the frames to a person, the plane may be hijacked, the person may be shot or killed, the plane's cargo may be destroyed in an explosion, we don't know." He never smiled but looked through my eyes; he must have been trying to see my racial type, German or Austrian, looking for the faint trace of Semitic blood which would doom me and my family were he the official in charge. You know that I have that one grandparent in my genealogy. I imagined asking Kropstadt for the favor of life during the war (though I had not been born yet, actually), perhaps in Berlin, and saw him thinking I was good-looking once—just last year—but was now past the bloom of youth, nearing forty. I imagined being called "Fräulein" by his smirking lips as he stared at me. "At one time, Fräulein," he could have said, "I might have been tempted to make a deal, but no longer."

It occurred to me as all this was transpiring between us that I would have to find a way to get the frames copied some other place, at a normal, American optician's, and I would need substitute glasses to wear while mine were away. It would be all right, I thought, to buy the substitute pair from Osborn's. After all, I had recently been forced to buy a Braun alarm clock. I put my glasses away and asked Kropstadt about getting some temporary frames to wear in the meantime. "How about those?" I asked, pointing to some thin frames in the next showcase.

"Wait one moment," he said. "I

will bring you something. It is in the back room."

YOU may be wondering what was the urgency about having sunglasses, especially this pair, available in the dead of winter, since I don't even wear prescription glasses—I have perfect vision—and I have to tell you that in the year during which we have not seen each other I have aged unbelievably, especially around the eye area, and find that some days the only way I can appear in public or even before any other human being is by wearing these dark glasses—they're actually medium-dark, blue-green-gray glasses. This shape and only this shape out of the thousands now available is perfect for my disintegrating face. As you know, my face has always been slightly misshapen—for this alone I might be condemned by Kropstadt's crew, in their aim for the master faceprint for the master race. You also know that they often think I'm one of them, so this doesn't really fit in with their plan.

Remember the antique dealer we were friendly with, Dennis Wagner? After looking at my childhood photographs he kept exclaiming, "The little Fräulein!" I said I was afraid that that might be a slightly Polish look—my father fears we have a Polish ancestor—and Dennis explained, "No, not Polish. You look more Latvian."

"I can't picture where Latvia is, or was," I said, and he said, "Near Finland. That's why you hate the hot weather and love the cold."

His red-haired black-eyed partner, Lorraine, and I used to discuss the new, always hot weather together. She would just sit there watching out the storefront window, like one of those Little Italy widows all in black, watching and remarking cynically on the passing scene. She once said to me, "Why is it that girls always have boyfriends and boys have girlfriends, but I don't have a boyfriend?" She omitted "and boys have boyfriends." I didn't know what to reply since (one) I can imagine why she doesn't have a boyfriend, and (two) every girl or woman or whatever you call them now—everyone complains of the same thing, even my delicate, refined neighbor, Emily, who recently said, "It can't be that there's just a world full of schmucks, can it?" I didn't know how to answer her, either, because I'm afraid it can be. And my older sister shocked me ten years ago by saying hopelessly, "Why would I meet anyone better than this last one? All my boyfriends have been schmucks."

I thought it over. I said, "I never thought about it that way."

We reviewed them silently together. "What about the first one, in college?" I asked.

"You didn't think he was so bad?" she said. "He was the worst of them all."

"Wasn't he kind of funny and charming?" I said. "I know he was planning to vote for Nixon when he was at Princeton Graduate School, and was lifting weights and eating Mallomars, but wasn't he the best of them all?"

"You didn't know him well," she said.

Then she went and married one just like all the others.

"I try not to see certain things," my mother said, "but that little strand of pearls he gave her made me sick."

"Why?" I asked.

"Did you see how puny those pearls were?" she said.

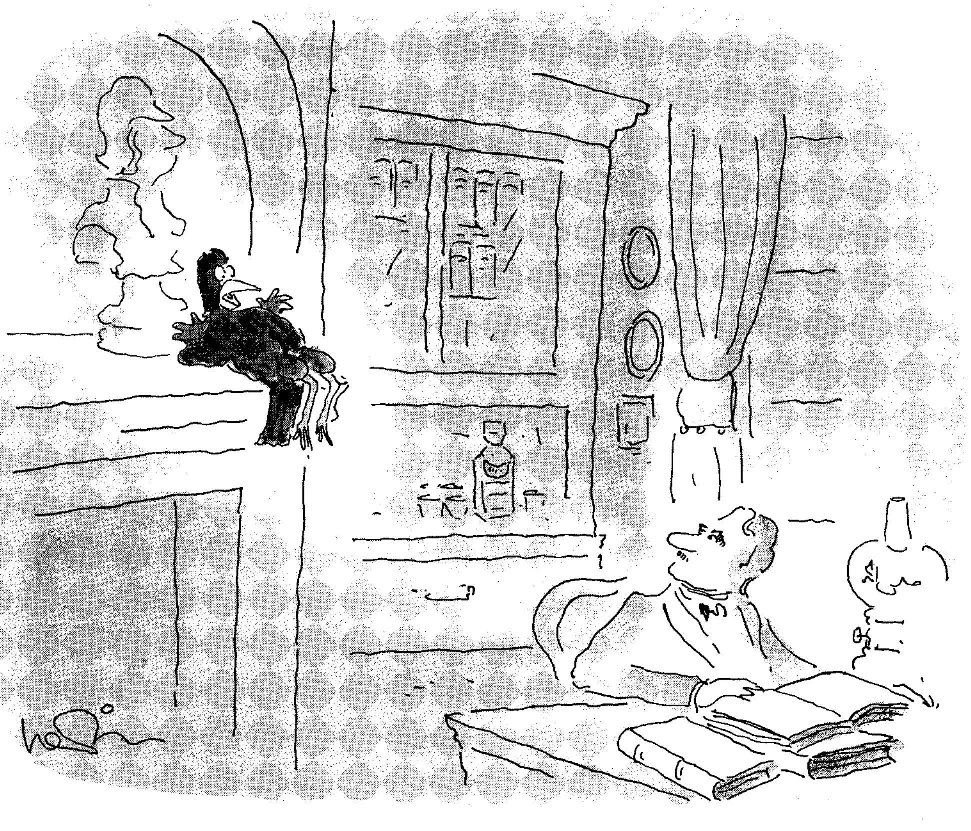
"You liked my tiny antique diamond engagement ring," I said.

"Yours at least is a beautiful stone. You were a fool to want it so small, *I* think, but you want to be subtle—so subtle that no one notices anything you have."

"Look," I said, "she can always get more jewelry."

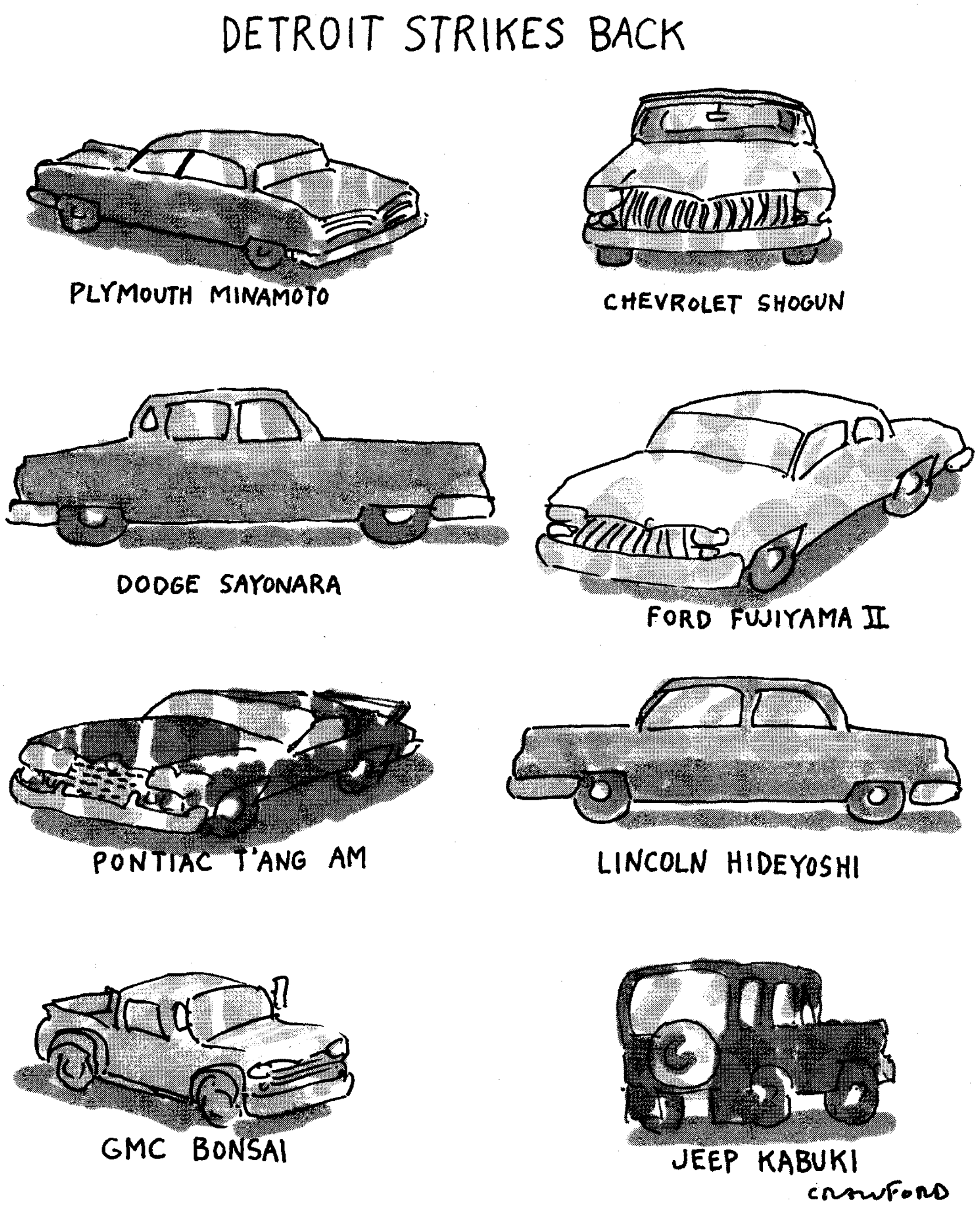
"I try to overlook certain things," my mother said again with sorrow in her voice. But I don't believe she ever overlooked one thing in life.

What if she saw what's happening to my face, I sometimes wonder. Bad enough to see one's own decline, but imagine watching your children age and fall apart. "Good bone structure is the key to lasting beauty," she said on several occasions. "Too bad you girls don't have any," she would add with resignation.



"Hey, no way!"

MY facial disintegration started when my mother died, and I wore those sunglasses a lot in the days right after, but they were cold sunny days. Soon I was wearing them on less sunny days, and soon after that I was using them as a crutch for everything. Then



I almost lost them. When I discovered that they were missing from my bag and my pocket, and got the garage attendants to direct me down to the dungeon where our car was parked ("We don't bring no cars up for people to find things," they said) and couldn't find them there, I went home and fell onto the couch and cried. My husband said, "This is wrong, to be so depressed by lost sunglasses." I told this to the old Viennese analyst I was seeing, uselessly, at the time, and he said, "Well, yes, women get more attached to things than men do." This is beautifully true, but they both missed the point; I was crying for my lost youth, my lost mother, my lost looks, and not exactly the sunglasses that helped protect me from seeing the facts of this loss.

I called Marianne Barnes, the real-estate broker in Roxbury, Connecticut—you had sent us to her. I thought somehow my precious glasses might have fallen out of my pocket or hand or shoulder bag in the back seat of her real-estate-viewing station wagon as we went bumping over those hilly Connecticut roads, speeding so that one bump hit my head really hard on the steel beam of the roof of the wagon.

It was necessary to take the glasses off once we were inside the houses, to see what the insides looked like, and then to put them back on again, to prevent people from seeing what I looked like. I had no hope that the glasses would be there, as I had no hope left that we could find a house in Connecticut for under seven hundred thousand dollars, but Marianne was so efficient and optimistic—saying things like "You should buy the house next to the Presbyterian church; they would love Wasps like you as neighbors"—that I thought I might just try. I left a message with her secretary, and Marianne called back the same day. "We found your glasses in a case marked Whittaker's Opticians, Madison Avenue," she said. (You sent me there, too, in 1968, to get thin horn-rimmed frames when they were a rare thing.) She was coming into the city, she said, to buy her three sons Ralph Lauren blazers, shirts, socks—everything—and she would leave my glasses in an envelope at the New York Athletic Club, of which her husband was a member. Imagine—the New York Athletic Club. This was almost as scary as it was later, hearing Kropstadt say, "Send them to Germany."

"They were on the back seat of the wagon," she said. "I went out as soon as I got your message and searched for them. Whittaker's Opticians, Madison Avenue?" she said with a note of pleased hysteria in her voice. You see, that was the right optician for people to have who are from that section of Connecticut. And just think—it isn't there anymore, it's been taken over by a new generation of young middle-class business thugs, only two of those old genteel gentlemen remain. One of this new bunch told me the lie "That frame isn't made anymore," though every store in New York carried British Opticals. This is why I had to go to Osborn's. Because Kropstadt would get you anything from anywhere, though his preferred country to trade with was, naturally, Deutschland.

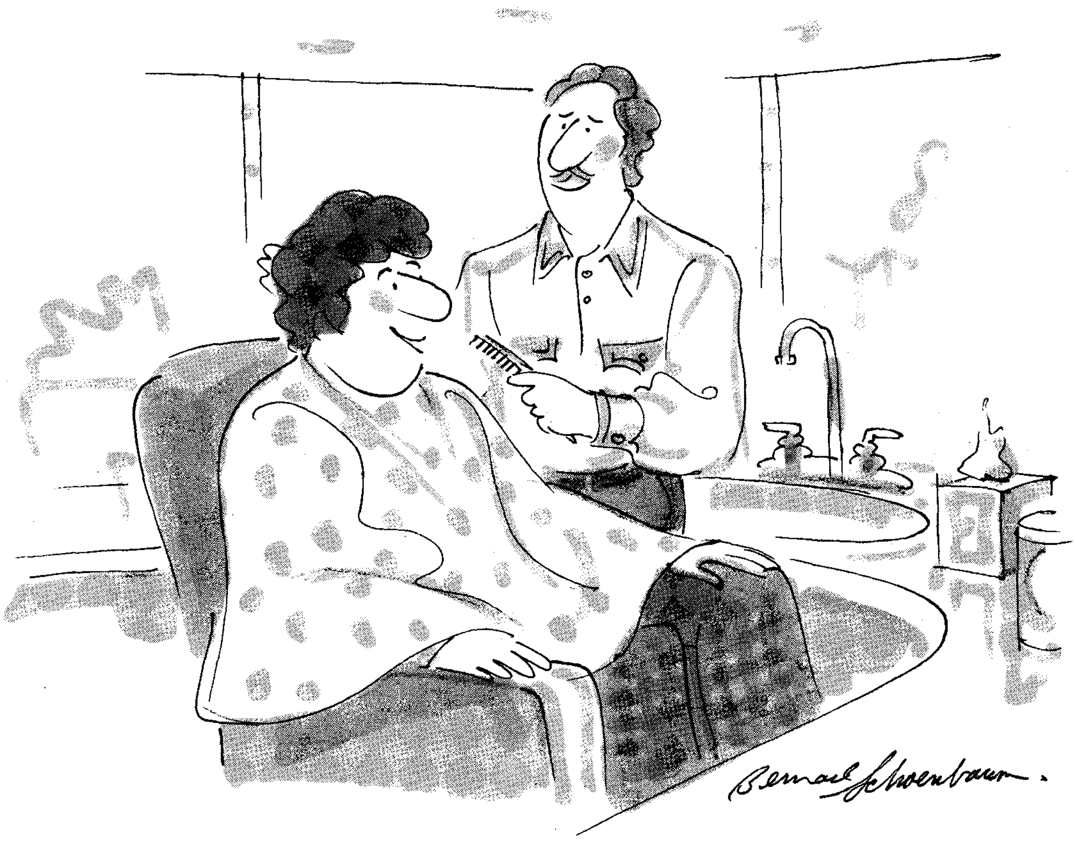
When I heard that Marianne had found my glasses, I was so thrilled I had to volunteer in the spirit of joy and relief, "Oh, thank you, you can't imagine what this means to me. And I can tell you how to remove the polo player from your sons' new garments." You know that I once bought a shirt myself before seeing the player folded inside.

"Remove them?" she said. "Why? They *want* them. Everything must have the polo player—it's a symbol, you know." I knew she could sink low but not that low. I thought she knew she could have bought all the original versions of these clothes at Brooks Brothers, as you did—and as did your aspiring-to-that-class husband—before there was Ralph Lauren, or when Ralph was in high school. A Hebrew religious school, I believe he went to, and is only several or fourteen years older than we are. I mean, what do the real ones think when they go to the Ralph store? What can they think? They all had the real things from Brooks Brothers when Ralph was in grade school. Then he, Ralph Lifshitz, learned the thing he so yearned to be, learned it and copied the whole thing and put it all together, though it can't ever have the right authentic look, and then ruined the shirts, with the polo player embroidered right on the chest.

"Why?" I said. "Because the polo player ruins the thing, whatever it is. I take it off with a seam ripper. It's a sewing instrument, like a small pencil with a tiny blade on the end. You poke the blade under the tiny stitches. You start with a big part, like the horse's body, and work around to the hooves." The horse's legs are thin, and these and the mallet are the most difficult parts of the painstaking job—cutting, then tweezing with a slant-edge tweezer the many threads from where they've been cut by the blade. Each player takes two to four hours to remove. Your neck gets stiff—let me tell you—from looking down at the thing so long, and on certain thin cotton fabrics there will be a mark where the stitching was, and, really, the method can be used with definite success only on cuffs. I must say in all honesty, a shirt with a chest emblem should not be attempted. Just do not purchase the shirt, no matter how great the beauty of the plaid or stripe and how fine the weave of the cotton.

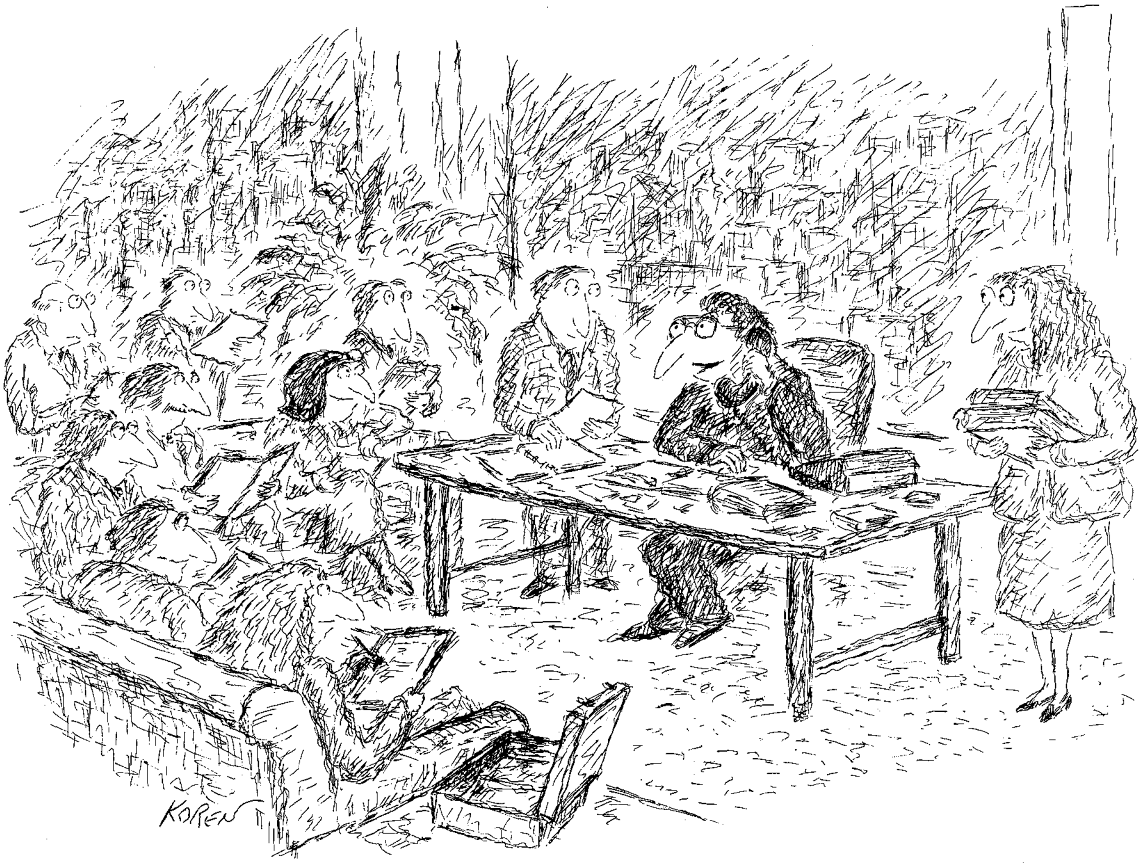
At the New York Athletic Club they couldn't find my glasses. I said Mrs. Barnes had left them for me in an envelope. I gave my name and spelled it: Wisch. Maybe they didn't like the name or the spelling of it, maybe they were suspicious, maybe they didn't know it to be Austrian German and knew of a Jewish person with the name. They were cold and uncoöperative. I once saw the obituary of a Catholic priest named Wisch. A couple of others named Wisch were reposing at Frank Campbell's. Services were held for a few at Episcopal churches. But one was alive and was a shopkeeper on Orchard Street. Maybe they didn't like Mrs. Barnes; perhaps she often left packages for her real-estate clients, some of whom were not Christians, and perhaps these people were forever picking up things from her and delivering things to her there, and the employees of the club envisioned this stream of people following Mrs. Barnes to that part of Connecticut, which was once only theirs. Perhaps she was a main breaker of the gentlemen's agreement—had made it into a thriving business for herself.

I insisted politely that my glasses were there, in an envelope, and I wanted to say, "If you would just get them and give them to me, it would be in your best interests; you wouldn't have to see whatever it is you see that is making you suspicious, and I'd leave quietly." Someone went to a back room at last and found them right away. No apologies were made. Once they were back in my possession, I thought it over carefully as I inspected them for the future. One sidepiece was cracked, the frame was faded and weak-looking, and I saw that someday they would have to be replaced. This was how I got the idea to have them copied, but since Osborn's was the only place I knew for copying, and it was so buried in the part of midtown that is being more and more crowded out and darkened and squeezed in by new high buildings and crowds of workers spilling



"Let's have the back say as much about me as the front."

forth from these new high buildings, it took me two years to get there. One building over on Madison Avenue appeared to be all cement, without any windows. I had seen it being built for several years, but when I saw the bottom of it completed I didn't know where I was. Was I still on Madison Avenue? Had I somehow gotten onto a side street? Was I in Minneapolis? Was I on the planet Saturn? Where were the buildings of New York that made it look like New York? What had happened to the brain of Philip Johnson?



"The fish is on the top shelf of the fridge. The beans are in the blue pot. The salad greens are already washed and in the plastic bag. And if you want to wait, Daddy will make a yummy dessert when he gets home."

• •

IN Osborn's, when Kropstadt was in the back room and I tired of looking at my disintegrating face in the mirror on the display case, my eyes came to rest upon the display case itself. The display was: snow—fake white snow sprinkled on the dark-green fake-velvet fabric in the case, with pairs of eyeglasses perched here and there at peculiar angles in the snow. Have you seen the documentaries about the liberation of the concentration camps at the end of the war? How they found piles and mounds of clothing—children's clothing, men's, women's, babies', piles of shoes and boots, men's, women's, babies'—and cartons of eyeglasses? Sometimes a few of these things were strewn about in odd ways in the grass or dirt or snow. What did Kropstadt think on the day the display was done? "This iss nice"? Or "How stupid, but we must go along with the Christmas season, I suppose"? Or "This is all the doing of the New York merchants, to make Christmas so commercial. Yess, in Europe it is a religious holiday, I think"? He was a bored, depressed German on the December day I saw him. Six feet one or two; light, straight hair, of course, cut short, side-parted and combed neatly. Cruel slits of blue eyes seeming to grow larger and bluer as he looked into my eyes, fair skin, average teeth, which I saw because he yawned a few times. He wore a gray suit and a light-blue shirt of some fine weave and pima-weight cotton.

When he yawned the second time, he stretched, and I saw the whole expanse of blue cloth, so fine it had a silken sheen, and I saw that he had developed a slight paunch since I had last been there, a couple of years before. I was surprised, because when I had first entered the store and looked at him face to face, his face seemed thin, and I had to resist the urge to say, "You seem thinner" or "Have you lost some weight?"—both inappropriate remarks to make to a man one suspected of being a Nazi. Weight loss didn't seem a proper topic to discuss with someone who might have once been in the starvation business. Or had he gotten it all into perspective—"In the war, yes, we starved millions, but now we can talk about loss of weight without thinking of this at all."

The man was extremely bored by trying to find a replacement frame for me, though I made it easy for him. I didn't want to spend the day in his shop. I wanted to get out while the sun was setting and walk up to the Park, and into the twilight; though I knew millions had been deprived of seeing another sunset or twilight ever again, I did not think to sacrifice the experience by sitting and staring into this man's eyes and taking in what his country had done. He lazily brought forth a round tray of frames I had never seen before at any other optician's. It was a tray of fifty frames, all one style, each a different color, the purpose being, apparently, to allow the customer-inmates to see all the colors available in this particular frame. Only the Germans could think of such a grotesque concept. I picked up a blue-green sample and held it in front of my eyes. "I can just get this in the meantime," I said. How quickly I decided, and he didn't even care. He was looking at the color and shape—in disagreement, I could tell from his deadly stare. "She could be my prisoner, and here I am providing frame-color advice to her," he must have been thinking.

"And what about the lens color?" he asked.

"How about the same as my old ones?" I asked.

"These are the colors we have," he said, bringing forward a tray of about thirty colored discs, none of which was the color of my lenses.

"Mine are blue-green-gray," I said. It could have been the sky over Treblinka. Unhappily he took a gray disc and flipped it onto a small white round paper he apparently used just for this purpose. They invent things for purposes you could never dream of, the Germans. With a flick of his wrist, he placed a blue disc on top. I took a green one and put it on that. When the color looked close, I said, O.K., that's fine, could you please have them done? I didn't like being involved in such close collaboration with him, although he had technical skills I'd never seen demonstrated before.

I got up to make my escape into what I feared would be darkness, with no trace of blue sky left, when I happened to see in the last showcase of snowflakes a pair of high-quality clip-on sunglass lenses. I couldn't believe my good fortune. In Nantucket, where I usually buy a cheap brand called Clippettes at the drugstore, they no longer carried them, and I'd been forced to wear a scratched-up, dulled pair atop my precious Italian sunglasses at the beach, or bike riding, or whenever the sun was extremely bright, though I could barely see out of them anymore. I asked Kropstadt to see the clip-ons, and he said he thought there must be another pair in the back room. Again the back room. "Would they fit on these glasses?" I asked, taking them out again. He put the lenses on—they were the wrong size and shape—and handed them to me, no doubt thinking how poorly they fit and what a bad idea it was. "Oh, good," I said. "Can I buy these?"

"Wait, just one moment and I will see if there is another." When he returned from the back, he was miserably polishing up a pair. He put them back in their cheap plastic case, and I paid for them. "We will call you when we have your others ready," he said. "Maybe in one week."

Finally out onto Park Avenue; it was just as I had feared. The afternoon light was gone; there was no twilight, just grayness, dark-gray skies, and the throngs of office workers from those new monster buildings spilling out into the gray streets, onto the dingy sidewalks. How could I have spent a whole hour, the most beautiful hour of the day, discussing frames with Kropstadt? What a waste my life was! I stood on the corner wondering which street was worse to walk up, Park or Madison. Hundreds of humans came toward me as I finally chose and walked to Madison. I soon came face to face with the all-cement building. I thought to hurry across to Fifth Avenue but knew the thundering hordes would be there as well. Instead I walked up to Fifty-seventh as fast as I could and then over to Fifth, where I found the sky waiting for me, empty, across from the Plaza Hotel and all over above the Park. I walked up Fifth on the Park side, looking into the sky and thinking that I was actually transacting business with a German.

THE IGNOMINY OF THE LIVING

The undertaker had placed pink netting
around your face. I removed it
and gave you a small bouquet, encumbering you
into eternity. "Impedimenta," I hear you say,
scornfully, the way you said it at Penn Station
when we struggled to put your bag onto a contraption
of cords and wheels. "Laurel and Hardy got paid for this,"
I said the third time it fell off,
narrowly missing my foot.

You would have laughed
at the place we brought you to, the hush of carpet,
violins sliding through "The Way We Were."
"Please turn the music off," I said, civilly,
to the undertaker's assistant.
We had an open grave—no artificial turf—
and your friends lowered you into the ground.

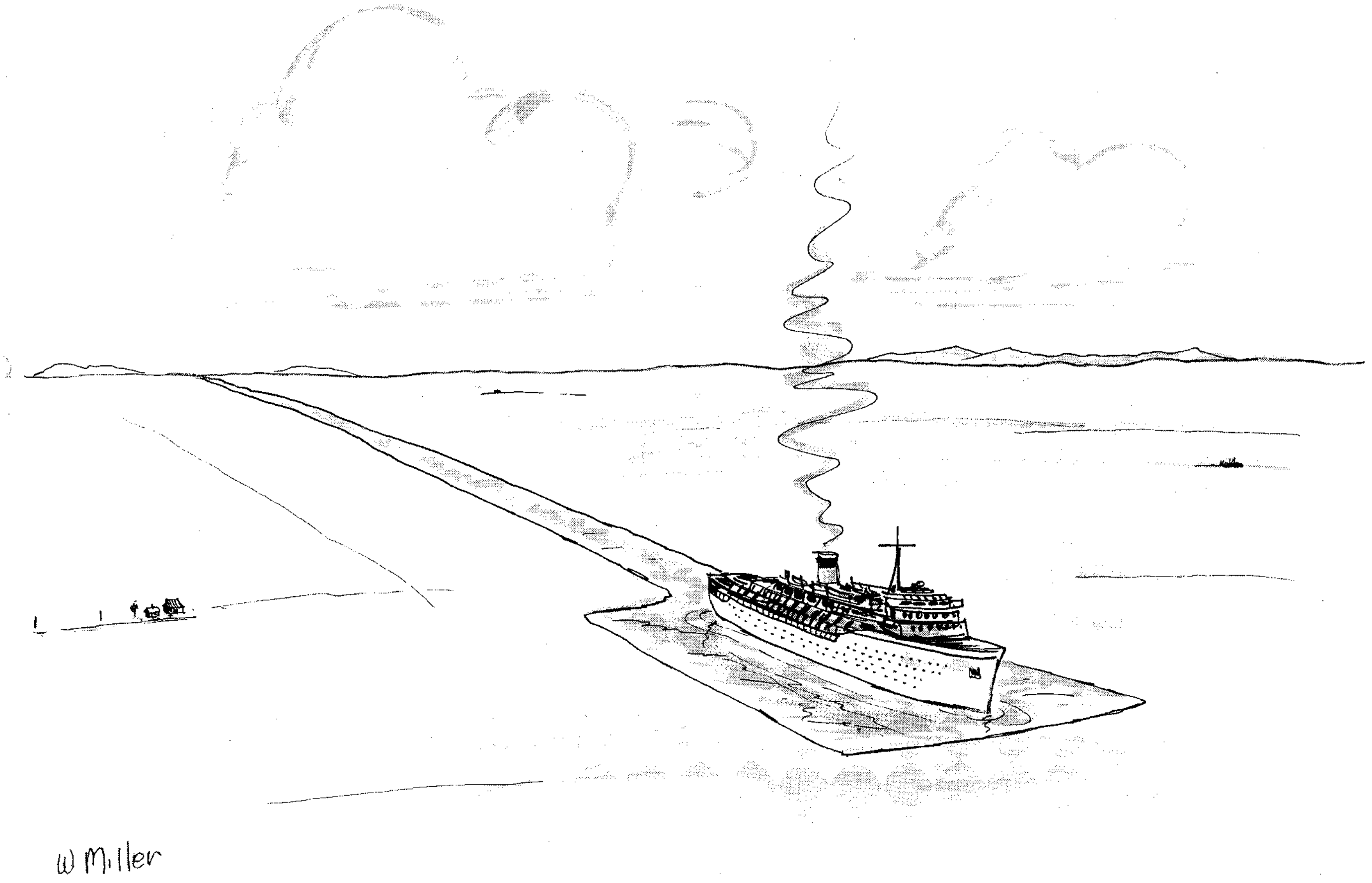
Once you dreamed your mother sweeping
an earthen floor
in a dark, low-ceilinged room.
I see her now: I, too, want to run.
And the "ignominy of the living,"
words you nearly spat out
when one of your beloved dead
was ill-remembered; I thought of that
as I removed the netting.

Today I passed St. Mary's
as the Angelus sounded.
You would have liked that, the ancient practice
in the prairie town not a hundred years old,
the world careering disastrously toward the twenty-first century.
I stopped and prayed for you.
Then a recording of "My Way" came scratching out
on the electronic carillon.
"Oh, hell," I said,
and prayed for Frank Sinatra, too.

—KATHLEEN NORRIS

• •

ONE day right before Christmas, a man with a European accent called on the phone and asked for me. I admitted to being myself instead of saying, as I wanted to, that I was my secretary and that Ms. Isabelle Wisch



CRUISE TO NOWHERE

• •

was out. "Your eyeglasses are ready," the accent said. It was not Kropstadt but one of his aides. "Can you please pick them up within the week?"

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to be away until after New Year's," I said.

"Could you try to pick them up during the next few days?" the voice said. *Never!* The thought of going to midtown Manhattan the week before Christmas and especially the week after is a terrifying thought, with the crowds in from other states and other planets to see the tree. Only David Letterman has the sense to announce every year on the air that there is no tree, stay home, look at your own tree in your own town, but nobody pays heed to his command or my wishes. Why couldn't he be Mayor? Or at least President? Too honest, I guess.

It was true that I was going to be away for that week. I had carefully arranged my life to revolve around escape from the city—from the heat and from the crowds—at various times of the year. The accent was disappointed when I said again that I had to be away.

The next call was from Kropstadt. I have to say I enjoyed hearing his voice on the answering machine in January. It was becoming a dangerous game. I left the message on the machine for my husband to hear, but in his usual style Harley got no excitement from it, though he knew the whole story.

January went by, February, too, and as we got into March I knew I had almost no time left if I was ever going to get to midtown Manhattan before the heat and humidity started, as it now does in April, due to the greenhouse effect and the hole in the ozone layer, which are both happening this minute and not, as they first predicted, in a hundred years. The world meltdown has definitely begun. Still I let part of March go by, until I had to go to a dentist appointment in Rockefeller Center—another feared midtown location. I went this once to a very mean dentist, who seemed to me to be a man on the verge of suicide. You've read that dentists have the highest suicide rate? Not high enough, I say. But this guy appeared to be simply following a psychiatrist's orders: "Go to work, keep up a routine, X-ray teeth, poke at fillings, drill teeth, fill them, continue your normal life, stay on the anti-depressant medication, and come in for psychiatric visits every day." The man didn't even have the patience to listen to which tooth had a tiny nick near the gum. Was it a cavity or a chip? I had discovered it myself, and the periodontist had confirmed it and referred me to this guy. As I tried to say second from the back on the lower left, the man had to stare away in a state of subdued rage. I saw it in his eyes, and when he drilled away at two old fillings that needed refilling he threw his dental instruments onto my chest instead of the little dental worktable—I mean he threw them hard; he probably wanted to stab me with them. He even threw the drill. Imagine the feeling of having these metal instruments thrown onto your chest while your teeth are being drilled.

When I went back to the periodontist I told him about the regular dentist, and he said, "Well, he's moody. He's Hungarian." I explained about the throwing of the instruments, and he said sometimes a dentist would place an instrument on a patient's chest, but when I said "The drill?" he could only shake his head and repeat "The drill?" in astonishment.

Is that called moody, when the mood is one of contemplating suicide? Not that I knew this for a fact, but what else could it have been? I caught a glimpse of his trouser cuffs—bell-bottoms—and his shoes—gold-adorned black loafers—and these alone are bad signs, especially for a sixty-five-year-old dentist. You know that I once rejected a sixty-five-year-old endodontist for wearing a gold chain, bell-bottoms, and white patent-leather loafers, although he was an eminent endodontist whom my even more eminent, conservative, oxford-wearing periodontist allowed to do a root canal on his own tooth.

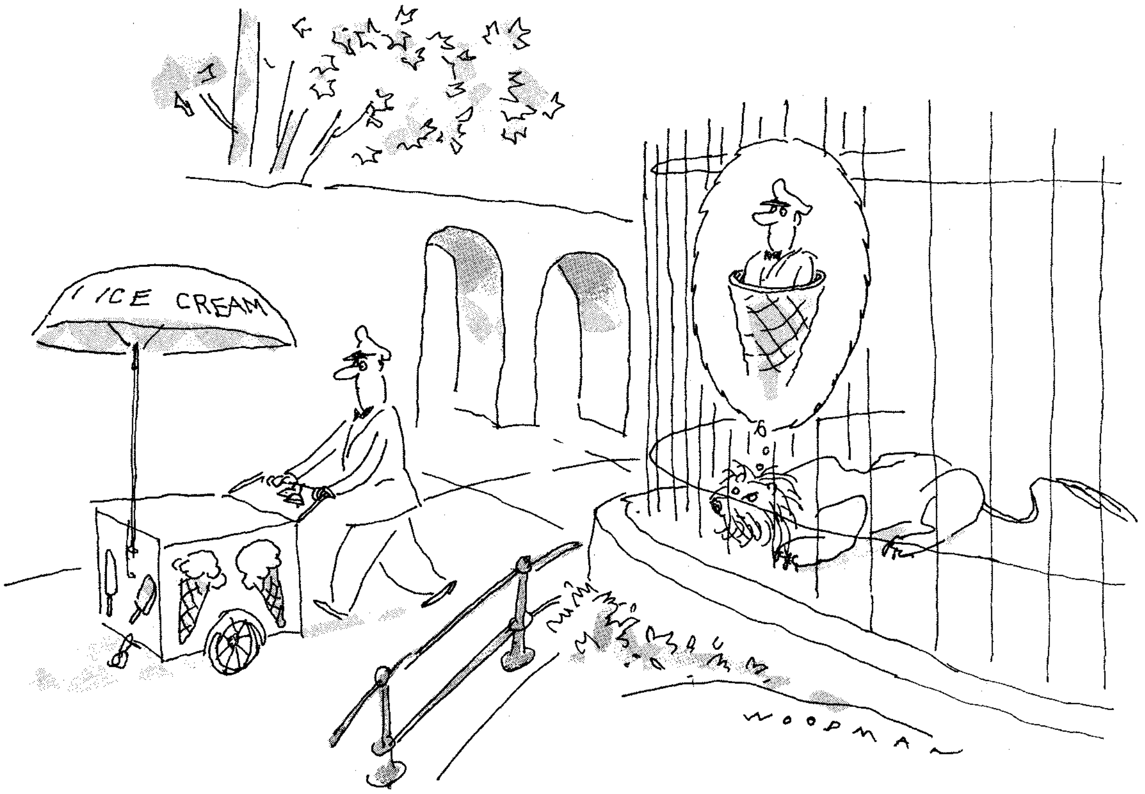
I searched with a nerve slowly dying in a three-canal molar for the right endodontist for a year, because think *about it: what is* root*-canal therapy?*

This is why you must have total distraction to transcend the endodontic experience—you need a view of Central Park from the dental chair, you must be in a perfectly clean, white, sterile room with a clean beige or light-gray waiting room, a no-smoking sign, a few flowers on the desk, and a Mozart opera to listen to on the tiny stereo earphones you bring yourself. These things aid transcending. The endodontist should be a dentist from the past, neat and clean and conservative, without extra or long hair, and wearing neither jewelry nor adornment on his attire.

I finally found such a man, the right endodontist; in fact he criticized *my* footwear, running sneakers, and I explained that I needed them to walk miles into Central Park after the appointment, but he shook his head with no understanding. Before the nerve had died, the endodontist died. His partner took over—an even more conservative nineteen-fifties kind of dentist, a Catholic Republican from Westchester who said almost nothing about anything. There was no comfort or sympathy to be gotten from this man, just "All right" when he had finished the gruelling session. Sometimes I was sorry it ended, because I was in the middle of "Così Fan Tutte," but other times, when I said I could feel some pain, he said, "You don't feel pain, you *feel the pressure.*" Once, when I asked, "What is that flaming hot poker going into the tooth at the end?" he almost smiled as he said, "To burn away the evil spirits."

Leaving the moody Hungarian's office, I noticed this same endodontist's name on another door—it was the eighteenth floor, a floor of all dentists. He'd had to move and give up his Central Park view. The dark-gray hallways were silent, but each dark door had a few names with D.D.S. after them. Imagine a whole floor and long hallways of all dentists. Imagine the accumulated fear, anxiety, and pain felt on that floor hour after hour, day after day, year after year. It was in that spirit that I left the building in March, and found myself on Fifth Avenue, only a few blocks from Osborn's Opticians.

I should go over and get my replacement glasses, I thought as I started the walk to Park Avenue. I'd been wearing the old sunglasses all this time, to keep the dental headlights from blinding me. I peered in first, to see if Kropstadt was about, but he was not. I entered the shop and spotted the only civilized-looking human being who worked there—the small fearful Belgian, Mr. Frey. Until you told me he was Belgian I could only wonder about the accent, and still do; it was the first European accent to leave a message on the machine. How do you know he's *Belgian? Is the fearfulness based on* guilt? Is he timid? Is he afraid of Kropstadt, or does he have something to hide? Still I took to him immediately, because he was going bald but had the good sense to brush what hair he had all straight back—Here it is, the forehead, the receding line, the scalp, here it is, so what?—rather than parting it lower down and on the side of the head and trickily brushing it over to conceal the recession, Gary Hart style. You know—this was never mentioned—that *this* was why you couldn't trust Gary Hart, a man running for President who thinks people are fooled by covering the baldness with hair from another part of the head. He dared to mention John F. Kennedy as his hero and mentor, and just compare the two heads of hair. Only I spoke about it, only *I* said I never trusted him ever, because of the hair cover-up, and a suspected nose job and a pinky ring. All those Democrats who trusted him got what they deserved in disappointment. They also never speak



of Yassir Arafat's many nose jobs when *he* is mentioned. Or maybe it was only one job, where the thick sides were hacked away and two deep indentations remain. People are aghast when I bring this up. Once I said, "Has no one noticed this but me? Am I the only one to have noticed this?" They all laughed. There was incredulousness in the laughter. They could not think of Yassir Arafat this way. But just look at him on TV—it's the first thing you notice, other than his filthy turban and perpetual three-day growth of beard.

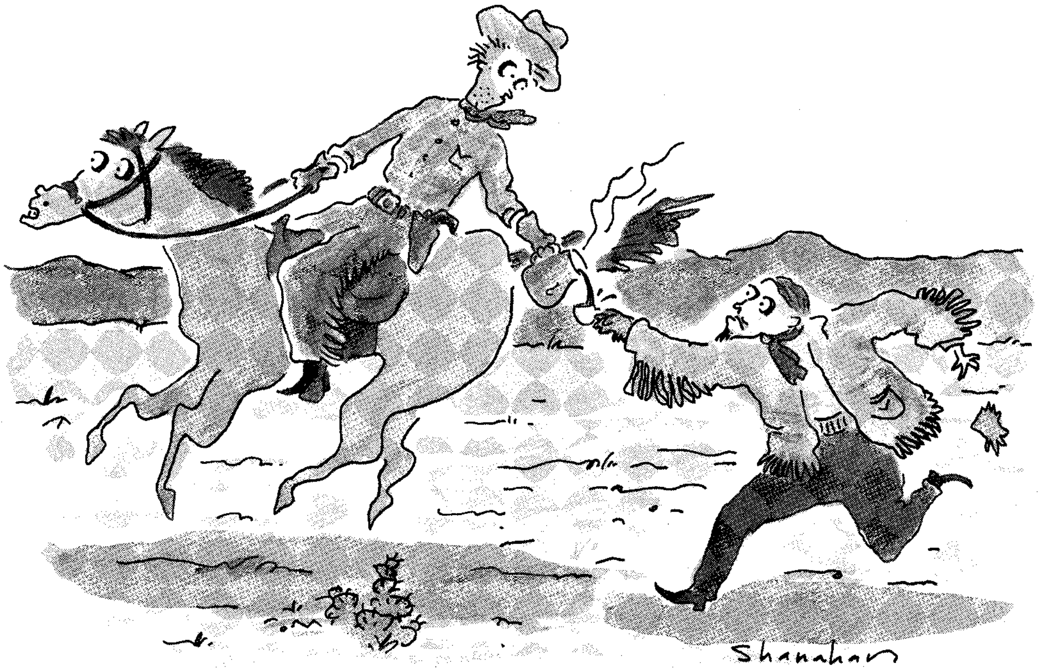
Mr. Frey said he was afraid he wouldn't be able to find my glasses because of so much time having gone by, but he found them right away. "Let me see—Wisch, Wisch, Wisch," he said, looking for my name in the small index file on the desk. The suspense is always: Will they pronounce it American or will they pronounce it German? How I hate when they pronounce it German! Now he was doing American style, with only the faintest of accents. When he found them, I immediately saw that the glasses were a mistake. They looked bright blue, deep blue, and so did the lenses. I tried them on, they looked even worse. I said I'd better change the color of the lenses, but I didn't have time to look at them all, could I come back? He said all right, but they looked good the way they were, he thought. I left without them. On the way out, I thought I saw Kropstadt hovering around the door to the back room.

"It's hard to explain the movie. She takes her clothes off, then he takes his clothes off. They talk—it's politicized talk. Six months later they are in Budapest. He takes her clothes off, she takes his clothes off. Troops are marching outside. He quotes long passages from García Márquez. Years later we see them on Rodeo Drive shopping for clothes with an ironic detachment."

• •

THE next week—it was still March—the periodontist told me he was moving his offices to Park Avenue, two blocks from Osborn's. He had to leave Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street after forty years because his building was now owned by Imelda Marcos and he couldn't get more space there for his many new periodontal henchmen. This meant I wouldn't get to see his view of the sky and the treetops in Central Park in April. And I would be forced deep into midtown every three months for sure, and probably every other month, for periodontal emergencies involving one tooth where the gum and bone were botched by an oral surgeon twenty years ago in his attempt to chop out a wisdom tooth impacted in the jawbone, although it should have been left there, since it was causing no trouble. In fact, all my periodontic and endodontic travels are connected to that one mistake. One man's need to earn a hundred and fifty dollars wherever he could, and a lifetime of dental excursions for the patient, which wouldn't bother him a bit if he knew.

Even before another of these emergencies could develop, at the end of March, Harley looked at his eyeglass frames and noticed they were cracking and weakening in several places, as his personality was at the time, actually, also. "Do I have a spare pair?" he asked me. What a joke! As if he'd have a spare of anything, with his suit pants worn thin to shreds in the seat, his collars frayed, his ties unravelling. He has no time to attend to these things, though his office is right smack in the midtown neighborhood. "What do I do, just take these into Osborn's and get another pair?" he asked. Ha! Just take them into Osborn's! Had he no recollection of the complicated procedure we'd been through with Kropstadt a few years before to get this pair? They were the kind of frames Communists and intellectuals wore in the thirties, the kind that were beginning to be in demand by kids our age in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. These were round and supposedly flesh-tinted, but whose flesh they were the color of I never could fathom. They were British-government-issue frames for several decades—that is, the health service gave them out the way wire-rimmed round ones were given out by the United States government. English friends of ours would stare politely but with fascination, and say, "Where'd you get those? They're British Health Service frames here, you know?" We had found a crooked optician on Madison Avenue who had bunches of old frames from the thirties and forties,



PONY ESPRESSO

and he was selling them at overpriced prices, considering that they were several decades old, even in 1974. You couldn't get your exact size but had to take whatever happened to fit best, and the frames simply fell apart in a few months. If you took them back, he'd say you had to buy another pair. His hair was dyed black and was coated with some slick wet stuff, his teeth were capped, and he looked like a classic swindler.

Soon frame companies caught on to the demand and began reproducing the frames, but they were not quite right. Only Osborn's had the right shape, but it came only in clear. "We will haf to dye it for you," Kropstadt said. First he had to search the frame archives for the correct frame. "I haf found it," he declared, "but it is made only in clear." He took out his tray of magic lenses and put one on his magic white paper, showing that they could dye the frames the same way. "Fifty per cent tan," he said, taking one. "Or eighty per cent tan," he said, showing us another, slightly more tan lens. "I think fifty per cent is closest to the original."

"Is this how they get the color?" I asked.

"This is how we get what they call the flesh color. Optical companies have other dyes at their disposal. We have only what we use for lenses. We decide what per cent of pigment we wish to add to the pure clear. It is entirely up to you. You are after a very light tone. So. What do you wish, fifty per cent or eighty per cent?" We wished fifty per cent, which Kropstadt was suggesting. He was right—it all worked out as he planned.

But then a couple of years went by, maybe three, and it was time for new ones. They'd been dropped a lot. Picture this: A man takes his glasses off and reaches over to place them on his night table but misses the table and they land on the pine floor. This happens every week for a year. Sometimes the man takes off the glasses to wash his face. He puts them on the towel rack by sticking the earpiece behind the brass rod on the tile wall. He turns to reach for a towel and knocks them onto the tile floor. The frames last through all this, the lenses, too. But then finally a visit to Osborn's is necessary, and we're told, "The frame is no longer made. We can get one from a different company, but it won't be quite as thin." Seeing the panic in my eyes, Kropstadt says, "We can have them filed down."

"How do you do that?" I dare to ask.

"In our workroom in the back. We have special machinery." They have special machinery. "The cost depends on how thin you want them and how long it takes to do the filing."

We agreed to the maximum filing, and once again the results were as predicted by the expert. But you know time continues, and this is something I have yet to comprehend—how time does continue. When you were a child it was the same time—time moved as it moves now—but then you were young and now you are forty. How does this happen? I can't know, because no bookstore has a copy of Henri Bergson's "Matter and Memory." I can call the publisher, which is nearby, on the corner of Broadway and Houston. It says so in *Books in Print*. I must have passed it many times on my way into SoHo, wasting my life searching for antiques and organically grown carrots. If I get hold of a copy, will I ever understand the passage of time? Is it only that when you were a child (as the song is sung, by Mick Jagger) time was on your side? Where was time before you were born? On your side then, certainly, too. But now no longer. Now on the other side. And this is how it got to be time for new frames for the person I married. And how Kropstadt's hair was not blond, as it once was, but all gray. Silvery gray.

I MADE a practice visit one late afternoon, when I saw that Brooks Brothers and Paul Stuart had closed. Of course, Osborn's would be closed, too. I went up to the window and stared in. I went around to the front door. The window gates were down, but the lights were on. There he was. He was busy. Busy, busy at work. Moving this and that and something from here to there. He noticed me looking in as he worked, but he avoided looking right at me. I'm sure I saw something I never saw before—his jaw was clenched, and there was a kind of slight muscle spasm in his cheek. Not that slight. As I watched him work, it happened a few times. It must have been this: He recognized me or remembered someone I looked like in Ger-

“Otherwise the taxes are simply going to eat up your kids' inheritance.”

Blue Chip Advice

Selling off the work of a lifetime to pay estate taxes is unnecessary. But planning is key. Planning and creativity. Our agents may go by the book when setting up an estate plan. But chances are they wrote a few of the chapters, too. That's blue chip advice.

Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company
• Connecticut Mutual Financial Services • Urbco • GroupAmerica Insurance Company • State House Capital Management
• CM Life • CM Assurance • CM Asset Advisors • CM Transnational • Diversified Insurance Services of America
Hartford, Connecticut 06154

The CM Alliance
An Alliance of Blue Chip Companies

many. In Vienna, more likely—he'd known or seen one of my ancestors. Perhaps a photograph. He was afraid I had something on him, I know it because of that guilty jaw-clenching look. But all I wanted was more frames. I scurried off in a Kafka-like mode. Since I was wearing running sneakers, the scurrying was simplified.

I went back in the daylight or 5 P.M. light in early April. It was getting serious with Harley's frames. He was asking about them nightly. "What do I do about glasses?" he'd say, looking at his crumpled frames.

Kropstadt was sitting at his station in the back—kind of the general's seat. He was with a customer. I went straight up to the timid Belgian (you say Belgian) and handed him Harley's old frames. Lucky for me, he seemed to have forgotten all about my frames, the bright-blue mistake that had been intended to substitute for my Italian frames that Kropstadt had wanted to send to Germany months before. "I have to find his chart," Frey said. His chart. Can you imagine what is written on it? He was spelling Harley's Austrian last name but not inquiring about the country of origin. At least not aloud. I took this opportunity to give Kropstadt a sideward glance from my table across the store. He was engrossed in lively conversation with the customer, an average sixty-year-old rich lady obviously from the Upper East Side. "For years my wife wore these," he said about some frames.

Then the customer said something about wearing them playing golf, but I was thinking about Kropstadt's having a wife. *I* had never thought of this before. He might be part of a family.

They were talking about some particular frames. He became more animated and enthusiastic—not the way he is when talking to me. The way I look at him must tell him something. There's no rapport and exchange of familial preference of frame styles between us. "It is steel," I heard him say next. "The whole frame is molded to my head. It costs twelve hundred dollars." I couldn't believe my ears. I grabbed a business card from the desk and wrote down what he said.

Then I saw myself in the round desk mirror. I had such a terrible cold—the worst I'd ever had. I'd told the periodontist to wear a mask while he scraped at the back molar root. I couldn't miss an appointment there, no matter what. It was the big time. They sent a card the week before, to remind you of the appointment. They called you the day before. They warned you not to be late. Everything was a hundred dollars—everything minor, that is. The chronic problem with the tooth root, though, was what kept leading me back to the neighborhood of Osborn's.

I couldn't believe how tired and old and beat up I looked. It was a wonder that anyone would have *anything to do* with me. How kind people could be. I seemed to have aged several years in the last two weeks. Was this what it was to have a cold? I couldn't remember, almost never having had one, due to macrobiotic living, and I wanted to get out of there and not subject anyone to my presence any further. Frey came back with the information and said he'd call in the order.

He smiled a polite European smile, and I smiled weakly back. He said he'd call me or Harley when they came in. If any filing or dyeing was necessary we would decide at that time. Suddenly, just for a moment, it all seemed to be nothing. The Belgian had me fooled with his soothing accent and honest hair style.

You see, I thought for an instant, all it was was this—Kropstadt just loved his work. He loved frames and glasses and lenses and getting the right solution to a difficult problem. He was in the eyeglass business. He was just a simple middle-class businessman. He was just very good at his job. He had a special interest in it. That's it. He was just a lens-and-frame nut. Maybe I'd misunderstood the whole thing.

No. *It was the cold weakening* my powers of observation.

In any case, I know you favor this optician and I thought you would want to be warned and go elsewhere, no matter how many frames they have and what fine work they do. At what cost, you may ask yourself.

Christmas Wishes to you and your family. And Happy New Year, too.

ISABELLE

—JULIE HECHT

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

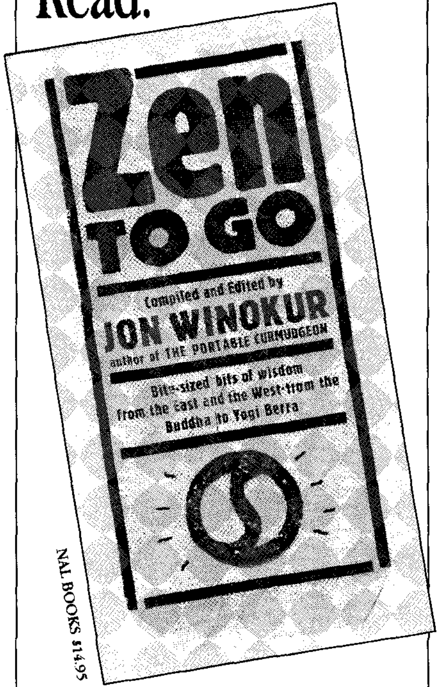
[*Photo caption in the Warwick* (*R.I.*) *Beacon*]

STICKS AND STONES: Above is Lois DeVoogd's home made from logs. At right DeVoogd's prize fireplace made from a Narragansett Indian.

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS SINCE 1910

TO ORDER ANY BOOK
800-635-0045
DBS Xpress
Mon.-Sat. 9AM to Midnight
& Sunday 12-5PM ET

From the best-selling author of THE PORTABLE CURMUDGEON–
A Great Summer Read.



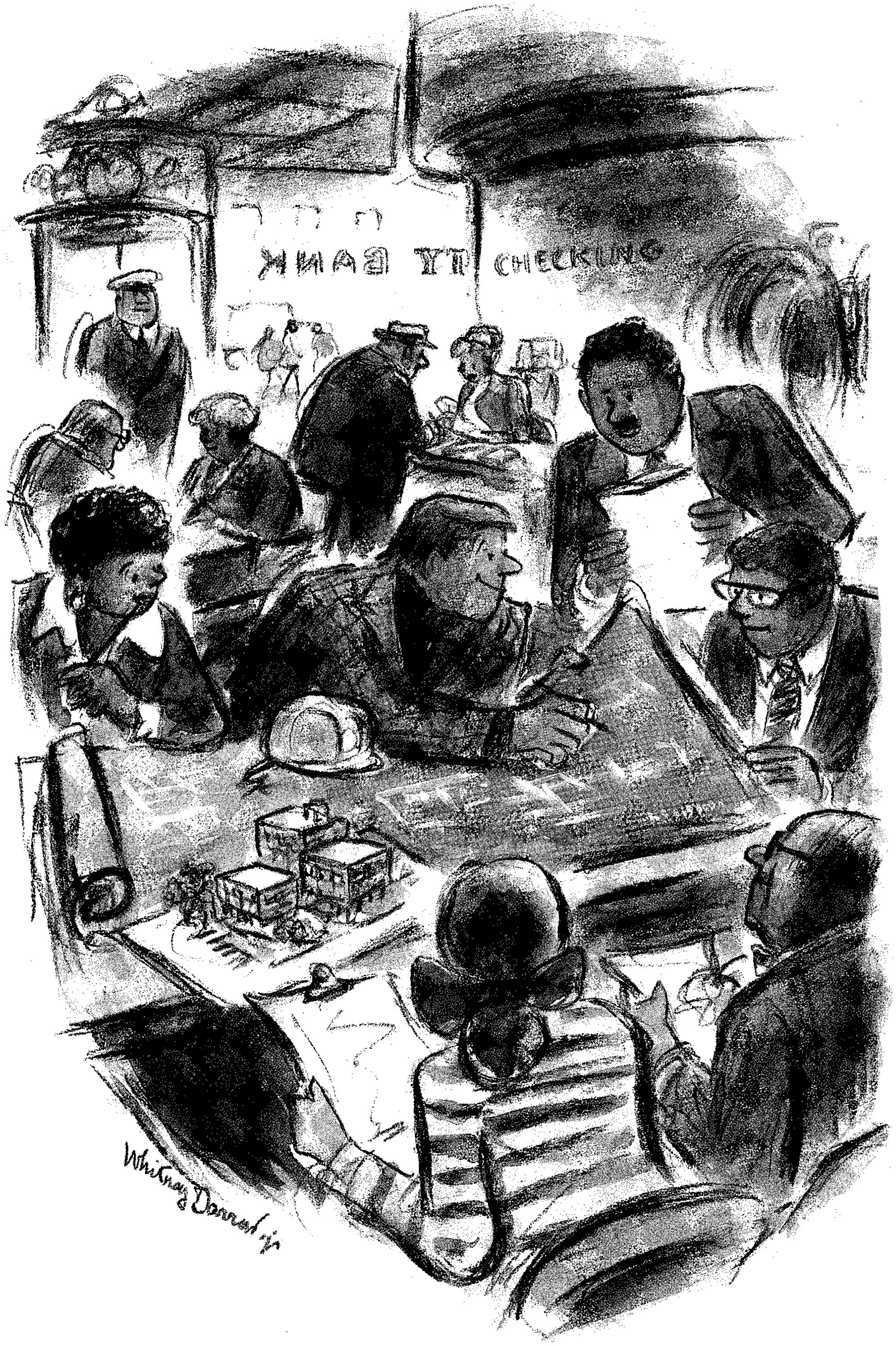
Zen
TO GO
Compiled and Edited by
JON WINOKUR
author of THE PORTABLE CURMUDGEON
Bite-sized bits of wisdom from the East and the West–from the Buddha to Yogi Berra
NAL BOOKS $14.95

This eclectic mix of bite-size wisdom from the East and West, from such intuitive Zen Masters as Albert Einstein, Joan Didion, and O.J. Simpson. It is a Zen as witty as it is wise, full of airy humor and weighty insight.

A great present for a friend on the go—Gift wrapping with a gift card is always free.

Doubleday Book Shops
724 Fifth Avenue at 57th St. NY, NY 10019 (212) 397-0550
Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrapping ★ Open to Midnight

Why being a good neighbor is good banking.



Your Full Service Bank® knows that being a good neighbor is simply good business. That's why you'll find so many banks involved in projects that benefit their hometowns.

A case in point.

In the Knox Hill area of southeast Washington, D.C., an abundance of vacant and decaying housing had become a serious concern to nearby residents and city officials. Several developers and non-profit community groups met with representatives from American Security Bank. It wasn't long before carpenters and other craftsmen were hard at work creating affordable housing for low and moderate income residents. And, a public eyesore was soon gone.

To date, American Security has successfully loaned more than $200 million in urban housing and related community projects.

The same thing is happening all across the country. In big cities and small towns, America's Full Service Banks® are involved financing projects that are helping improve the way we live.

The American Bankers Association
1120 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036.

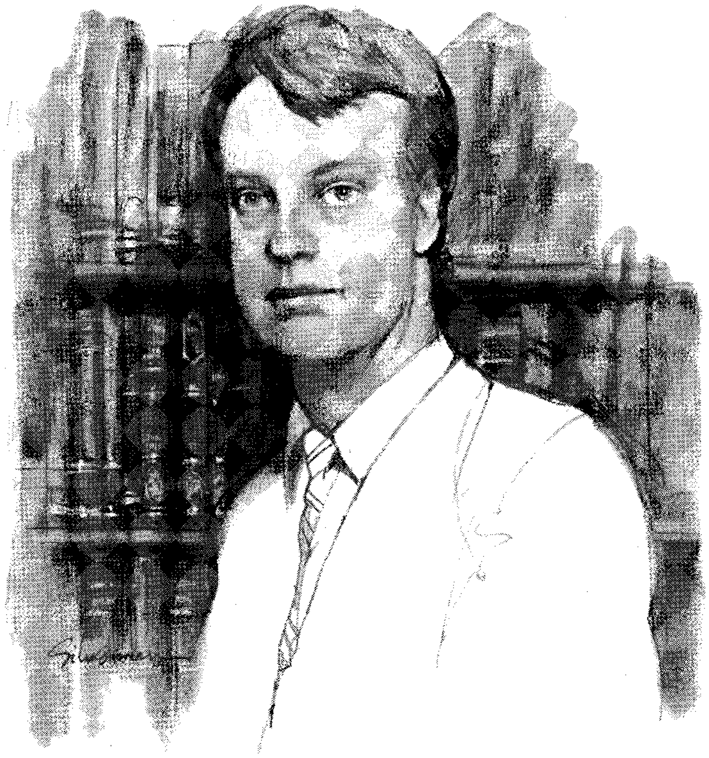
A FULL SERVICE BANK

FDIC
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

America's Full Service Banks. We believe being a good neighbor is good business!

PROFILES

THE GREATEST SPORT



"A MANUSCRIPT, unlike an archeological object, is not excavated, not found in a field," said Christopher de Hamel, a blond, lank man who looms six feet three inches and commands an engaging amalgam of mental vigor and intense, irrepressible, occasionally antic enthusiasm. "It's simply a book. It looks like a book, it behaves like a book, it sits on a shelf. Books have a knack of surviving. They are the most common surviving objects from the Middle Ages. The whole corpus of classical and medieval literature survives in this form. Huge numbers of theological and liturgical manuscripts survive. St. Augustine's Abbey in Canterbury has been a ruin for centuries, but over two hundred and fifty of its books exist today. Books can survive in flawless condition. You can get one that's absolutely pristine; you can't believe it's centuries old. Medieval books are not rare; there are hundreds of thousands about."

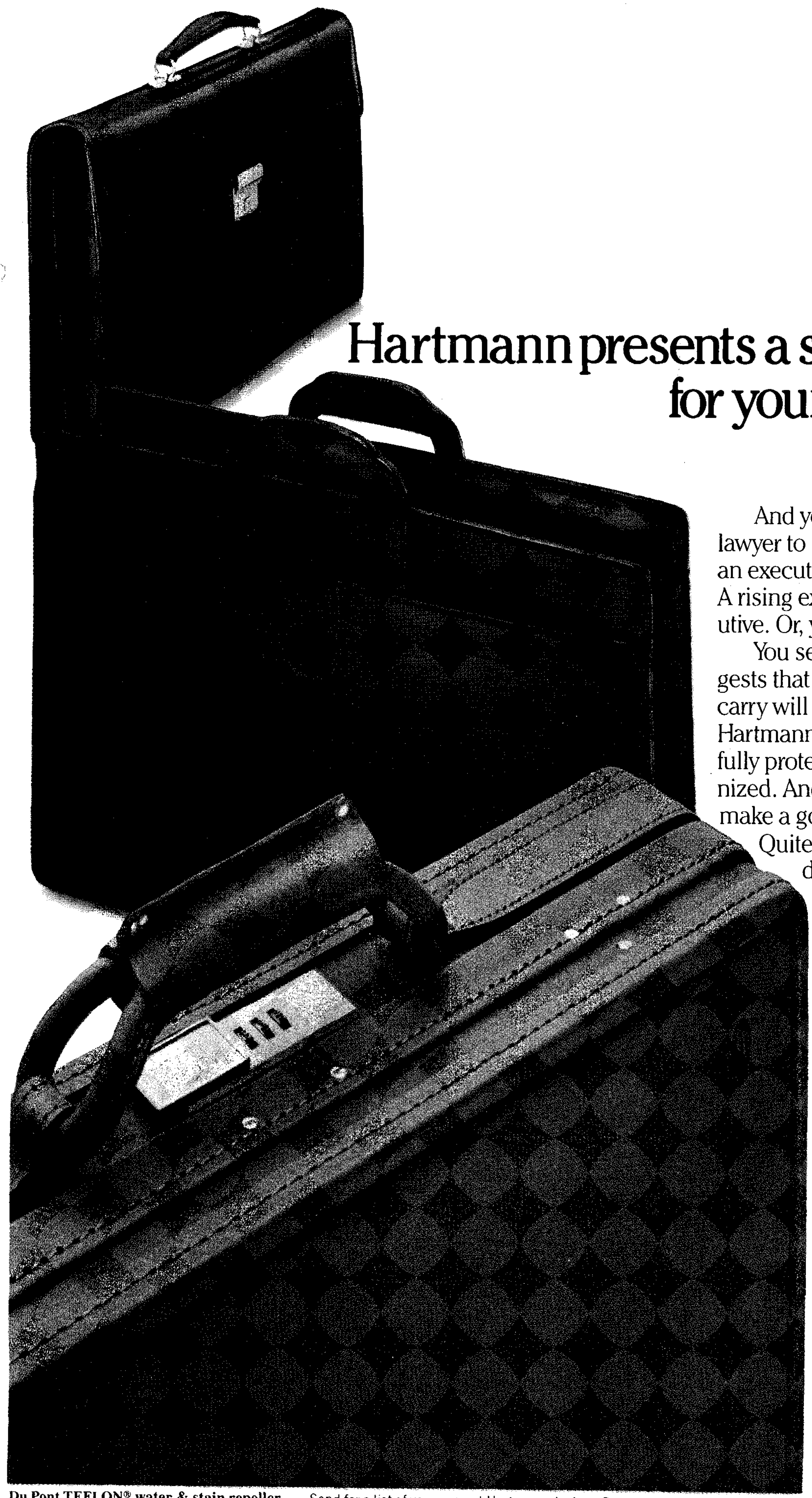
Supremely expert on the written word and the illuminated page during the thousand years from the fall of Rome to the introduction of printing, de Hamel walks the earth, the halls of libraries, and the rooms of sale in mortal guise—almost invariably at a trot, as though just warming up for another thousand-year dash. He joined Sotheby's in London in 1975, and now, at age thirty-eight, he is in almost pristine condition, slightly frayed at the margins: the world's foremost cataloguer of medieval manuscripts.

Before the invention of books and cataloguers, there were many forms of writing—scratches in clay or the bark of a tree, ephemeral wax tablets, durable chiselled stone, papyrus scrolls that turned on spindles. But papyrus was fragile, and was eventually replaced by parchment or vellum, made from animal skins—sheep, calf, and goat. The skins were soaked for several days in running water, then immersed in a solution of lime and water for up to two weeks; the hair was scraped off, and the skins returned to lime and water for an additional two weeks; after rinsing, the skins were stretched and dried, scrubbed with pumice, and cleaned with water. By rubbing a finger on a sheet of vellum, one can detect the difference between the smooth side, from which the hair has been rubbed off, and the rough, flesh side. The rectangular form of books stems from the shape of the skin: folding it in half furnished two leaves (a bifolium) for a massive lectern Bible. By folding again, one produced four leaves, or eight pages. Eight leaves were usually joined in a gathering, and the gatherings stitched together to form a medieval manuscript.

"A History of Illuminated Manuscripts," de Hamel's own book, which seeks to set many records straight, was published in 1986. A review in the *Times Literary Supplement* called it "a splendid and refreshing departure from the run-of-the-mill popular books on pretty manuscripts." In the introduction de Hamel considered various approaches to his subject, rejecting the idea of concentrating on masterpieces only. "Nor does the reader now want eighty thousand words on the shape of the letter 'g,'" he acknowledged, adding, "A subject I rather recommend, incidentally."

In the Middle Ages, script sometimes varied from place to place or from one decade to another. Experts like de Hamel attempt to place and date a text on this basis. "It's usually possible to date a book within a period of about thirty years, but certainly within a hundred," he said. We were sitting in his office at Sotheby's. Two walls were covered with catalogues and other reference material; shelves on a third wall, facing de Hamel's desk, were reserved for books to be auctioned. He continued, "I've been as much as a hundred years off. I remember once, when I started out, describing a Peter Lombard manuscript as fourteenth century, but in fact when it came back to be resold, about five years later, it was perfectly obvious that it was thirteenth century." Peter Lombard was an Italian theologian, and *his* century was the twelfth.

Scribes, like cataloguers, had to exercise vigilance, and wielded a knife (a penknife) not only to sharpen the pen but also to scratch away mistakes. They were reluctant to alter a text, even when the exemplar from which they were copying was obviously wrong, yet one expert on manuscripts maintains that the odds against two consecutive leaves' being correctly transcribed were a hundred to one. A scribe often copied a phrase, looked back at the master text, and continued from a different word with an ending similar to the word he had just written. Other errors stemmed from expanding abbreviations: "mr" could stand for "mater" or "martyr." "Hic," "haec," and "hoc" and "qui," "quae," and



Hartmann presents a strong case, for your next case.

And you don't have to be a lawyer to need one. You can be an executive. A sales executive. A rising executive. A junior executive. Or, yes, a lawyer.

You see, the evidence suggests that whatever you need to carry will be better carried in a Hartmann. Because it will be fully protected, and neatly organized. And all that will help you make a good impression.

Quite simply, Hartmann is dedicated to building the best case. With the best leathers. The best tweed. The best vinyl. And the best locks.

Hartmann. No one builds a better case.

hartmann®
Handcrafted since 1877.™

Du Pont TEFLON® water & stain repeller Send for a list of your nearest Hartmann dealers, Dept. 5N66 © 1988 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

"quod" could be abbreviated as "h" and "q," and a scribe might reflate any of them to the wrong original. One scribe begged readers to forgive his errors and pray forgiveness for his sins: "As the sailor longs for a safe haven at the end of his voyage, so does the writer for the last word!" Another manuscript winds up with a suspicious "ho la," suggesting one cup of cheer too many.

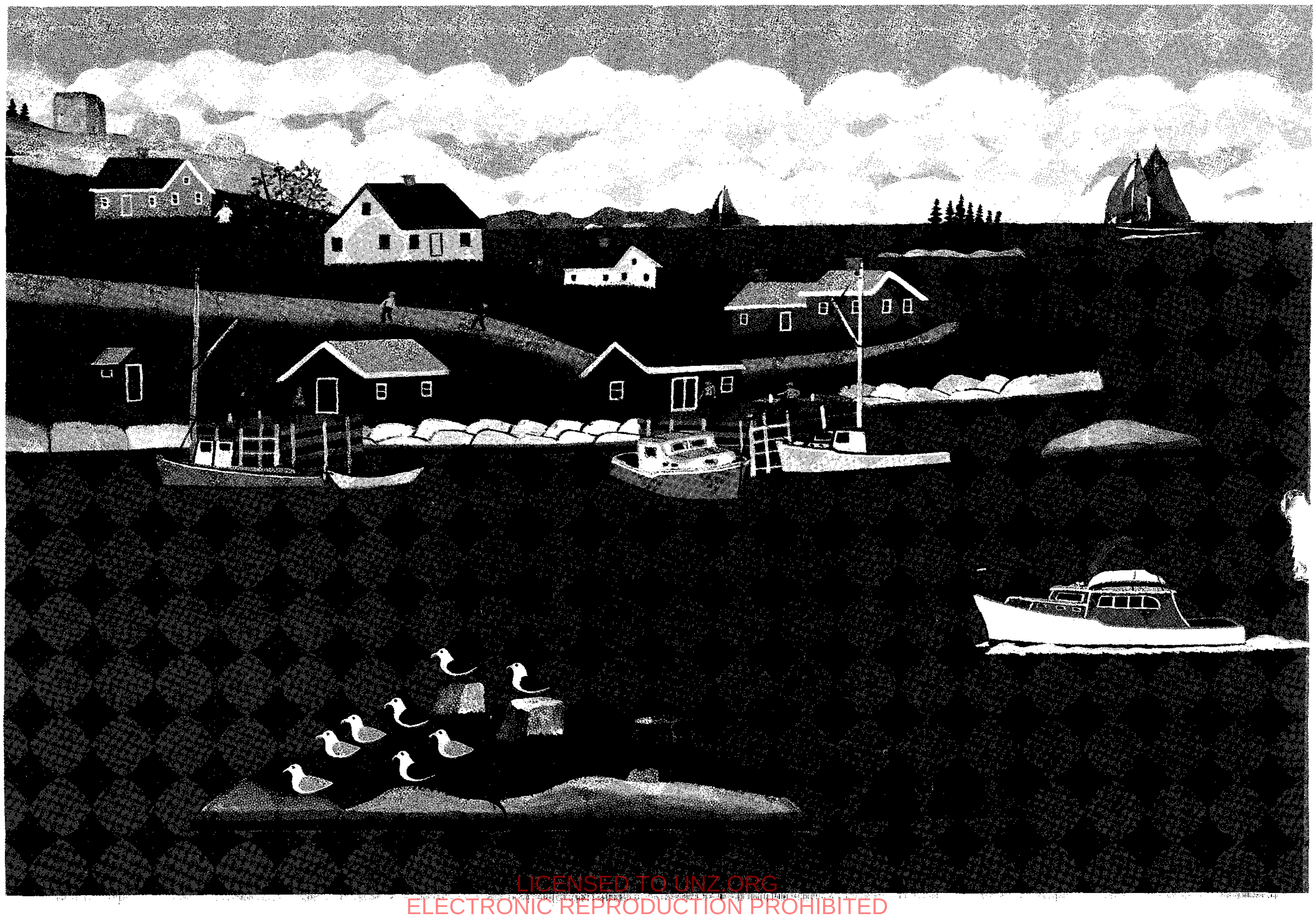
There is a nineteenth-century account of an elaborate sign language employed by scribes in monastic scriptoria where silence was mandatory. A scribe who needed a book to copy held out his hands and mimed the turning of leaves. For a missal he added the sign of a cross. To indicate a Psalter he put his hands on his head in the shape of a crown—a reference to King David. By pretending to wipe away a grease spot fallen from a candle, he suggested a lectionary (lessons for the liturgical year). When he wanted a small, nondescript work to relax with, he put one hand on his stomach and held the other before his mouth. For an outright pagan work he scratched his ear to suggest a dog.

De Hamel raised his hands in mock despair. "The image given by those Victorian accounts of a scriptorium may conceivably have been true of seventh-century Italy, but I don't believe that anything like that happened in twelfth-century Canterbury, and I can state with certainty that it cannot have happened in fifteenth-century Paris."

For centuries, monasteries were the centers of intellectual and artistic life, and a late-medieval Swiss Carthusian noted that "a monastery without books is like a state without resources, a camp without troops, a kitchen without crockery, a table without food, a garden without grass, a field without flowers, a tree without leaves." By the thirteenth century, there were more than five hundred monasteries and priories in England, and many catalogues of English monastic libraries have survived. At the end of the eighteenth century, the catalogue of Reading Abbey, dating from the late twelfth century, was discovered in the wall of a house. The list began with lectern Bibles. Then came glossed books of the Bible—texts with commentary. Works by Church Fathers such as St. Augustine and St. Gregory the Great were followed by volumes of devotional music: graduals (music for the Mass), processionals (chants for the monks as they walked round the cloister), antiphonaries (for the daily round of services). Other texts were Breviaries (the clergy's book of daily services), manuals (for occasional services), Psalters (mainly Psalms), and missals (the service book of the Mass). A priest was expected to kiss the missal's image of Christ on the cross, but repeated kissing harmed the painting, so artists occasionally provided at the base of a miniature a smaller crucifix, designed to withstand osculation.

Holy works drew legends in their wake. The historian Bede (673-735) wrote of snakebite victims cured by swallowing wet scrapings from Irish manuscripts, and as late as the seventeenth century the Book of Durrow, one of the finest Irish manuscripts, was being immersed in water to cure disease in cattle.

St. Columba, who founded a monastery in the Hebrides in 563, was credited with copying more than three hundred "noble books." He is said to



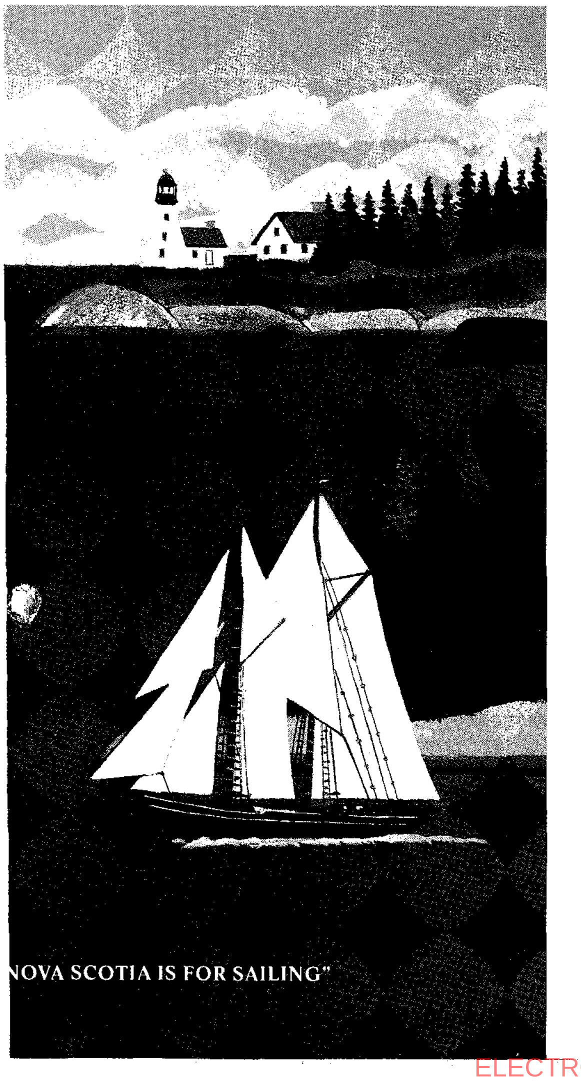
have borrowed one manuscript from St. Finnian and to have worked through the night to copy it while his fingers, shining like candles, illuminated the church. "Blessed are the hands of the copyists," Thomas à Kempis wrote, "for which of the world's writings would be remembered if there had been no pious hand to transcribe them?" But the blessed labor was arduous. After writing seven hundred and fifty dense pages, one scribe noted, "Here ends the second part of the Summa of the Dominican brother Thomas Aquinas, the longest, most verbose, and most tedious to write; thank God, thank God, and again thank God."

One medieval prior copied out a lengthy manuscript and noted at the end, "A man who knows not how to write may think this no great feat. But only try to do it yourself and you will learn how arduous is the writer's task. It dims your eyes, makes your back ache, and knits your chest and belly together—it is a terrible ordeal for the whole body. So, gentle reader, turn these pages carefully and keep your finger far from the text. For just as hail plays havoc with the fruits of spring, so a careless reader is a bane to books and writing." As de Hamel says, "the trouble with a book is that it's very fragile, and every time you open it the inner margin is damaged."

After the wearying labor of writing came the crucial pleasure of adornment, transforming sober texts into exquisite treasures. John Ruskin called illumination "writing made beautiful." Artists applied their mastery to initials, miniatures, and borders. Painted initials—first letters of a section—could be ornamented according to tradition and the fancy of the artist or the scribe. Historiated initials were those which included pictures, as in the top loop of an "R" or a "P." A picture not associated with an initial was called a miniature, whether it was small or large, and it was sometimes enclosed within a frame or border; such miniatures, outlined in black, came to resemble tiny stained-glass windows. Ruskin suggested that "a well-illuminated missal is a fairy cathedral full of painted windows." Borders grew increasingly ornate, festooned with ivy leaves, vines, people, even grotesques. Anglo-Celtic manuscripts boasted spirals, braids, ribbons, and interlaced animal forms. Illuminations were sometimes so invasive that they covered entire sheets, which were known as carpet pages.

By the twelfth century, artists working on medieval manuscripts sketched with a form of pencil, then used pen and homemade ink, and, finally, paint. If the artist employed gold, it was applied over glue and burnished to make it shine. Whole pages were sometimes stained with color. The Black Hours of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, has text in gold and silver on vellum stained black; the acid has damaged the vellum, so the leaves, now in Vienna, are preserved between sheets of glass. Occasionally, a page of capital letters was set down in lines of alternating colors. Bartolomeo Sanvito, a fifteenth-century scribe working near Padua, sometimes alternated lines of gold, blue, salmon pink, purple, violet, and green. Some uncompleted manuscripts show a letter indicating the color to be applied to an area—rather like painting by numbers.

Designs were often the work of more


OVA SCOTIA IS FOR SAILING"

JOE NORRIS/FOLK ARTIST

"There's lots to paint here"

"I love the South shore, nothing can beat it. When I was growin' up I looked along the coast and said 'I want to paint'.

Most folks can't get over how beautiful it is. I love the houses – I painted mine bright orange one year. I like bright colours – they make you feel good... and they make you happy too.

Nova Scotia's good for your soul. It'll do you a lot of good to visit – there's friendly people and you'll like the scenery. You'll feel welcome here."

A day at the beach, superb seafood, a cosy seaside inn. Picture yourself in Nova Scotia. Write to: Nova Scotia Tourism & Culture (D6) 3 South Sixth St., New Bedford, MA 02740.

Canada

The World Next Door

than one artist, and the artists were not always monks. As early as the eleventh century, women were among the lay artists who worked on manuscripts. It was an age not only of wandering minstrels but of wandering illuminators; the paintings of two artists who worked on the Winchester Bible bear an astonishing resemblance to murals in a monastery in northern Spain. In medieval books that have been carefully preserved, the freshness and splendor shine forth.

Kings and emperors gave and received opulent manuscripts. They were treated as golden treasures, and many were precisely that. De Hamel suggests that a candidate for the most valuable book in the world is the Gospels of Otto III, who headed the Holy Roman Empire at the end of the tenth century. The manuscript is worthy of such a lord: a gold binding encrusted with jewels encloses twenty-nine full-page miniatures from the life of Christ and paintings showing peoples of the world adoring Otto. Manuscripts were often made to order for aristocratic patrons. A copy of the Canticles of Alfonso the Wise has twelve hundred and fifty-five miniatures, and is an olla podrida of medieval occupations: singing, feasting, wrestling, praying, dying, hunting, besieging, throwing dice, beekeeping, travelling, sleeping, bullfighting, fishing, frying eggs, and painting frescoes (a scaffold collapses, but the artist survives, plainly because he is depicting the Virgin Mary).

In a 1986 essay, the novelist and screenwriter Frederic Raphael wrote, “At what stage, one wonders, did the first monk begin to doodle in the margin rather than proceed with the colourless business of calligraphy? If he had not been idle enough to badge his doodles with gilt and polychromatic ingenuity, how much interest would we still take in his medieval accuracies?”

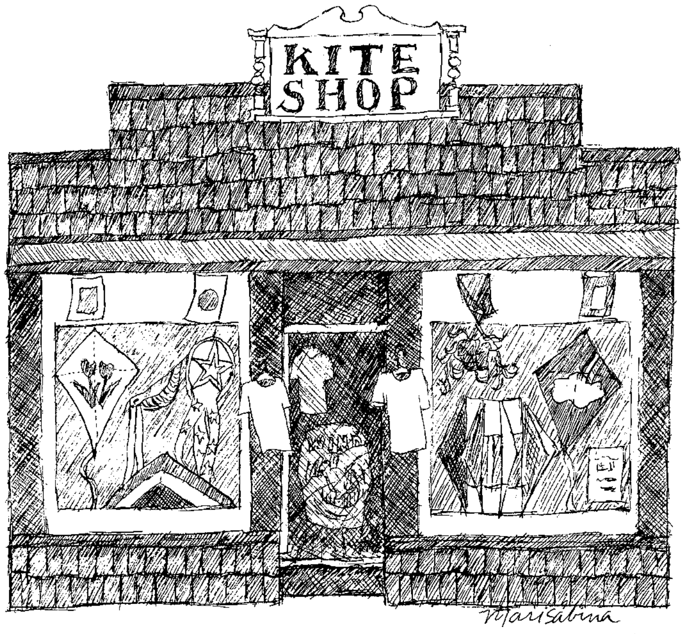
“Surely the doodling began long before people learned to write,” de Hamel remarked to me. “The Romans had illustrated manuscripts, of which the Vatican Virgil is a late-classical echo. Irish manuscripts initiated a continued tradition of decoration. The early ones start with decorated initials and squiggles. During the seventh century, you can see the decoration getting bigger and bigger, and the text, beginning with a big initial, working smaller and smaller. The Book of Durrow has full interlaced carpet pages; the Leningrad manuscript of Bede, from the early eighth century, has one of the earliest known historiated initials. From then on, you begin to get pictures in manuscripts. They're *not* doodles. They decorate. They have a purpose.” De Hamel suggested that in books of the Gospel decorations were intended to honor the word of God, serve as talismans, impress the unconverted, and, incidentally, make it easier to find one's way about in the book.

CONFRONTING a manuscript, de Hamel begins by hoping that he will recognize it: “The door opens, in comes a fellow you were at school with—you haven't thought about him for decades, but you know who it is, though he's changed. Now, how do you know? You have a sort of visual recall. Similarly, when somebody brings me a manuscript I think, I've seen that before—where was it? And I turn to the shelves, and I've got it. And if I haven't seen it before I think, Well, what have I seen that looks like it? Most medieval books are not signed, or dated. Occasionally, they contain evidence—an inscription of someone's name, perhaps—that pins them down. One or two books have title pages, but they're complete freaks. So we start with an object—it is a book, and we try to identify what the text is, how old it is, where it came from, who made it, who painted it, how much decoration it's got, whether it's complete, how old the binding is, how it survived, where it's been, how it was passed down. Obviously, if it can be attributed to a known artist or workshop or monastery, or to a known owner, that adds to its interest or documentary value.”

De Hamel went on, “In this work, you don't have to read an entire manuscript. Good heavens, no! No, no, no, no, no! You have to read enough to know what the text is, if you can. Most of them are Bibles, missals, Books of Hours, or fairly standard texts. The more obscure the text, the harder you have to work at it. But we're not the ultimate research students. We have to read enough to know what it is, what it's about, and, if possible, where it stands in the tradition of that particular text. Most medieval manuscripts are in Latin, which was not the first language of the scribes who wrote them—it was, at best, their second language—so it's easier to understand than classical Latin. It's rather like talking French to a Japanese—easier than talking French to a Frenchman. Every manuscript presents elements of complete bafflement. Where was it done? Who wrote it? Why did they write it? How long did it take? What did it cost? Who read it? Why did they read it?” De Hamel looked across his office to the volumes on the shelves. “Any book here could suggest a hundred things it would be fascinating to know.”

During the Renaissance, princely patrons established their own collections—the Medici at Florence, the Gonzaga at Mantua, the Sforza and the Visconti at Milan, the Este at Ferrara. Federigo da Montefeltro (1422-82), Duke of Urbino, is said to have wanted no printed books in his library. De Hamel reveals a good deal about his own feelings when he writes, “Federigo da Montefeltro's study at Urbino still has its cupboards with *trompe-l'œil* inlay work showing tantalizing heaps of manuscripts. . . . Even the smell of a clean humanist manuscript is strangely seductive.”

Sir Henry Savile's wife, wearied of seeing her lord,



XO
COURVOISIER
COGNAC

He once gave you the neatest, coolest, bestest gift in the whole wide world. This Father's Day, return the favor.

You can give your father a gift that'll excite him as much as your first two-wheeler excited you. A bottle of our finest cognac. Of course, Courvoisier XO costs about $100. But unlike your bike, there's no assembly required.

COURVOISIER XO

Le Cognac de Napoléon

To send a gift of Courvoisier XO anywhere in the U.S. where legal, call 1-800-238-4373.

40% Alc./Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, FL 1989 secretary of the Latin tongue to Elizabeth I, forever busy with his books, said to him, “Sir Henry, I would I were a book, too, then you would a little more respect me.”

“Madam,” he replied, “you should then be an almanac, so that it could be changed every year.”

Ruskin wrote, “I can’t conceive anybody being ever tried with a heavier temptation than I am, to save every farthing I can to collect a rich shelf of thirteenth-century manuscripts.” The Philadelphian A. S. W. Rosenbach, who earlier this century was the world’s foremost dealer in antiquarian books and manuscripts, once said, “The thrill of knocking a man down in the ring is nothing compared to the thrill of knocking a man down over a book. Book-buying at auction sales is the greatest sport in the world. It beats hunting, and is far more intoxicating than drink.”

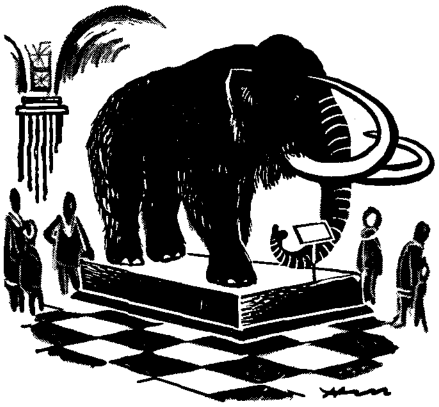
Sir Thomas Phillipps (1792-1872) was single-minded in his pursuit, and amassed an estimated sixty thousand manuscripts. They overflowed all his bookcases, and when a room was filled he closed it off and proceeded to fill the next. Phillipps forbade the opening of any windows, and kept beech logs, smeared with paste, to attract worms away from the wooden bindings of his older books. When his first wife died, in 1832, he began searching for a second wife who could bring fifty thousand pounds to the collection. In the following nine years, there were negotiations with parents of seventeen prospective donors. When Phillipps moved to his estate in Cheltenham, which had rodents, the second Lady Phillipps, on whom he had finally bestowed his favor, complained that she was “booked out of one wing and ratted out of the other.” Sales of material from the Phillipps Collection began at Sotheby’s in 1886 and went on until 1981. It was specifically to catalogue manuscripts from the Phillipps trove that in 1975 de Hamel was taken *on by Sotheby’s, and in a 1985 exhibi*tion catalogue he termed Phillipps “the most extraordinary, eccentric, persistent, short-tempered, bigoted, conceited, obsessive, determined ‘vellomaniac’ . . .”

“When you get down to it, you need old books like you need a hole in the head,” says Richard Linenthal, a director of Quaritch, a venerable London antiquarian dealer. “What is true is that people *want* manuscripts, have always wanted them—and often for very personal reasons. It may be because they’re beautifully done, or because of the hands that held them before. It may simply be that they like books bound in red.”

There are other motives for buying an old book, and de Hamel suggested the rarest of all: “You can use a book for its original purpose. You can read it. Yesterday evening, I read, just for fun, a page of a twelfth-century manuscript, part of the commentaries of Origen on the Book of Exodus—it’s a well-known text. Probably the first time that actual page has been read for eight hundred years.”

In the destruction of monastic libraries during the Reformation, manuscripts were put to worldly use—torn apart for lining slippers, making lampshades, cleaning boots, scouring candlesticks, wrapping parcels, binding books, even substituting for window glass. “Probably three-quarters of the manuscripts we sell are incomplete,” de Hamel said. “There are many reasons. People have pulled out leaves, or the text was altered, or an ownership inscription was removed in the Middle Ages.”

Most of the world’s greatest manuscripts are incomplete—the Vatican Virgil, the Très Riches Heures, the Book of Kells, the Winchester Bible, the Vienna Genesis, the Lindisfarne Gospels. “The Très Riches Heures has probably been imperfect since the fifteenth century,” de Hamel said. “Chances of picking up a missing leaf are incredibly slight. It would be *fantastic* if that happened. The Winchester Bible—four volumes, still the property of Winchester Cathedral—is illustrated with large initials, and about a dozen have been removed, the last probably as late as the nineteen-twenties. One was found in the forties, so the chances of finding another are quite high. They’re the size of a post-card, and worth at least a hundred thousand pounds each. I’m jolly well going to stay here till one turns up. It must happen. The Hours of Étienne Chevalier was broken up during the *French Revolution; at least three of its* miniatures are missing. So perhaps—who knows?—there’s one out there somewhere. And I’d love to be here when it comes in. To think of finding a missing leaf from the Book of Kells is like an archeologist’s hoping to find a missing lintel from Stonehenge.”



“There are literally thousands of manuscripts in the libraries of England,” Ruskin wrote, “of which a few leaves, dispersed among parish schools, would do more to educate the children of the poor than all the catechisms that ever tortured them.” In his diary for 1854 he noted, “Cut missal up in evening—hard work.”

Fragments of a single manuscript are often scattered among various collections. “Every time you turn around, you see another miniature from the Murano Gradual,” de Hamel said. “I’ve never dismembered a manuscript, but there may be eloquent reasons that a work can be better preserved or presented or sold if it’s in pieces. A museum might break up a book to exhibit two or three leaves, or dismember an album of Raphael drawings to mount them. The Leonardo Codex—now called the Codex Hammer, after Armand Hammer—has been taken apart. So has the Vatican Virgil. The Codex Aureus, in Stockholm, has been taken apart. I regret it. Personally, I like books. I think it’s tragic to interfere with them. We’ve no idea what is going to interest people a hundred years from now—it could be the juxtaposition of the paintings, or the pattern of the sewing. In the wake of the *French Revolution, Napoleon’s armies* invaded Italy. The impression is that they filled their knapsacks with cuttings from Renaissance choir books. Whole manuscripts were often sold by weight, and for piffling prices.”

Not long ago, Quaritch devoted a catalogue to an Oxford antiquary’s collection of manuscript leaves that

"...that's right, boule. They're playing a kind of French version of bowling. But you should see where they bowl... the colors! Pastel streets. Even the light is beautiful... made me think of you...halfway around the world. Just had to pick up the phone and talk to you. You wouldn't believe how easy it is to call."

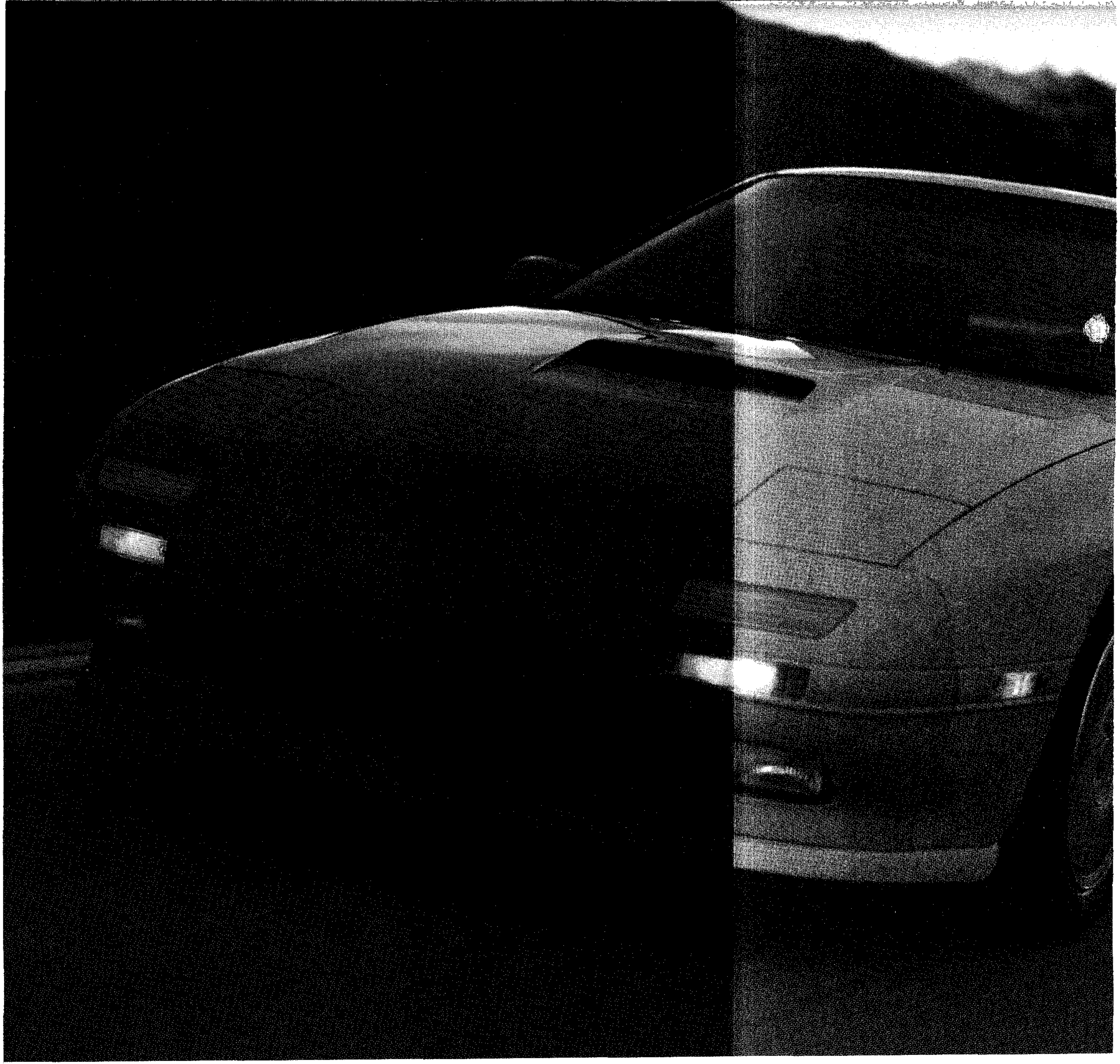
"Convince me. Call me every day."

For more information about *AT&T USADIRECT®* service, call 1 800 874-4000, Ext. 326.

Téléphone
©1989 AT&T

**When you're far away, AT&T USADIRECT® is a friendly voice from home to get you through in no time.
Reach out and touch someone.®**

AT&T
The right choice.

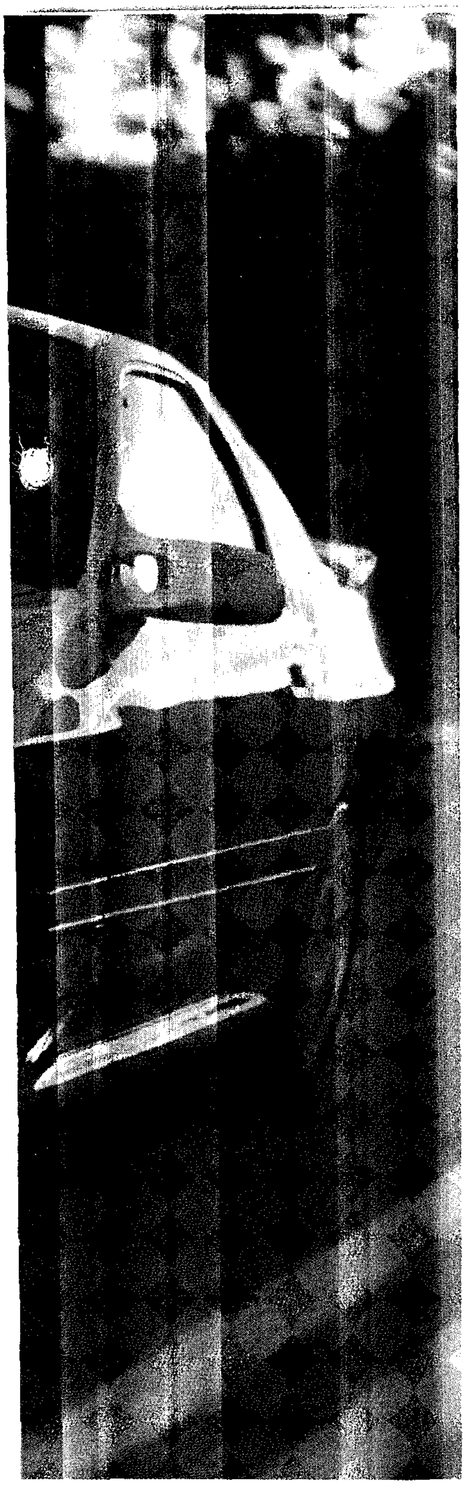


Contrary to popular opinion, you don't have to break the law to appreciate the Mazda RX-7 Turbo.

Sit in it for 1.4 seconds. That's all it takes for most people to know that they're in the lap of something extraordinary. The seat actually seems to hug you. Unless you're a race driver, you've never sat in one like it. The steering wheel, the gearshift, the instruments—everything has a feeling of rightness about it. Of course, you're quicker than most people, so it'll probably take you only 1.2 seconds.

Get stuck in traffic in it. The newly refined twin-scroll turbo is unique. It delivers smooth, instant power even at low rpm. Indeed, between 1500 and 7000 rpm, the turbo rotary's torque curve is flatter than ever. This helps eliminate the difficult-to-control surges of power found with many turbos, and results in slow driving that's as effortless as fast driving. Not as much fun, mind you; but just as effortless.

Park it in front of your mother-in-law's house. She's probably been wondering what her darling saw in you anyway.



The RX-7 will give her a clue. After all, anybody who owns something that good can't be all bad.

Turn the sound system up high. It's got 6 speakers and over 100 watts of power, so, unless you've got the ears of a teenager, don't turn it all the way up. Please.

Take it on a long trip. It'll eat up the road the way a dog eats up table scraps.

Accelerate. For 6.3 seconds. That's all it now takes to get to 60 mph in an RX-7 Turbo. If you don't think that's quick, just count, "1 thousand 1, 1 thousand 2, 1 thousand 3, 1 thousand 4, 1 thousand 5, 1 thousand 6, 1 th." There. You're going 60 mph. (Should you get it on a race course, the quarter-mile time is equally startling: 14.8 seconds. And while you're there, take a few laps, and note how the new air dam, side skirts, and rear wing help reduce aerodynamic lift.)

Stop. When you're going 60 mph. The RX-7 Turbo's power-assisted, 4-wheel ventilated disc brakes, will stop you in just 140 feet. They'll stop you straight too, thanks to an Anti-lock Braking System that continuously modulates the braking force. Of course, you may never have to stop this quickly, but it's nice to know you can.

Wind it out in first gear. The thing that will startle you—aside from the exhilarating rush of power—is just how whisper smooth the rotary engine is. No words can describe this. You must experience it.

Drive it slowly down a winding, country road. Some sports cars only steer well when they're going fast. The RX-7's Electronic Variable Assist Power Steering adjusts the effort needed to steer the car by sensing how fast the car is going and the steering angle. So no matter the speed, the feeling of control you have is always the same: great.

Now drive it a little faster down a winding, country road. With its V-rated high-performance tires, new 16-inch alloy wheels, exotic Triaxial Floating Hubs, and a Dynamic Tracking System that allows the rear wheels to interact with lateral g forces, the RX-7 Turbo flows through turns almost as naturally as water flows downhill.

Take it up the toughest hill you know. Since the turbo creates its own atmosphere, the more powerful 200 hp engine never struggles or gasps for air, not even going up steep grades a mile high in the mountains. It simply flattens them.

Take it through the tightest turn you know. You don't have to go extra fast. Take it at the speed you always take it. You'll notice how much easier it is in an RX-7. After all, this is a world-class sports car, so curves most cars strain to handle are a day at the beach for the RX-7.

Make a U-turn. The Mazda RX-7 Turbo has a turning radius of just 32.2 feet. So, if you've ever wondered how a dog feels when it chases its own tail, this is how to find out.

Wash it when you're sure the neighbors are watching. With its new wheels and fog lamps and side mirrors and taillights and nose design and color-keyed mouldings, they'll probably want a ride in it so much they'll even return the tools you lent them.

Drive somebody else's sports car. Any sports car. We don't think you'll find one that gives you what the RX-7 Turbo does. Not even one that costs thousands more. That's because Mazda engineers do more than make the RX-7 look and perform like a world-class sports car. They engineer the RX-7 so it feels as if it's an extension of you; almost as if you and the car are one, sweeping through turns, leveling hills, devouring miles. And that's a difference you'll be able to feel the first time you drive one. Go feel it for yourself. This afternoon.

mazda

“*In a word, gentlemen, we’re about to go belly up.*”

had been used by sixteenth-century bookbinders as “pastedowns, wrappers, flyleaves.” The antiquary had bought them by the bundle, for what was said to be “the price of a pot of beer.” Quaritch’s competitor Maggs offers what de Hamel calls “the best range of single leaves on the market anywhere in the world.” At auction in 1981, Maggs paid eight hundred and twenty-five pounds for eighty-seven leaves from a medieval Breviary, sold some to the Bodleian, and offered the rest separately, for a hundred and twenty-five pounds each. De Hamel bought two as a wedding present for his brother. At the 1983 Antiquarian Book Fair, in London, a dealer sold framed leaves from a Flemish Book of Hours at forty pounds; from the detritus of the volume a buyer could choose any other leaf, unframed. Parts of a lovely fourteenth-century missal produced for the Carmelites of Whitefriars, in London, belonged to a nineteenth-century collector. His children cut them up to make scrapbooks; they spelled their names with illuminated initials, and made up a title page from other fragments. Eventually, the scrapbooks came to the British Museum, and there Margaret Rickert, an American scholar, worked five years to produce the Reconstructed Carmelite Missal. Some years ago, de Hamel found an unknown Victorian scrapbook with more cuttings from the Carmelite Missal. The owner doesn’t want to sell it and doesn’t want publicity, so the discovery has remained unpublished.

“THERE is something hugely élitist about being a collector of rare books and manuscripts,” Richard Camber, who was until recently a director of Sotheby’s, says. “Up to the early twentieth century, the first thing any self-made magnate did was buy himself a library. It didn’t matter whether he was literate or not—to own books that had belonged to the Duc de Berry or to Lorenzo de’ Medici endowed him with an aura. That custom has died out. Today’s magnates don’t want to buy things they cannot hang on their walls. Christopher de Hamel is a great propagandist, but fails to understand why ninety-nine per cent of mankind does not derive the same joy he does from medieval books. He’s a manuscript man through and through, and he likes to know that the books he sells are going to good homes. Who’s buying them? Are they well cared for? Are they in good company, or has their owner got a shelf of paperbacks with a French Book of Hours stuck in the middle? Christopher is someone—I’m not saying he’s a medieval man, but he’s someone who responds viscerally to manuscripts.”

De Hamel was born in London, and when he was four the family—his father is a physician—emigrated to New Zealand and eventually settled in Dunedin. When he was about twelve, Christopher, filled with a wistful longing for the past, discovered that the local public library had a small collection of medieval manuscripts. “These fascinated me, because of their sheer antiquity,” he said. “I liked old stamps—a hundred years old. These manuscripts were five hundred years old, and one was a thousand years old. In England, if you’re interested in the Middle Ages, practically every village has a medieval church or an Iron Age hill fort or a Roman villa you can see, or you can visit Westminster Abbey or the Tower of London—the stuff is all around you. In a modern country, there is nothing that corresponds to what we know as the Middle Ages except things you can move. And you can move books. So I used to go and gaze and gaze at the manuscripts, and copy them in pen-and-ink, doing the squiggles and decorations extremely badly but with great enthusiasm. I don’t believe that it’s as offbeat an interest as it sounds. And the library encouraged me—I think the people there regarded it as rather amusing that there was this schoolboy admiring their manuscripts. And they allowed me to borrow manuscript leaves and take them home—something that, thank goodness, they no longer do.”

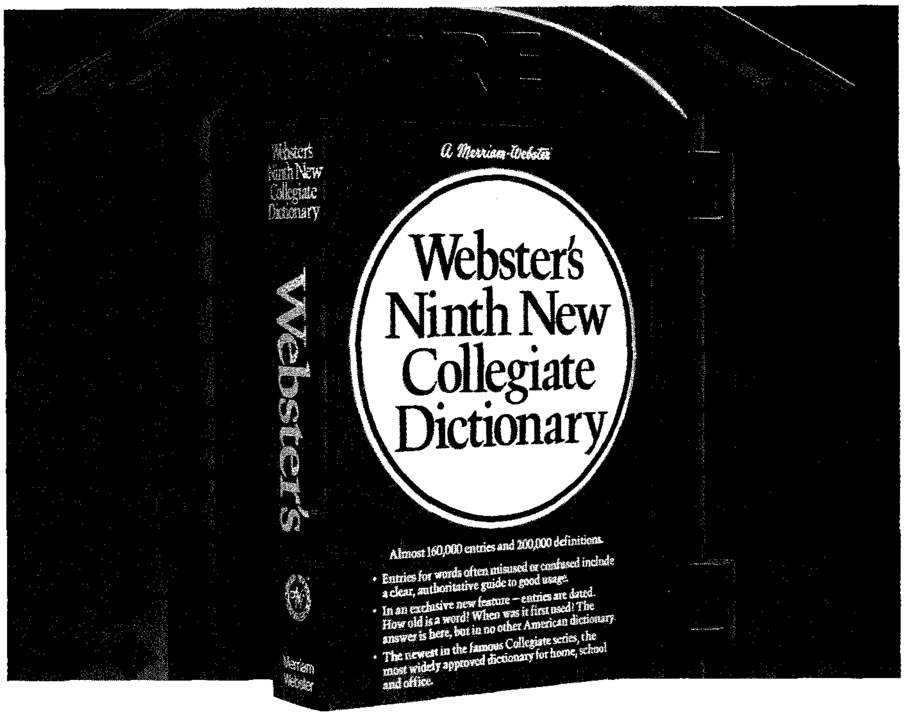
When he was about sixteen, he discovered that one could buy single leaves of medieval works, and he wrote to booksellers asking what they could supply for a maximum of five pounds. A London dealer named Alan Thomas replied in friendly fashion, noting that five pounds would not go far but urging Christopher not to be discouraged. He enclosed extracts from his catalogues, and followed up with details of fragments newly acquired. Once, Christopher splurged and sent off twelve guineas—almost thirteen pounds. It was the largest sum he had ever spent, and he wrote Thomas that it was "practically all I possess, or, rather, practically all I possessed." It got him a leaf from an early-fourteenth-century French illuminated Bible and half a leaf from a twelfth-century Italian book of homilies.

"I acquired a number of not very good leaves, but nonetheless I actually owned some, and I own them still," de Hamel said. "I found it tremendously exciting that things were as old as that and they were still available. You can't easily buy them for five pounds now, but for fifty pounds you can buy a totally genuine medieval leaf. Medieval art need not be only a rich man's plaything. For a thousand pounds you can get a complete illuminated book of minor importance. I realize that a thousand pounds is a lot of money for a secondhand book, but it's not a lot of money for something as old as *that*."

During school holidays, Christopher sometimes hitchhiked about New Zealand to visit libraries, using as his field guide "The Oldest Manuscripts in New Zealand," by David Taylor. "It was pure hobby, like train-spotting," de Hamel said. "I ticked the manuscripts off—there were seventy-seven in all—and then I found more. Libraries know they have them, but they may not have been catalogued. You simply go in and ask. If people see you're interested, they'll say, 'Oh, we've got this thing.' I discovered about twenty manuscripts that were not in Taylor's book, or that had been acquired subsequently, and I compiled catalogues of two of the collections. I read the catalogues again recently—they were like school essays. I cringed. The attributions were wildly out. But it was tremendous fun to do.

"Eventually, I helped organize an exhibition in the Christchurch Art Gallery. I was about twenty at the time. We borrowed manuscripts from all over, and I wrote immensely long, frightfully pompous exhibition captions, and we played plainchant recordings, and nobody came. It was a disaster."

De Hamel earned a degree in history at Dunedin's University of Otago and then went to study for a doctorate at Oxford. "I intended to work with


Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary
Webster's
Merriam Webster
A Merriam-Webster
Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary
Almost 160,000 entries and 200,000 definitions.
• Entries for words often misused or confused include a clear, authoritative guide to good usage.
• In an exclusive new feature—entries are dated. How old is a word? When was it first used? The answer is here, but in no other American dictionary.
• The newest in the famous Collegiate series, the most widely approved dictionary for home, school and office.

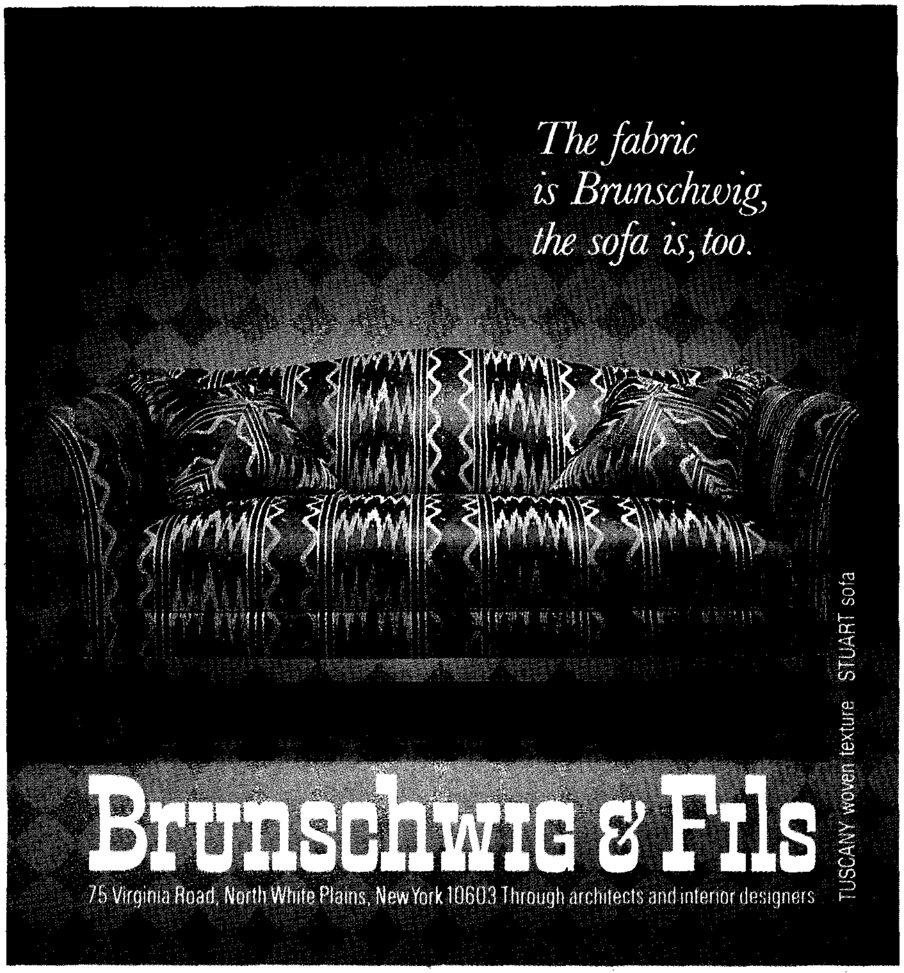
America's favorite to the rescue.

No other dictionary resolves more burning issues–how to spell it, how to say it, how to use it. And it's the dictionary to tell you how old a word is.

A Genuine Merriam-Webster®

More people take our word for it.

©Merriam-Webster 1989


The fabric is Brunschwig, the sofa is, too.

TUSCANY woven texture STUART sofa

Brunschwig & Fils

75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers

Dr. L. M. J. Delaissé, a distinguished art historian. He had a research team at Oxford working on Books of Hours, probably the best little research shop in the world. And he died just at the time I was about to start. That was a crucial moment when I might have abandoned it all. But I was picked up by Richard Hunt, who was Keeper of Western Manuscripts at the Bodleian." Hunt's advice edged de Hamel into the twelfth century, and he decided to do a thesis on that period. "I'm extremely pleased that I moved away from the rather grand fifteenth-century manuscripts, which had been my principal interests," de Hamel said. "For sheer book production, the twelfth century is probably the greatest until the twentieth, and the books are marvellously elegant." His thesis was eventually published commercially as "Glossed Books of the Bible and the Origins of the Paris Booktrade."

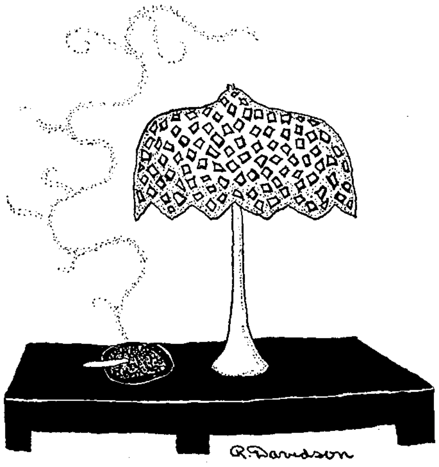
"I was getting to the end of my three years at Oxford, very much aware that manuscripts were a tremendous passion, a fascinating field, but an obscure interest—and there are few jobs," de Hamel went on. "I rather hoped I'd end up in a library or museum. I didn't actually write to Sotheby's, but I discussed the possibility of a job there with various people, and the word filtered back, as I had rather hoped it might."

Alan Thomas, Richard Hunt, and Neil Ker, who was a Reader in Paleography at Oxford, urged Sotheby's to hire de Hamel. Anthony Hobson, who had been the head of Sotheby's Book Department and was still closely associated with the firm, vigorously supported their recommendations. "I had the most awful job to have him taken on," Hobson recalled. "It coincided with one of those moments when Sotheby's was losing money, or thought they were losing money, or thought they were going to lose money. I said I wasn't going to stay if they didn't take Christopher."

Almost before he knew it, the young scholar was established at Sotheby's. In the meantime, de Hamel had married. His wife, Christine, is a chemistry teacher. They have two sons, Alexander and Edwin, who are seven and five.

"WHEN I started, I had little experience of the commercial side," de Hamel said. "A book can be important academically and of slight commercial value, or it can be some very flashy thing that contributes little to our understanding but is of considerable interest to a millionaire. When people bring something in, they come to the counter downstairs with a cardboard box, open it with trembling hands, and say, 'I expect it's not valuable.' What they mean is that they hope it is. At the beginning, I was too enthusiastic about the object itself, less keen to estimate its value. Somebody would produce a Book of Hours, and I'd say, 'Well, look, it's terribly interesting, because there's some obscure liturgical use, and you can see the way the scribe worked, and you can fold the vellum like this,' and then the person would say, 'Oh, I didn't know it was as interesting as that.' And off it goes and we never see it again, because the owner realized that it was actually a very interesting thing, and perhaps he'd better hang on to it.

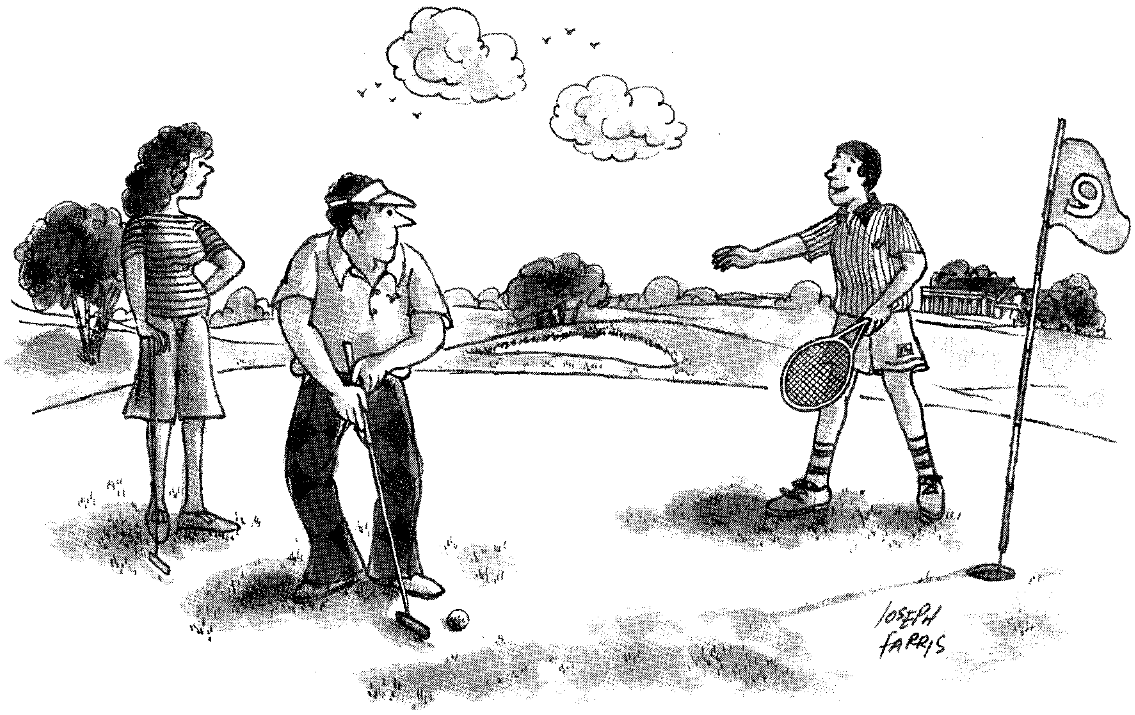
"When I came here, Anthony Hobson was still presiding over some manuscript sales. He's a marvellous connoisseur and man of letters, and he told me that if one is faced with cataloguing a medieval text that is extremely common—oh, Peter Lombard's 'Sentences,' the 'Aurora' of Peter Riga, treatises by Bonaventura on the spiritual life—one tends in the catalogue description to stress its importance in the Middle Ages. If, on the other hand, one has a text that is excessively bad, so insignificant that it was almost never copied, one stresses its rarity. We do try to describe things accurately; we probably tend to exaggerate the defects more than, say, an estate agent selling a house. I think it's an old tradition with books. It is assumed that it's perfect unless you say it's not. An estate agent has to be careful. He will cover himself with small print, and so will we. But if one is buying a house one wants also to read a glowing account of it, and we want to present a manuscript in an attractive way, too. But we want somebody to buy it, take it home, and be favorably impressed, rather than look at it and be disappointed."



One of de Hamel's personal interests is Thomas Becket, the English saint martyred, in 1170, at the behest of Henry II. Books on English art record the existence of a thirteenth-century illustrated life of Becket—one of those works that students dream of coming across in a little antique shop. "I had often talked about it," de Hamel said, "and an academic colleague suggested that it might still be in the possession of the Belgian family that had owned it a hundred years previously. The head of our Brussels office is good on Belgian families, and he told me who the descendants were. I wrote to them and said 'Have you by any chance got a Thomas Becket manuscript?,' and they answered 'Yes, and why do you ask?' I went to see it, in Courtrai. It was a fragment—four leaves, eight miniatures, all that survived from an English manuscript dating from about 1230 to 1240. They're the only known medieval illustrations in any manuscript of the life of Thomas Becket. Indeed, because Henry VIII had an obsessive hatred of him even his name is often missing from old English books." In 1538, Henry banned all Becket "ymages and pictures through the hole realme."

"I was aware that it was valuable, but my interest was academic," de Hamel continued. "I did not discuss the possibility of their selling it. No. One can't go and see the Duke of So-and-So and start giving estimates for his paintings. After visiting them, I wrote a thank-you letter, the sort of thing one ought to do more often. That was about six years ago, and when the owner died, a few years later, his family came across the letter. They wrote to me and said 'How valuable would the manuscript be?' I immediately made an appointment to see them; I physically got there first."

In the eventual catalogue, de Hamel made a mountain out of these manuscript leaves, stressing the historical importance of "the finest English thirteenth-century drawings in private hands . . . a kind of Bayeux Tapestry of major events in Anglo-French history," and emphasizing the role of Becket: "The assassination of Thomas Becket in Canterbury Cathedral on 29 December 1170 was probably the first event in English history to have an immediate and still relevant influence on European affairs. . . . The great conflict between church and state . . . a deadly drama between two of the most powerful individuals in Europe . . . inspired more than fifty modern plays and films." The manuscript was sold to John Paul Getty, Jr., for a million three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds.



"Tennis, anyone?"

• •

Laurence Witten, an antiquarian dealer who works from his home, in Southport, Connecticut, is critical of the salesmanship—however successful—inherent in long, detailed catalogue descriptions. "Rather gushy and definitely new-fashioned in their enthusiasms," he says.

Anthony Hobson once told me, "In the old days, we used to say that you should never catalogue anything so fully that a bookseller can't find something more to say about it." Then, as though to soften the suggestion of criticism, he slipped into French: "*La plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a.* Christopher can give only *all* that he has."

"There's no end to the information that can be supplied about any medieval book," de Hamel said. "Occasionally, I've written masses on some object, and I've almost killed it from a commercial point of view, because it's been wrung absolutely dry. It's probably a good thing that, at the speed at which we do our catalogues, we cannot follow up every single clue. A lot of the items are bought by public collections, and they will want to put their own students on to them. One should always imply there's a little bit more still to be found out.

"The difference between doing a catalogue for a public collection and for an auction house—and I've done both—is that *we* make judgments. We're constantly saying, 'Is this a good manuscript? Is this a bad one? Is this a good miniature? Is it well painted? Important? Interesting?' That's the kind of thing that in an academic catalogue one has to suppress. I often regret that those catalogues don't have to consider, 'Is it well written? Badly written? Is it successful as a work of art?' And if things are beautiful—and often they are—I rather like saying so.

"We don't have a scale of terms as, say, a coin dealer does, whereby he can specify what 'extremely fine' means. 'Most unusual' is not necessarily a compliment. If somebody prepared you a meal and you said, 'Very unusual potato,' it wouldn't necessarily mean that you were praising it. If we said, 'Very highest quality,' we would mean '*Absolutely fantastic*.' That object would have to be equal to the greatest works of art ever produced. It's a term that is not used very often. We use words like 'sound' or 'unsophisticated'—those mean that a thing is pretty battered or unrestored. I would rather own a manuscript in its original condition, unmucked around with, in a contemporary but broken binding, than one that has been smartened up with Victorian red morocco."

De Hamel casually scrambles his pronouns, minimizing his personal interventions beneath the more diffuse "we," "you," and "one," as though it were unseemly to single himself out. In every role, he is given to interrupting the cascade of his speech with a verbal splash. "*Fantastic*," or a variant of it, is common. The flow went on: "If you are doing a systematic catalogue of a public collection, you're probably working to a formula, and you have to talk about the script, the scribe, the artist, the text, the number of editions, the binding, and so on. In a sale catalogue, if we don't know we don't have to say. Sometimes an auction house has to describe an object with an absence of precision. If we have a little sketch and we've no idea if it's modern, ancient, Russian, Chinese, then we can't really put it in a catalogue and say 'A thing.' We'd say nothing rather than write, 'We haven't the faintest idea.' We go on to describe its content. We prefer to be precise, but sometimes we just don't know, and we have to be as imprecise as the object requires. Any attribution we make has to be a matter of opinion. If we say it's Florentine and everyone else thinks Siena, well, it becomes a matter of juggling the names of authorities." Of a fifteenth-century Book of Hours, de Hamel wrote in the catalogue entry, "M. R. James ascribed these books to England, Pächt and Alexander . . . to Utrecht, ourselves in 1982 to Haarlem . . . and perhaps, after all, Bruges will prove to be the answer."

"A Book of Hours is the medieval text most commonly found today," de Hamel told me one day, when we were talking in his office. "There are over a hundred in the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Cambridge, about four hundred in the British Library, and thousands throughout England. There are about fifteen in this room at the moment. At any given moment."

In Western Europe, a Book of Hours served as a prayer book for the laity; usually small, it was intended to be held in the hand and admired. Jean, Duc de Berry (1340-1416), brother of King Charles V of France, had ten castles, fifteen hundred dogs, fifty swans, a monkey, an ostrich, and a camel, but what he is celebrated for is his collection of fifteen Books of Hours. He employed a group of artists to produce them, and six of the manuscripts have survived; his Belles Heures was bought in 1954 by the Cloisters, in New York. The most notable of the Duke's surviving manuscripts is the Très Riches Heures, at Chantilly.

The text of a Book of Hours usually begins with a calendar of the church year, listing saints' days for each month. Ordinary saints' days are usually in black ink, special feasts in red (hence "red-letter day"), and the most important festivals in burnished gold. Days considered unpropitious for notable ventures are sometimes marked with a small "d," short for "*dies mali*," or "days of evil" (hence the word "dismal").

After the calendar comes the heart of the book: the Hours of the Virgin, a series of short services honoring the Virgin Mary at each of the canonical hours—Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline. At the beginning of each section is a large illuminated initial, and usually an illustration as well. The owner of a Book of Hours was meant to stop eight times a day and read the appropriate text. Whipping through a short office could take about three minutes. Following the Hours of the Virgin come the Penitential Psalms, and a litany that begins with

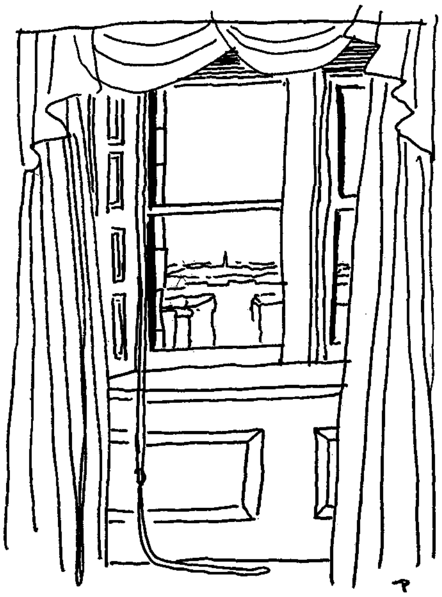
Holy Mother of God pray for us,
Holy Virgin of Virgins pray for us,

and continues through an honor roll of angels and archangels, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, and confessors. Toward the end comes the Office of the Dead, to be intoned around a bier, but also to be recited daily, as a memento mori and a precaution against dying suddenly, unshriven.

No two Books of Hours are alike. Some include special pleas for intercession on high; for instance, to St. Apollonia, for relief from toothache. One Spanish manuscript has an invocation against bedbugs. A Dutch Book of Hours may show a domestic bourgeois scene—tiled floors, and a room crowded with the objects found in a contemporary Dutch home.

In the Middle Ages, the Book of Hours was often the first, even the only, book in a household, and was used for reading lessons (hence "primer," from Prime). One owner of an English Book of Hours wrote on the flyleaf, "He that stelles thes boke he shal be hanked upon on hoke behend the kechen dor." (Inscribed in Latin in a Bible from a German abbey was an ardent prayer for dealing with anyone who pinched the volume: "May he be cooked in a frying pan, may the falling sickness and fevers draw near him, may he be hung up and twisted around. Amen.")

Since the names of the artists who illustrated Books of Hours are usually unknown, they have been assigned identities such as Master of the Berlin Passion, Master of the Harvard Hannibal, Master of the Golden Bull. (Sir Walter Oakeshott, the master investigator of the Winchester Bible, distinguished in that mammoth work the styles of six artists; one miniature, showing David slaying a bear and then a lion, is by the Master of the Genesis Initial, painting over a drawing by the Master of the Leaping Figures.) Details, even full portraits, were sometimes lifted from one artist's work to furnish another's Book of Hours.



The person who commissioned a Book of Hours would occasionally permit his own likeness to be used, and some owners were shown even larger than the Virgin Mary, and sometimes in place of saints. Jean de Berry was portrayed small in the Petites Heures but turned up repeatedly—before the Virgin, before God, and before Christ on the Cross. In the Très Belles Heures, he ascended to parity with scriptural predecessors.

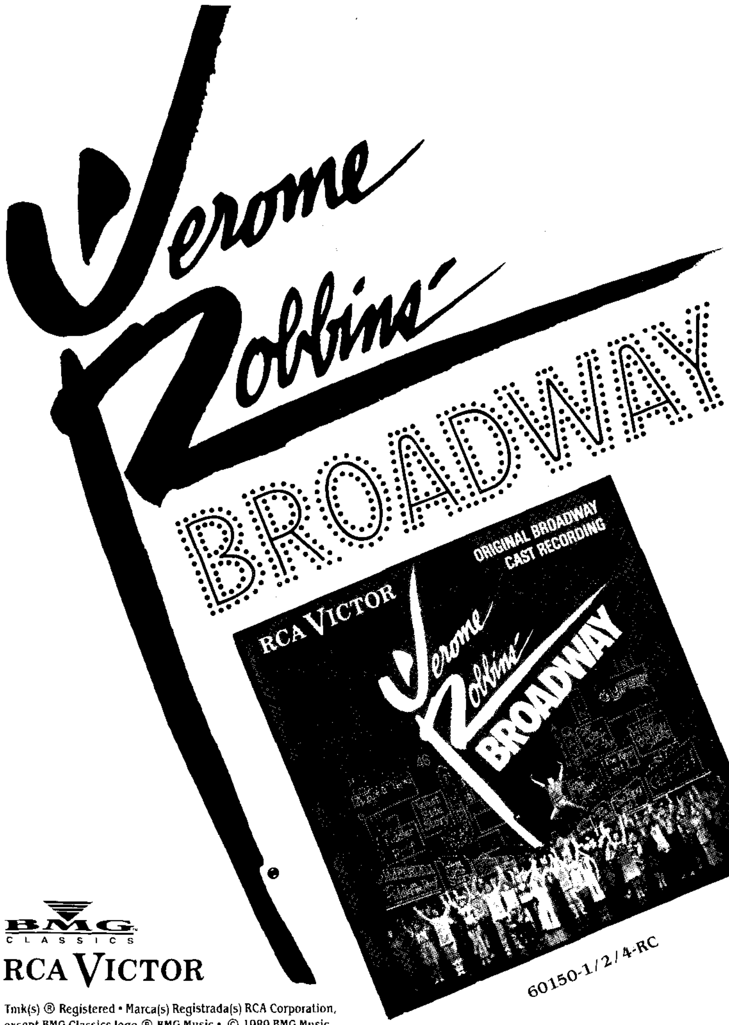
Until 1976, no manuscript had ever sold for more than ninety thousand pounds—the figure reached by the Caxton manuscript of Ovid and by the Chatsworth manuscript of Chaucer. "A hundred thousand pounds was regarded as the absolute, the magic figure it was impossible to break through," de Hamel said. "We first broke through it in 1976. It begins a little further back. For the first sale I worked on, we took an exhibition to Munich—the first time we'd done that—and there was a certain amount of publicity in the newspapers. A man came in and looked at a Flemish manuscript we were exhibiting, and said, 'I've got one finer than that. Look at mine.' It was of the most astonishing quality. I confess we thought it was stolen. One of my colleagues kept him talking, and I ran round to the Bayerische Staatsbibliothek to look up 'Die Flämische Buchmalerei,' the standard list of Flemish manuscripts. Sotheby's office was just off the Ludwigstrasse, so it was a ten-minute walk. It wasn't difficult—I had a reader's ticket. The book wasn't listed. Totally unknown. Our visitor said that it had been in his family for generations, and in the end one has to assume that it was." At the eventual auction, H. P. Kraus, the eminent New York rare-book-and-manuscript dealer, was the successful bidder, smashing the hundred-thousand barrier: he acquired the work for four hundred and seven thousand pounds.

Five medieval manuscripts have now gone over the million-pound (currently a million seven hundred thousand dollars) mark: two from the William Waldorf Astor Collection (the Hours and Psalter of Elizabeth de Bohun and the Hours of Albrecht of Brandenburg), sold this past June, as well as the Thomas Becket, the St. Hubert Gospel Book, sold in 1985, and the Gospel Book of Henry the Lion. The last, one of the most celebrated manuscripts of the twelfth century, was originally created at the Abbey of Helmarshausen for a medieval German potentate. *Unique au monde*, it passed into the possession of Prague Cathedral. In 1861, the cathedral sold the treasure to the King of Hanover, a descendant of Henry the Lion. The King was blind, and when the great work at last arrived back in the family's hands others had to tell him of its splendors. De Hamel says, "The impression is that it left Austria about 1937, at a time when it suddenly became clear that this was a dangerous place to keep a thing like that. And I have been told that it may have spent the war at Windsor Castle—after all, the British Royal Family is descended from the Hanovers."

Where it was and who owned it became a mystery, and remained so until one day in the summer of 1983, when a man telephoned de Hamel and said, "We would be interested in discussing plans for an exceedingly major manuscript," and told him what it was.

"Good gracious!" de Hamel replied. "We also would be very interested." They made an appointment to meet on August 23rd. De Hamel has never revealed where the meeting took place, other than to say that it was somewhere in Europe.

"When I first saw the manuscript, it was on the back seat of a car, in a wooden box the size of a stack of telephone directories," de Hamel continued. "I brought it back to London that evening in the plane, on my lap. Eventually, we exhibited the manuscript in New York—I was there at the time, and my wife brought the manuscript over to us. We pursued every conceivable angle, to be sure about the ownership—you don't take on a thing of that magnitude without being sure of where you stand. The owner, or the person acting for the owner, had been very, very anxious that if the thing were to be sold we should give no information about where it had come from. I had rather glibly said, 'Of course. Absolutely. We often don't give names.' On that understanding, we went ahead. But it turned into a nightmare, because the first thing people wanted to know was 'Where has it been?' It was like the Crown of St. Stephen, which vanished in the aftermath of the Second World War. The Gospel Book of Henry the Lion was probably *the* most famous lost work of art. People thought there was something suspicious about it. And there were rumors. The only way to get round this was not to confirm or deny suggestions of any kind. One rumor was that it was Nazi war loot, which it was not. Three journalists said they knew precisely where it had come from, and each named a different source. I just had to answer, 'Thou



The Musical of Musicals is now this year's most exciting Original Broadway Cast Recording

JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY
60150-1/2/4-RC

Complete on Two Compact Discs, LPs, and Cassettes

Deluxe Package includes extensive liner notes and more than 45 full color production photos

$2 OFF REGULAR PRICE
JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY
Compact Disc or Cassette Only
Coupon not valid with any other offer

At the Sam Goody store nearest you

BMG CLASSICS
RCA VICTOR
Tmk(s) ® Registered • Marca(s) Registrada(s) RCA Corporation, except BMG Classics logo ® BMG Music • © 1989 BMG Music

sayest.' It looked as though we were hiding something.

"As soon as we refused to say where the manuscript had come from, the Germans horned in and made awful problems. A delegation came round from the Embassy with an official paper saying, 'We require you, on threat of prosecution . . . We have reason to suppose . . . You are obliged . . .' Legal language. It was all a little bit nasty. I couldn't really discuss it with our lawyers, as they didn't know where it had come from. We couldn't prove that it hadn't come from Germany. Well, we could, but we weren't about to. Eventually, we said that it was not smuggled from anywhere. In fact, when I went through customs I declared it. The customs officer said, 'What's that?' I said, 'It's an old book.' He glanced at it. And it hadn't come from Germany. It really, totally, genuinely hadn't. And we said so. So they said, 'Just prove where it came from and we'll drop everything. If you can show it wasn't Germany . . .' Eventually, what it boiled down to was we said, in effect, 'Go to hell.' "

In the catalogue for the sale, de Hamel discoursed learnedly on the manuscript's history, whetting the appetite with an account of royal circumstance:

> The Gospel Book of Henry the Lion is traditionally said to be the finest illuminated manuscript remaining in private hands, but the manuscript itself has been untraced since the late 1930s. . . . [It] is not only of quite unparalleled importance as an illuminated manuscript . . . but also as a relic of one of the wealthiest and most romantic figures in European history (Henry the Lion personally owned Saxony, Bavaria, Austria, and considerable portions of Italy, Scandinavia and western Russia). . . . The present catalogue reproduces the miniatures in colour for the first time, but the brilliance of the originals and the flashing gold and untarnished silver cannot in any way be conveyed in a reproduction. . . . [The Gospel Book] has probably had no more than six owners in its 800-year life, but these include a count and a princess, two cathedrals, an emperor, and a king. It will be an expensive book.

In the end, it was a German consortium of public and private institutions—bidding through intermediaries—that bought the Gospel Book of Henry the Lion. "And it may have been the first time since 1812—when a copy of Boccaccio's 'Decameron' sold for about six thousand pounds—that a book had realized more than any painting had ever fetched, and it realized over ten times as much as any illuminated manuscript before it," de Hamel says. "The price, including the buyer's premium, was eight million one hundred and forty thousand pounds [eleven million nine hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars]. The Gospel Book is an extraordinary work of art, the finest medieval manuscript that's ever been sold at auction, and the finest we will ever sell. We'll sell things for more, but never another book of that quality. All right, the van Gogh 'Sunflowers' subsequently sold for twenty-six million, but before the Henry the Lion sale the highest price ever paid for a manuscript was seven hundred thousand. If someone brought in the Très Riches Heures of the Duc de Berry, I'd say there came thirty-five million, and just see what happens. The Book of Kells would beat 'Sunflowers' any day. If I had unlimited money, I'm not sure I'd choose a Henry the Lion sort of manuscript, though. It has a brashness about it. It's incredibly rich: all jewel-encrusted—rather like a Kunstkabinett extravagance. Unless I were considering the commercial value, I think I'd want a collection of much simpler monastic books, designed to be used as books, read as books, in their original bindings as they survived on the shelves of some eleventh-century monastery, rather than this thing which is a fantastically elaborate piece of showmanship."

Two years later, de Hamel handled the sale of the St. Hubert Gospel Book. "I saw it when it was on deposit at a university library in Switzerland," he recalls. "The people at the library sent photographs to Sotheby's, and said, 'We have been consulted about this thing, we believe it's extremely valuable, and the owner is considering the possibility of a sale.' I was in New York at the time, and I quickly went to Switzerland. It was an almost unknown manuscript from about the year 860, with full-page illuminations—wonderful interlaced designs of dragons, birds, monsters, faces and things. But its condition was *extremely* poor. It was made with gold the whole way through, and the gold had been mixed with some other element, presumably copper, and it had oxidized and eaten through the pages and made holes in them, so that it's now an exceedingly fragile manuscript. I was afraid that its condition would hold considerably against it. Had that book been in good condition it would have been a *fantastic* object for any of the world's great collections." Dutifully acknowledging in his catalogue that the gold was "seriously oxidised and now almost entirely turned to green throughout," de Hamel, never despairing, suggested that this was "a not always inelegant transformation." He noted, further, that an experimental repair had been carried out on two of the gold initials using "gold-beater's skin applied with a mixture of Methylcellulose MH 50, Akrylkleber Lascaux 498 20X, and Gélatine animale-acide acétique," and that the oxidation was reversible.

HOSE CO.
EBICKE

"Two or three days before the sale we suddenly got the impression that it was going to go through the roof," de Hamel says. "I began to dream that it might make three or four hundred thousand. Even in my wildest dreams I didn't think it would make what it actually went for—one million four hundred and thirty thousand pounds. In a way, it was more astonishing than the price for Henry the Lion or Thomas Becket, because anyone could see how appealing they were, whereas this demanded a much more sophisticated taste."

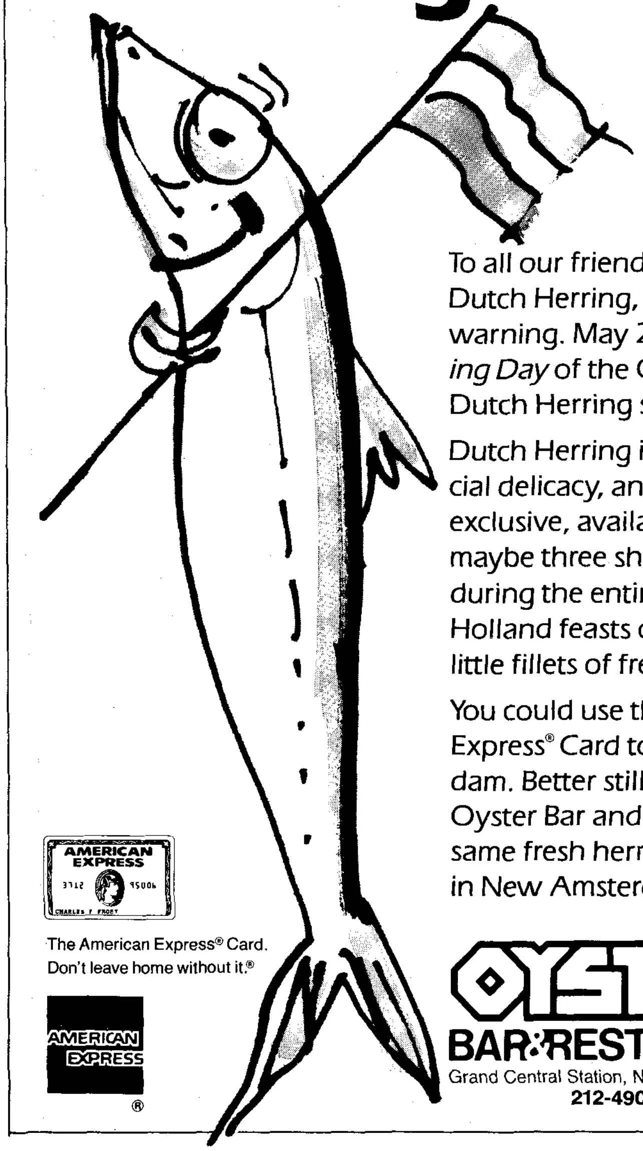
ONE generally acknowledged edge that de Hamel has over rare-book dealers is his expertise. "If something fantastically important turns up, we should recognize it," he told me. "To find a totally unknown castle or cathedral is unlikely; to find a medieval manuscript is still possible. What I'd probably regard as my greatest discovery is a double-edged story, because the conclusion—be patient!—redounds enormously to my disadvantage. One of the *absolutely greatest* monuments of French medieval art is the Hours of Étienne Chevalier, who was Treasurer of France in the fifteenth century. This is the finest manuscript illuminated by Jean Fouquet, who is probably the supreme French medieval painter. All that remains is forty-seven illuminated paintings, which were mounted in frames at the time of the French Revolution; the rest of the book was subsequently lost. The majority of the forty-seven miniatures are now in the Musée Condé, at Chantilly, mounted to make them look like little panel paintings. In each illuminated initial are the tiny letters 'e e,' representing the ends of the name Étienne. The initial forms a sort of love knot around his name.

"Somebody in Switzerland had a collection of leaves, and, in 1980, sent me photographs. Among the fragments was a perfectly ordinary bifolium, a pair of leaves from a Book of Hours, but in the border was this 'e e' monogram. The bifolium had been in many collections, and no one had ever realized that it was a fragment of the text of this supremely great French manuscript. The only known fragment. What was so interesting was that, with four pages of the scribe's handwriting, one now knew how much he could write on one page, and by working through manuscripts of comparable text it was possible to work out how many pages were missing between the two leaves, and thus the size of the gatherings—the quires, the clutches of eight or ten leaves in which every book is bound. The bifolium comprised the second and seventh leaves of the gathering, with the folios numbered, and with the information I now had I could figure out—and it took forever to do these tremendously complicated sums—the size of the original book and the folio number for virtually every one of the miniatures.

"The tiny 'e e' in the margin was the clue that led straight to the Hours of Étienne Chevalier, the key to where each miniature came in the book. That's accepted now, it works, it's completely watertight. Anyway, I wrote to the owner and said, 'Look, this is most fantastically exciting. Do you mind if I publish your bifolium? This is most important, for this and this reason.' And he wrote back, 'Does that make it valuable?' Which was not what I had in mind at all. So I said, 'It's not the most important aspect, but I suppose it does make it valuable.' He replied, 'In that case, I'll sell it and buy a nicer leaf.' So I wrote it up for the sale—at excessive length."

The text ran on for nine pages, including a half page devoted to "sewing holes." "Étienne Chevalier's im-

De Hollandse Haring Komt



To all our friends who relish Dutch Herring, we give fair warning. May 24th is *Opening Day* of the Oyster Bar's Dutch Herring season.

Dutch Herring is a very special delicacy, an Oyster Bar exclusive, available for two, maybe three short weeks during the entire year. All Holland feasts on these rosy little fillets of fresh herring.

You could use the American Express® Card to fly to Amsterdam. Better still bring it to The Oyster Bar and enjoy the very same fresh herring right here in New Amsterdam.

The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.®

AMERICAN EXPRESS ®

OYSTER BAR·RESTAURANT
Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017
212-490-6650

SHANGRI-LA INTERNATIONAL

IN SINGAPORE
WHERE ELSE BUT THE SHANGRI-LA
One of the world's best hotels.
Shangri-La hotel

NY 9673

SHANGRI-LA INTERNATIONAL: • USA & CANADA (800) 457 5050 • LOS ANGELES (213) 417 3483
SHANGRI-LA INTERNATIONAL HOTELS *and* RESORTS: CHINA • FIJI • HONG KONG • MALAYSIA • SINGAPORE • THAILAND

modesty appears throughout the manuscript," the catalogue noted, "and the love-knot around his own initial shows the object of his affections." De Hamel had suggested a reserve of five thousand pounds. The treasure attracted a bid of only three and a half thousand, and was returned to the owner unsold.

I asked de Hamel what difference it made—even with the finest of manuscripts—what the folio number was for a miniature, or what the sewing holes revealed.

"It makes no difference whatsoever," de Hamel said, trying hard to master an impulse toward indignation. "What does it matter when the Parthenon was put up, or whether Stonehenge is knocked down, or who wrote Homer? Of course. No. Of course it doesn't matter. In everyday terms, no, it makes not the slightest difference. But it is interesting. It is important in the sense that this is one of the greatest French painters, and one has discovered a little more about one of the supreme works of art. . . ."

De Hamel told a Belgian collector about the bifolium and its failure at auction, and put him in touch with the owner. "So it's now in a private collection in Belgium, where the owner is thrilled with it," de Hamel noted. "In a way, that's probably the most important thing that I've done. But, commercially, nothing—*totally nothing*."

IN his office one day, de Hamel picked up a small volume that had come in for the next sale. The previous year, the owner had sent photographs of this and another manuscript to Sotheby's, and de Hamel had written back to say they were interesting, and to give provisional figures. "This one is a Book of Hours," he told me. "The first thing I see is that it's in the original binding, or a fifteenth-century one, anyway. That is *tremendously* interesting. Most books do not survive in such old bindings. The binding doesn't add much to its value, but it adds a great deal to its interest. The binding has been mucked around with. The spine has been repaired, and these metal pieces are probably not original. The clasp is a later addition. The back joint has been redone. The headband is broken off. The book's pretty battered, but that is medieval wood inside there. I open the book, and the flyleaf is missing, but there are offsets—impressions—from the pilgrim badges that were on the flyleaf. In the Middle Ages, if you went on a pilgrimage you took your Book of Hours along. When you got to the shrine, you could buy pilgrim badges—rather like our buying a postcard, or a sticker for the car, to show we've visited a particular place. A badge looked like a very thin metal bottle top; you would put it either on your hat or in your manuscript, as a souvenir. And this manuscript has offsets of nine badges—that means it was taken to several different shrines.

"I'm still not talking about the book proper. But when you turn the next page you see that the script and decoration belong to the first quarter of the fifteenth century. The script is in a formal Gothic hand. There are spiky ivy-leaf borders. It's a French manuscript, very clearly. The calendar is written in alternating lines: red-blue, red-blue, with the names of the saints and, every so often, a line in gold—calendar colors that clearly suggest Paris at that epoch. So we go straight to January the third to see if it has an entry for St. Geneviève, patron saint of Paris, and . . . the extraordinary thing is . . . it hasn't. Anyway, on the basis of the calendar alone it's certainly French."

Gently, de Hamel edged deeper into the intricacies of his subject. "The text of a book—the antiphons and chapters—varies according to the diocese for which the book was intended. The first thing to do, then, is to look for the Office of Prime, which begins here: '*Ici commence prime de nostre dame.*' Toward the end of the office, the antiphon begins, with '*O admirabile.*' And the chapter begins with '*Virgo Verbo*'—'The Virgin by the Word conceived.' We then take a little list of the places where these infinitely variable antiphons were used which was published in the *Bodleian Quarterly Record* in 1922—I photocopied it years ago, almost no one else seems to know it—and I see a whole series beginning '*O admirabile.*' What I'm looking for is a chapter that begins '*Virgo Verbo*,' and, in fact, there are three. In glancing farther along, I see it's not used in Paris, and that is very, very interesting—though the book still must be made in Paris. So I turn to the Office of None, the ninth hour. It has an antiphon beginning '*Germinavit*' and a chapter beginning '*Per te Dei*,' and that's shown in the Bodleian list as Soissons, which is northeast of Paris. Therefore, we have just discovered, for the first time since the Middle Ages, that this book is intended for the use of Soissons. The patron saint of Soissons is St. Médard, but he's not in gold in the calendar. This is where we have to argue historical evidence against intended destination, and we must be incredibly careful. It could have been made in Soissons by a Parisian artist or in

"*You were wonderful with Joan. You can really hold your own with a woman.*"

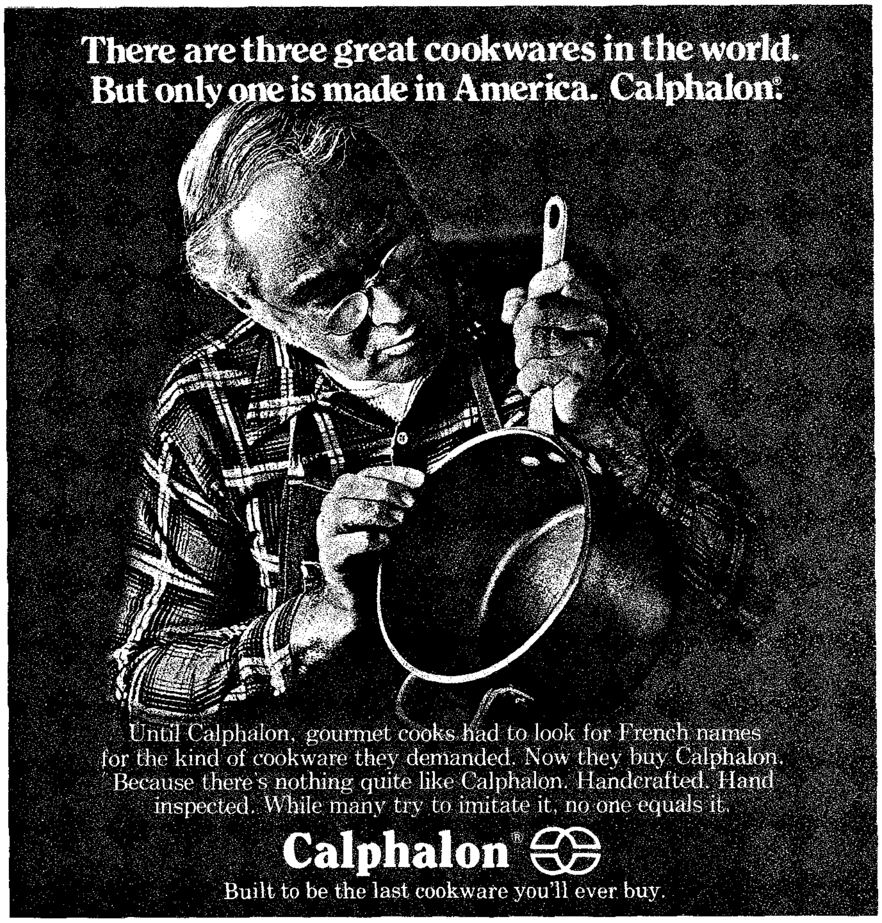
Paris for a Soissons client, and we don't yet know which."

De Hamel went on, "I then count the miniatures. That sounds crude, but it's *tremendously* important. We value manuscripts now, as they did in the Middle Ages, by the number of miniatures—just as an estate agent quantifies a house by the number of rooms. A manuscript with three miniatures may be worth three thousand pounds—it would be worth ten thousand if it had ten. Other factors come into play. I might say, 'It's exceptionally interesting for the following reasons,' and add fifty per cent, or 'It's very damaged,' and knock off a large sum. But the number of miniatures is the starting point. This book has thirty miniatures. One painting of that quality, framed, might sell for—oh, three, four, five thousand pounds. So thirty times five—it's worth about a hundred and fifty thousand. That's just a quick sum. Then I look at it and say, 'Well, that's a bit high.' But a hundred, a hundred and fifty—that sort of price.

"The next thing to do is find out if leaves are missing; that requires a collation, which takes ages. Every manuscript is made up of bifolia, unless something funny has happened to it—and, because it's handmade, anything funny can happen. So a cataloguer has to go through it looking for the sewing—that thread down there means that's one unit of eight leaves. And one has to confirm that it's all there. The gatherings are numbered, or have a catchword, a little symbol, so they go in the right order.

"Then one looks and looks, and tries to think where one has seen miniatures like these. And where I think I've seen them is in the work of the Boucicaut Master—called after France's Maréchal de Boucicaut, who fought at Agincourt and is mentioned in Shakespeare's 'Henry V.' So I go now to a book by Millard Meiss—'French Painting in the Time of Jean de Berry.' "

De Hamel took a volume off the shelf and opened it to display a wealth of reproductions. "There is a distinctive Boucicaut style. Here, for example, is a miniature for Vespers from a Boucicaut Hours. Look at the way Joseph is walking along with his front leg up in the air—it's very peculiar. And so is the characteristic way he's turning back to look over his shoulder. The Virgin Mary in the Soissons book



There are three great cookwares in the world. But only one is made in America. Calphalon®

Until Calphalon, gourmet cooks had to look for French names for the kind of cookware they demanded. Now they buy Calphalon. Because there's nothing quite like Calphalon. Handcrafted. Hand inspected. While many try to imitate it, no one equals it.

Calphalon®

Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY, DEPT. 56, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

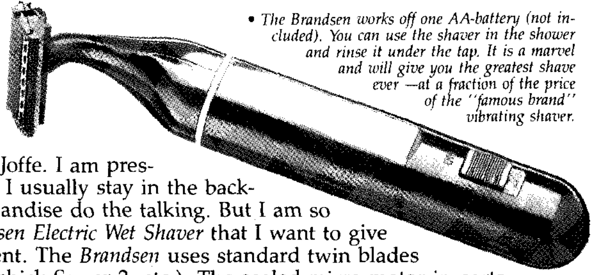
If you didn't think that shaving could be sheer pleasure, try...

Brandsen Electric Wet Shaver

only $\$12^{95}$*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

- *The Brandsen works off one AA-battery (not included). You can use the shaver in the shower and rinse it under the tap. It is a marvel and will give you the greatest shave ever—at a fraction of the price of the "famous brand" vibrating shaver.*



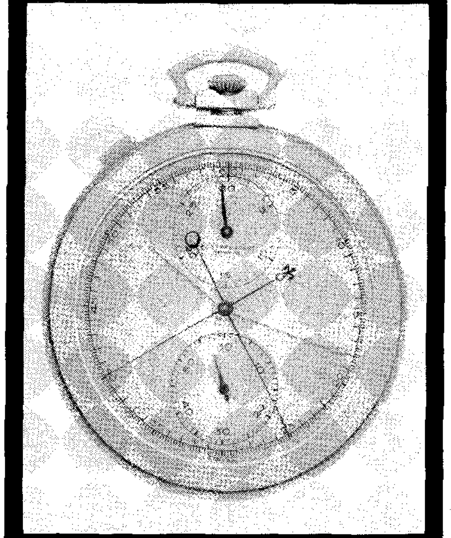
My name is Gerardo Joffe. I am president of Haverhills. I usually stay in the background and let our merchandise do the talking. But I am so enchanted with the *Brandsen Electric Wet Shaver* that I want to give it my personal endorsement. The *Brandsen* uses standard twin blades (such as Gillette Trac 2, Schick Super 2, etc.). The sealed micro-motor imparts 75,000 vibrations/minute to the shaving head, which gives you the most incredible shave you've ever imagined. The first time I shaved with it I couldn't believe it. Smooth as silk Just exactly how all this happens isn't quite clear to me. I believe the ultra-rapid vibrations deliver the bristles to the beard at an especially favorable angle. But whatever does it, it works. Marvelously!

We import the Brandsen Electric Wet Shaver in large quantities and can therefore bring it to you at the low price of just $12.95. But we have an even better deal. ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** And I believe so strongly that this will be a revelation to you that I personally give you this guarantee: If you are not totally delighted, do not return the razor. Drop me a note and say: "I didn't like it, and I've thrown it away." Your refund check/credit will be in the return mail. (Sorry, if you buy three, I'll have to ask you to send two of them back.)

With this offer, only mail orders accompanied by check or money order can be accepted (no phone, no charge!). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write "**Code E971.**" Tell us how many *Brandsens* you want and include $2.95 for one (1) and $5.90 for three (3) *Brandsens* for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available. Mail to →

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

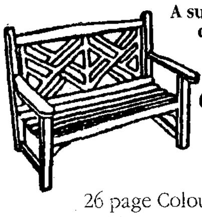
VINTAGE WRISTWATCHES



SPLIT SECONDS
18K split chronograph pocket watch, capable of timing two events simultaneously. By Audemars Piguet. $8750.
AARON FABER GALLERY
666 FIFTH AVENUE (ENT. ON 53RD ST.)
NEW YORK, NY 10019 212-586-8411
TELEPHONE ORDERS - MAJOR CREDIT CARDS - EXPERT REPAIRS AND RESTORATIONS. SEND $2.50 CHECK OR M.O. FOR OUR WRISTWATCH CATALOG.

Great places do exist...
... they're just harder to find.
EDWARD CARTER'S
LETTERS FROM ABROAD 1989
"Mr Carter is respected internationally as an arbiter of taste and style"
BRITISH AIRWAYS
$96 PER YEAR INCLUDING ALL CURRENT BACK ISSUES
P.O. BOX 195, STEVENSON, MD 21153

English Solid Teak Furniture
Benches ♦ Swings ♦ Planters
Free "Quick-Ship" from stock



A superior collection of diverse designs from England's major joineries and custom workshops.
Country Casual NYB
17317 Germantown Road
Germantown, MD 20874
1-301-540-0040
26 page Colour Catalogue $2.00

is the same as this one in Meiss, but turned completely around. It's a very Boucicaut kind of composition—extremely tall figures with small faces and aristocratic looks, and very, very clear colors. That doesn't mean it's the same artist, but everything here has a Boucicaut feel about it. Beautifully hanging costumes, this lovely background here, hills there, fine, pointed fingers, legs crossed, and these very, very thin feet—I think we are going to have to say 'Style of Boucicaut.' Now I try to find out where the manuscript has been, and anything I can about its provenance."

Off the shelf came Seymour de Ricci's "Census of Medieval and Renaissance Manuscripts in the United States and Canada": the manuscript is not listed. However, there might be an erased ownership inscription. To resurrect inscriptions, paleographers used to dab ammonium bisulfide on the vellum. An erased inscription might spring to light, or dawdle into view in the course of a day. Now the cataloguer uses ultraviolet light.

De Hamel then offered a quick summary of how his catalogue entry would run—general nature of the work, languages, number of illuminations, calendar, gatherings, number of leaves, where it was made. "Then, to describe the details, I begin by saying the pages have sixteen lines, or whatever, 'written in dark-brown ink in a Gothic liturgical hand,' and I may say 'One-line capitals touched in yellow,' which they probably are. . . . But no, they're not. 'One-line initials in dark blue or burnished gold with elaborate penwork' —it's actually rather good—'in red or dark blue. Two-line initials in colored designs with white tracery.' And so on, until I work up to 'Thirty large miniatures in square compartments in full colors on checkered background with full ivy-leaf borders.' Then on to its defects. 'First miniature badly smudged, many margins thumbed,' and I list all the things that are possibly wrong with it, to insure that it won't be returned. Then on to describe the binding. Then the provenance. 'Probably written in Paris, to judge by the style of decoration, but intended for a customer in Soissons.' If there's any indication of why or for whom it was made, I'll say so. There probably isn't, but I'll try to think of something."

He glanced down at the small volume on the table. "This is an extremely fine example—a magnificent example—of a fairly common kind of manuscript. The other book belonging to this owner is worth only two or three thousand pounds. It's badly painted, it's crude, but"—and here Anthony Hobson's choice was in order: when the manuscript is poor, stress rarity and strange features—"it's unusual, it's weird, it's a very distinctive hand, and an extraordinary shape. That's a peculiar book."

De Hamel set the book aside. "I never know where the manuscripts will come from, but one by one they trickle in," he said. "As a cataloguer, I *long* for things to do well, not because it makes any difference to me—I get paid exactly the same whether they sell or not. But I'm like a parent whose children grow up. I don't want to lose them, yet I know they've got to go out into the world, and I want them to do well. A year from now, that manuscript may be in some far-off collection, and it would be *thrilling* to see it there. I have enormous fun visiting, say, the Cleveland Museum of Art, and recognizing old friends. There they are, and I feel I've played some small role in finding them and sending them on their way." —ISRAEL SHENKER

•

Dichter was born in Shanghai in 1945 after his Polish parents fled first piano lessons four years later.
—*Las Vegas Review-Journal.*

Poles feel more intensely about these things than most of us.

•

DEPT. OF LURKING NEOLOGISMS
(CALIFORNIA DIVISION)

[*From a form letter signed by Edmund G. Brown, Jr., chairman of the California Democratic Party*]

I know you care deeply about the future of Democratic politics in California. Please, *tangibilitize* your good intentions by accepting the enclosed membership card and sending the Party a check today.

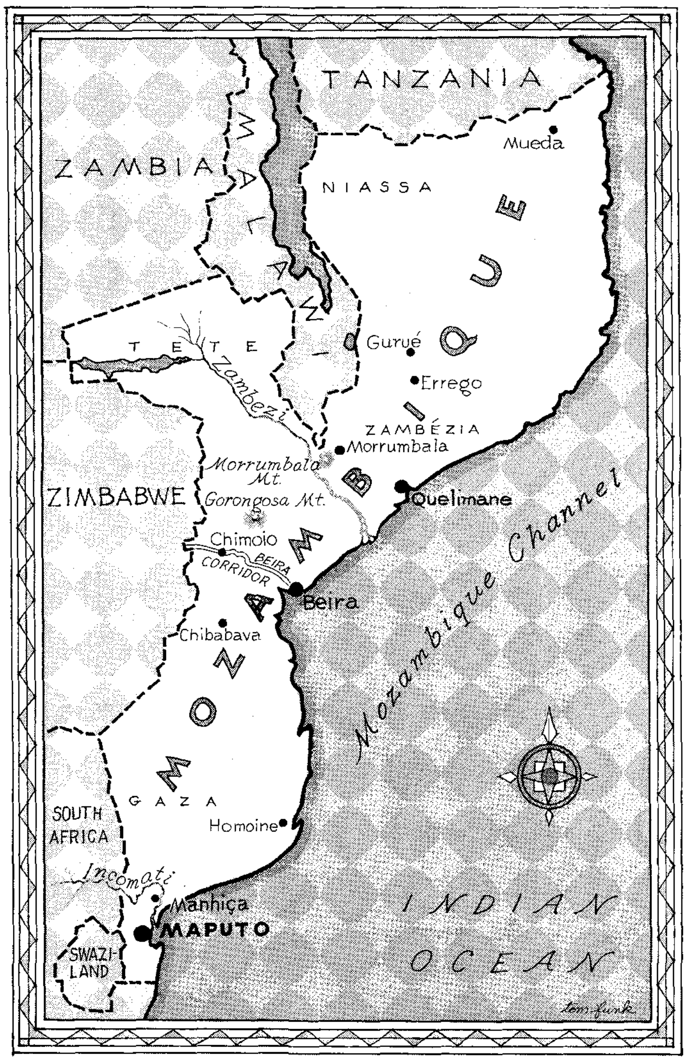
•

1989 CAREFREE SUMMER OFFER—CS9K
1. Companion travel is valid with the purchase of an adult MaxSaver fare ticket. All reservations, ticketing and travel restrictions for both tickets are governed by the paid fare used. The paid adult ticket and the child's companion ticket must be issued together for travel on the same dates, flights and class of service. Child companion must be between the ages of two and seventeen and must be accompanied by an adult (at least twelve years of age).—*Continental Airlines ticket receipt.*

Last one to the check-in counter is the child companion!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE EMERGENCY—II



MOZAMBICANS must be among the most undemonstrative people in the world. When they speak of the war that has destroyed their country, they speak of the *situação*. In the course of two months that I spent in and around Mozambique last year, talking mostly with victims of the fighting and the famines it has caused, by far the most emotional voices I heard were in the capital city, Maputo, where great bellows of rage and grief often woke me in the mornings. The sufferers were always the same South African and Portuguese businessmen, playing tennis on the courts below my hotel-room window.

The *situação* has claimed an estimated six hundred thousand lives since 1981, driven more than two million people from their homes, and left more than six million currently facing severe food shortages (Mozambique's total population is fifteen million), so there are few Mozambicans who have not been personally affected by it. But *afetado* has a specific meaning in Mozambique today. In the west-central town of Chimoio, I was talking to a young man whose job was to count *deslocados*, displaced persons, and *afetados*, affected persons. I asked him, in passing, where he came from. He said he came from Luabo. I knew that Luabo, which is a sugar-refining center on the Zambezi River, had been overrun in 1985 by the rebels of the Resistência Nacional Moçambicana, or Renamo, so I asked about that. The young man said that he and his brothers had managed to flee, but their father, who was sixty, had been kidnapped by Renamo. For a while, he said, they heard news of him from friends who had been kidnapped and had escaped. Their father was apparently being held at a base somewhere north of Luabo and, because he was a mechanic by trade, had been put to work on the rebels' rickety fleet of motorbikes. But then he was moved, and now they had heard nothing for two years. The young man's expression was unreadable. I asked, somewhat lamely, if he considered himself an *afetado*. He said, "Of course not." I had been thinking that if my father were being held prisoner by the rebels I would probably consider myself affected by the war, but he had a place to live, a job, enough to eat—he was not an *afetado*.

Chimoio had an abundance of real *afetados* and *deslocados*. The town is in the Beira Corridor, a strategic transportation route that cuts across the narrow waist of long, skinny (more than fifteen hundred miles of coastline) Mozambique, connecting Zimbabwe and other landlocked countries to the Indian Ocean port of Beira. The Corridor, which contains a highway, a railway, and an oil pipeline, is strategic because it is one of the few routes from those countries to the sea which do not pass through South Africa, and the only route not to have been closed by Renamo attacks and sabotage. Renamo, which was created by Rhodesian military intelligence in 1976 and, since Zimbabwean independence in 1980, has been extensively supported by South Africa, does attack the Beira Corridor—the rebels' leader has publicly vowed to close it—but Zimbabwe has sent about ten thousand troops to help Mozambique keep the line open. The first time I rode through the Corridor—travelling from the border to Beira in a truck carrying Zimbabwean steel—we came upon the scene of a fresh attack on the oil pipeline. A fierce orange fireball was raging out of the ground in the middle of a green field, sending up thick bursts of rich black smoke. A few soldiers watched it unexcitedly. We asked a soldier at the next roadblock about the attack. He shrugged. "Renamo," he said. It never made even the local news. Little of the war does.

Countless thousands of peasants have moved to the Corridor, forming a strange, linear city, nearly two hundred miles long, of reed-and-mud huts. The fact that all these *deslocados* come to the Corridor looking to the soldiers stationed along it for security says something about the war in their home areas, particularly since attacks on settlements in the Corridor are never-ending. At a resettlement camp midway between Chimoio and Beira, I asked a peasant why he had built mudbanks up against the walls of his hut, and the man demonstrated: when the *bandidos armados* attacked, he and his family just lay flat on the ground inside their hut, like this. The banks, which were two or three feet high, stopped bullets quite well, he said. *Bandidos armados*, "armed bandits," is what the government and many Mozambicans call Renamo—a misleading term, it seems, for a force that may number as many as twenty-five thousand men and has reduced the government's effective control of the country to the cities and towns, and not much else, but an accurate reflection of the contempt in which the rebels are widely held.

There was a spate of land-mine explosions in the Corridor while I was around. I asked a government planner who worked in the Corridor about them.

"The *bandidos* like to scatter little anti-personnel mines around on paths in the villages at night, so the first person to come along in the morning steps on one," he said. "The person usually loses a foot or a leg or a hand or an eye. It's often a child. That's Renamo's way of telling the people that Frelimo cannot protect them." Frelimo is the Frente de Libertação de Moçambique, the nationalist movement whose guerrillas defeated the Portuguese to win Mozambique's independence in 1975. Reconstituted as a Marxist-Leninist party, Frelimo rules Mozambique to this day.

Not all the attacks in the Corridor while I was there were being attributed to Renamo, though.

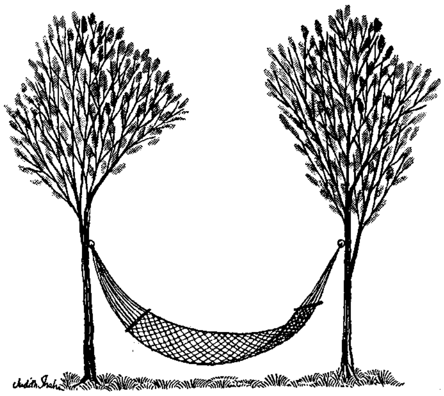
"The attacks near Beira itself are mostly social banditry," the government planner told me. "Among us. Not Renamo."

I asked who the attackers might be.

"Probably popular militia." He shrugged. "Maybe soldiers. Guys from farther up the Corridor. They're so poor, and bored, and hopeless, and they have these guns. Some of them just decide to head toward the city and take whatever they can find there."

Deslocados have also flocked to the city of Beira, swelling its population to an estimated four hundred thousand. Beira is a beleaguered place, plagued by shortages of food, housing, and all manner of consumer goods. Because Renamo delights in destroying the transmission lines that carry electricity to the city, Beira has been forced to go without power for boggling amounts of time. As of September, when I visited Beira, it had had power for an average of only five days a month in 1988. That was even worse than 1987, when it had had power for an average of thirteen days a month. The cumulative effects of the cutoffs were devastating. Little of the city's business could be conducted without electricity, of course. And when the power was off the water was also off, because the pumps needed electricity. The city had a generator, which could provide a small fraction of the power the pumps needed, but whenever it was announced that the water would be turned on for, say, a one-hour period, everyone in Beira would make sure to flush his toilet, and the strain on the system would burst pipes all over the city. People who had outdoor latrines used them; many were forced to use the streets. The water table in Beira, which is built on a swamp, is high, so the latrines were polluting the groundwater. Since most Beirans, deprived of running water, were relying on well water, the pollution was a serious health hazard. Water for cooking and drinking had to be boiled long and hard. That, because stoves weren't working and kerosene was in short supply, required large amounts of firewood. Firewood, because of the huge demand, had become extremely scarce. Wood gatherers were having to go ever farther into the countryside, and the danger of a Renamo attack grew with every mile. So the price of firewood had skyrocketed. Few working people could afford it, and they were starting to burn pieces of their houses or apartments—doors, shutters, windowsills, doorframes. They were even tearing up wooden floors. All the open fires had left a heavy stench of soot in every building in Beira. They had also scorched and blackened the walls. The city looked both besieged and already sacked.

Beira had seen better days: a vast modern train station and a cluster of downtown high rises were hallmarks of a boom in the nineteen-sixties. Graceful, palm-lined *avenidas*, thick-walled old tropical mansions, and, in the business district, colorful sprays of the fancy prewar neon signs of the kind that still adorn Lisbon cafés and dry cleaners' recalled an earlier prime. (In 1988, the neon hung from the façades in sad, unilluminated tangles, and old British-style pillar postboxes stood unapproachable among heaps of garbage.) Beira's prosperity had come mostly from Rhodesia, in the form of port and rail revenues and tourism. When Mozambique gained its independence, however, the new government honored the trade sanctions voted by the United Nations against the illegal Ian Smith regime—sanctions that Portugal had ignored—and the border was closed. The cost to Mozambique of this noble gesture was appalling, and Beira paid most of it. The hotels and holiday camps were suddenly empty. So were the port and the rail yards. The city's wealth vanished. In 1980, when Rhodesia became Zimbabwe, the sanctions were lifted, but the recovery of Beira had hardly started before Renamo began to close in, strangling the city again. The old holiday camps, with their beach bungalows, became shantytowns full of refugees fleeing the war in the countryside.



The only glint of economic hope in Beira in 1988 was flickering around a multilateral attempt to upgrade the Beira Corridor. Because the attempt would not only help Mozambique but help reduce regional dependence on South Africa, it had become an internationally fashionable project: sixteen foreign governments and five international financial institutions were funding the rehabilitation of the port, the railway, the highway, and the oil pipeline. Italy was the largest single contributor. The United States was working on the locomotive fleet. Rui Fonseca, the executive director of the government's Beira Corridor Authority, told me that business at the port was booming and attacks on the rail line were a thing of the past. "We are not an alternative," he said. "We are *the route*. The natural pattern of shipping in central southern Africa has been distorted by South Africa through the armed aggression against our country, and through economic aggression."

Cynics were calling Beira "the new

Saudi Arabia." That overstated the case, but there were hundreds of foreign workers in town, most of them Scandinavian, and they were there for the money, which was reported to include "hardship pay." And foreign companies and organizations were snapping up not only prime office space downtown but also luxury homes that were being emptied by a new government housing policy. (Frelimo had nationalized rental property after independence, and pegged rents to incomes, but in early 1988, as part of a general retreat from socialist programs, it had reversed itself, pegging rents closer to property values and evicting workers who had been living in spacious houses and apartments previously occupied by the Portuguese. In 1974, there had been a quarter of a million Portuguese living in Mozambique. Ninety per cent of them fled at independence.) The same thing was occurring all over Mozambique, which now has more than a hundred international organizations working to relieve various aspects of the ongoing national disaster that Mozambicans have come to call simply "the emergency." (The *situação* and the emergency are different. The *situação* is the war; the emergency is the mass homelessness, destitution, and starvation caused by the war.) In Beira, as in other towns, the only new vehicles to be seen belonged to foreign organizations. Indeed, Mozambicans sometimes call the foreigners "the new colonialists," and call their Mozambican clerks, drivers, translators, liaisons, and trainees, who are paid partly in hard currency, and thus escape much of the privation that afflicts their countrymen, "the new *assimilados*"; under the Portuguese, *assimilados* were a handful of Mozambicans who, by virtue of their education and their adoption of European customs, qualified for a specially designed second-class Portuguese citizenship.

Prostitutes had even begun to reappear along the Beira waterfront. Prostitution had thrived in colonial times, when white Rhodesians and South Africans came to Mozambique in droves to escape the laws that restricted their access to black women at home. To Beirans, prostitution had become a symbol of their own debasement, and its resurrection was cause for alarm. The foreigners were the main customers, which did not increase their popularity. Neither did the fact that some of the international organizations were building colonial-style "compounds" for their employees, complete with generators, on prime beachfront property given them by the government at concessionary rates.

The power was on in Beira the week I was there. By the time I left, it had been on for nearly three weeks straight, and people were delirious. It was the longest stretch of continuous power all year. The consensus analysis was that the *bandidos* had decided to take it easy on the Pope. Pope John Paul II was going to be visiting Beira later in the month, and apparently even Renamo didn't want to see the Pontiff sloshing through streets full of raw sewage. Some Renamo fighters, it was said, actually wanted to attend the outdoor Mass that the Pope would be celebrating in Beira, and were supposedly already slipping into town.

It was a stunning idea. I wished there were some way to know if it was true. Wouldn't the bandits be recognized and turned over to the police?

The Beiran to whom I put this question said, "Not necessarily. The police are *not* popular here."

The police in Beira were in fact notorious for their brutality. The city's administration as a whole had always been plagued by incompetence and corruption. Frelimo had been very popular in Beira at the time of independence, but in the late nineteen-seventies the old abuses of power began to reappear, and the ruling party's reputation suffered. Frelimo's leadership was aware of its Beira problem but, as in a lot of other parts of Mozambique, lacked the political and material resources to shore up its support. Many Beirans seemed to see the local Party as an organization for opportunists, and not much more.

Beirans also had a serious Second City complex. As far as they were concerned, all important decisions were made in Maputo. All talented young people went off to Maputo. All the top jobs and perks went to people from Maputo. Why was the capital in Maputo anyway, since Maputo was in the extreme south of a very long country? It had been built there for the convenience of South Africa, and no other reason. Meanwhile, Beira was in the center of the country.

What seemed to rankle Beirans most

Children's Portraits
from $75.00
Weddings, Family
Distinctive
Professional Portraits
Black & White
Publication Glossies

Bachrach
Photographers since 1868
We're Back in Washington

Boston 617-536-4730
Chicago 312-642-5500
Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233
Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, DC 703-548-2111

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square.
$75 to $150.
(800) 227-3844

524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

RENTING A CAR IN EUROPE?
CONSIDER THE BEST
ALTERNATIVE AND SAVE:

WITH RENAULT'S TAX-FREE VACATION PLAN!
TRAVELING FOR THREE WEEKS, THIS PLAN OFFERS:
- Tax-free rates (NOV.A.T.)
- Full insurance coverage: non-deductible liability, fire, theft, PAI and CDW
- Brand new Renault of your choice
- Unlimited mileage
- Free pick-up and return locations
- 24-hour roadside service
- Minimum 18 years and no maximum age!

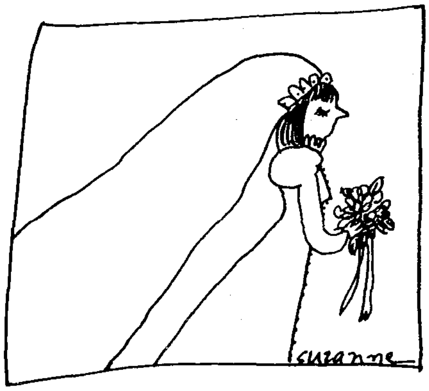
RENAULT USA
650 First Avenue, New York, NY 10016
800-221-1052
Please send details of Renault's exciting Tax-Free Plan to:
NY13
Name
Address
City State
Zip Phone

of all, though, was the decision, taken in Maputo, that destroyed the city's prosperity—the decision to impose sanctions against Rhodesia—and the subsequent failure of the national government to help the city recover. No explanation invoking other economic problems and priorities could soothe Beira's anger over that.

How much of Beira's resentment translated into support for Renamo? None, necessarily. At a major intersection in Beira was a big sign celebrating ten years of independence and calling for "the total liquidation of the *bandidos armados*." The sign had been there for three years, and no one had defaced it. But it was in Beira that I first heard the idea that if the *bandidos* were serious about taking power they would lay down their arms and start agitating against the government—start rumors, spark campaigns, incite riots. The government was carrying out a fierce economic-recovery program, following International Monetary Fund guidelines, and each food subsidy removed, each devaluation of the currency put more basic commodities out of the reach of the ordinary worker, let alone the unemployed *afetado*. I thought it was a miracle that there weren't food riots in every town in Mozambique. But it was in Beira that I heard about the warning that the mother of a young man who was a gung-ho Frelimo local secretary gave her son: "Be careful, Frelimo is a chair of *caniço*." *Caniço* means cane—the flimsy material with which most Mozambicans are compelled to build their homes.

FRELIMO is not a chair of *caniço*. On the contrary, it is one of the most stable, sophisticated political parties to hold power in post-colonial Africa. The kind of crushing military and economic pressure that has been applied to Mozambique since independence, first by Rhodesia and then by South Africa, would have brought down most governments anywhere. When Samora Machel, the first President of Mozambique, was killed, along with a number of his close advisers, in an airplane crash inside South Africa in October, 1986, a crisis of leadership seemed inevitable. But Joaquim Chissano, the Foreign Minister, was quietly elected by the Frelimo Central Committee to succeed Machel, and he took office without incident. A diplomat who deals with many African governments told me that the Frelimo leadership's indifference to "the exhibitionism of power" was unique in his experience on the continent. The level of corruption in government is certainly, for Africa, spectacularly low. Joseph Hanlon, who was a student at M.I.T. and, more recently, was the BBC's correspondent in Mozambique, told me, "It's getting slightly worse now, but Mozambique is still less corrupt than Boston."

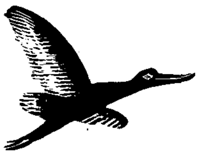
The widespread and sometimes extreme corruption in African governments is a product of, more than anything else, the shallow roots of the modern African state itself. European mapmakers drew the boundaries of African colonies with careful attention to the political balances of late-nineteenth-century Europe but no attention at all to the societies they were carving up into pieces or blithely cramming together. The loyalties of most Africans remained firmly within their own, usually much smaller communities: their tribes, clans, villages, and families. The end of the colonial era, which turned colonial boundaries into national boundaries, did not shift many people's loyalties. A job in one of the new state bureaucracies often represented, above all, an opportunity to increase the wealth of the clan, the family, the village, or the tribe. Thus the most pressing general task for many African governments has been to create larger loyalties, to larger social and economic units, not only in order to reduce corruption but in order to defuse what has often been an explosive problem: internal ethnic conflict. Few governments have been up to the task. The struggle to consolidate modern nation-states virtually overnight has already spawned a long series of dictatorships, leader cults, and military regimes plagued by corruption, incompetence, tribalism, and chronic instability.



In Mozambique, where people speak more than a dozen languages and an estimated two hundred dialects, and have long suffered from extreme underdevelopment, the sense of national identity was almost nonexistent under Portuguese rule. But the leaders of Frelimo, which was founded in 1962 in Dar es Salaam by three outlawed nationalist groups—groups that came from different regions, speaking different languages—concentrated from the outset on reducing ethnic and regional differences; they insisted, for instance, that the movement's guerrillas learn one another's songs and dances. A white Mozambican who was editing a magazine in the capital before independence told me, "The nation is a dream of Frelimo's. It started with the armed struggle, with the gathering of people from all over the country." Although Portuguese was the colonists' language, and many black Mozambicans—ninety-nine per cent of the Mozambicans are black—could not speak it, it was adopted as the movement's lingua franca, and later as Mozambique's official language, because it was seen as a unifying force. Mozambique, unlike some of its neighbors, contained within its borders no very profound ethnic antagonisms. Eduardo Mondlane, an American-educated sociologist, who was Frelimo's founding president, wrote, "Our problem was not one of bringing together major rival groups but of preventing factions from developing within."

Tribal conflicts were successfully minimized within the national-liberation movement. Race, however, became a volatile issue. The fact that a number of Frelimo's leaders were white, Asian, or mulatto—Mondlane's wife, Janet, a white American, was the director of the Frelimo school in Dar es Salaam—did not please those who saw the anti-colonial struggle in racial terms. And yet some of the "black nationalists," as they occasionally called themselves, advocated a less than complete independence from Portugal. Frelimo suffered a series of splits in the late nineteen-sixties, and Mondlane was assassinated in 1969, probably by Portuguese secret police assisted by Frelimo dissidents. Each of these shocks tested the movement—Samora Machel, a former nurse and a charismatic guerrilla commander, succeeded Mondlane only after a tense struggle—but it was the *luta armada*, a guerrilla war launched in 1964, that shaped it decisively. Of the ten members of the Frelimo Political Bureau today, nine, including President Chissano, are veterans of the *luta armada.*

The Portuguese, who were also fighting wars in Angola and Guinea-Bissau, were a ferocious enemy. The secret police arrested, tortured, and murdered thousands of suspected Frelimo members and sympathizers. The colonial armed forces increased in the course of the war from thirty thousand men to seventy-five thousand, and they came with fighter jets, bombers, helicopters, warships, napalm, chemical defoliants, and American counter-insurgency training. Frelimo, for its part, had only light weapons. And yet Frelimo's "liberated zones" in the north of the country grew steadily, until they covered a fourth of Mozambique. And the clandestine cells among intellectuals and workers in the towns and cities also grew. Ten years of fighting produced a powerfully disciplined, unusually mature political movement with a leadership deeply committed to the idea of unity—to decision-making by consensus.



Still, there are Frelimo militants who believe that independence came too soon. In April, 1974, a leftist coup in Lisbon brought down the right-wing government. Barely a year later, Frelimo was in power. As the liberators from Portuguese rule, Samora Machel and his comrades were wildly popular throughout Mozambique. But the only people with direct knowledge of Frelimo were in the sparsely settled far north and in a few areas of the south. Millions of long-dispossessed, isolated peasants still needed to be persuaded that they owed loyalty to something called Mozambique. Moreover, Frelimo had far too few trained "cadres" to take over the administration of a country that was left effectively bankrupt and with an illiteracy rate of over ninety per cent when the Portuguese fled.

The ecstatic expectations of most Mozambicans were matched, however, by the enthusiasm of Frelimo. The exploitation of man by man would be abolished forthwith, and national unity forged. "We do not recognize tribes, regions, race, or religious beliefs," President Machel announced at the Independence Day ceremonies. "We recognize only Mozambicans who are equally exploited and equally desirous of freedom and revolution." The war had radicalized Frelimo, and the prospects for a rapid transition from colonial capitalism to independent socialism must have seemed improved by the wholesale departure of the capitalist class. Abandoned plantations became state farms; abandoned industries were nationalized. Machel announced that it was his ambition to make Mozambique "the first fully Marxist state in Africa," and in 1977 the liberation movement became a Marxist-Leninist vanguard party and signed twenty-year aid agreements with the Soviet Union and Cuba. Along with rear bases provided by Tanzania, Frelimo's main international support during the liberation war had come from the Soviet Union (it is still Mozambique's main military supplier) and China, and Machel often called the socialist countries "our natural allies." But Marxism, he insisted, had not come to Mozambique as an imported product. His own political education came "not from writing in a book," Machel said. "Nor from reading Marx and Engels. But from seeing my father forced to grow cotton and going with him to the market where he was to sell it at a low price—much lower than the Portuguese grower."

Education, medicine, law, landownership, and rental property were nationalized. A huge expansion of the educational system followed, along with a crash program to extend health care into the rural areas, where eighty-five per cent of the Mozambicans live. The rapid decline of the economy caused by the exodus of managers and skilled workers was slowed as thousands of Mozambicans began to receive the training and experience that they had been denied under the Portuguese. In November, 1977, Michael Kaufman, of the *Times,* wrote, "The experience of Mozambique is only two years old and any instantaneous readings of revolutionary change are subject to revision. Still, there is evidence that the degree of mobilization and national purpose attained here is great and may be more durable than anything black Africa has known." As the liberation war in Rhodesia ended, in 1980, and peace seemed a real possibility at last, Frelimo drew up an extraordinarily

Give him the *actual* newspaper printed the day he was born

The New York Times
The Dallas Morning News
Man Walks on Moon
NAZIS-REDS AT WI

Now you can purchase a well-preserved, *authentic* edition of an original newspaper printed as long ago as 1880. *Not* reproductions or just front pages, these are complete, actual newspapers from major cities across America. Every page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city, and someone special.

Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for birthdays, holidays, business functions and other special occasions.

Newspaper in **Clear Vinyl Portfolio $34.50***

Newspaper in **Personalized Presentation Case $65.00****
(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.)

Newspaper in **Classic, Gold-Leaf Frame $89.50*****

It's the ORIGINAL EDITION! Not a reprint.
We're Old News!

Ideal Gift for Father's Day

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 143
In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext. 143
Request Free Brochure

By mail: **Historic Newspapers Archives**
Dept. 43, 1582 Hart St., Rahway, N.J. 07065
*Add $3.95 UPS, **Add $4.95 UPS, ***Add $6.95 UPS.
Major Credit Cards accepted. (N.J. residents add 6% sales tax.)
Sunday paper (main section only). Historical dates priced higher.

Even in business travel, life can be well lived.

We insist.

SW Broadway at Salmon
Portland, Oregon 97205 USA
Call toll free 1-800-551-0011
or 503/241-4100

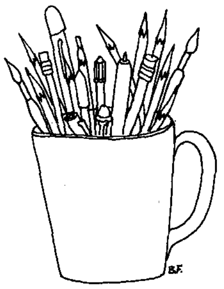
THE HEATHMAN HOTEL

Preferred Hotels Worldwide

LIGHT YOUR CRYSTAL PROFESSIONALLY
Illuminated display base in ebony teak. Fluorescent tube incl.
6¾" sq. 2¼" h. $55 + $3 p/h. Tax/NY
AMEX/Visa/MC/Check Brochure avail.
BASELITE by Fine Lines® Patented
Fine Lines Int'l/PO Box 408 Lenox Hill/NYC 10021

White Barn Inn
An award winning restaurant and luxury inn set in romantic surroundings.
Beach Street, Kennebunkport, Maine 04046
207 • 967 • 2321

ambitious plan to modernize and socialize agriculture and industry, calling for “the radical transformation of our country.” By 1990, according to the plan, agricultural production would increase by four hundred per cent, with the gross national product rising by seventeen per cent each year. All peasants would live in communal villages and work on state farms or coöperatives. Mozambique would produce iron, steel, aluminum, trucks, tractors, and pharmaceuticals. There would be textile mills and huge modern factories throughout the country. The “victory over underdevelopment” would be won in a single decade.



Flying around Mozambique, an outsider finds it easy to empathize with the impulse of the new government to “jump over history.” Most of the country presents itself as a gray sprawl of trackless bush. The sight of a road, a rectangular field—a building!—is, after an hour or two, a distinct pleasure, a tiny patch of order and hope. Yet Frelimo’s approach to development, drawing on traditions both Stalinist and Portuguese, was centralized planning with a vengeance. Frelimo encouraged popular participation in politics, and the new party recruited members widely (knowledge of Marxism was not a membership requirement, and neither was literacy; the emphasis was on a candidate’s standing in the local community), but there was no institutional brake on the leadership’s passion for monumental projects. As it happened, the huge foreign investment required for rapid industrialization never materialized. The world recession of the early nineteen-eighties, Mozambique’s reasonable refusal to allow colonial-era levels of profits to foreign companies, and the failure of peace to arrive on schedule (after South Africa assumed control of Renamo, the war instead escalated) combined to defeat the ten-year plan even before it was announced.

In the projects that were launched, the lack of national infrastructure and trained personnel proved crippling. The state farms were radically inefficient. Nationalization had been the only feasible way to deal with large abandoned plantations, and by 1980 state farms accounted for nearly all the country’s tea, sugar, and rice production, but in 1981 the Ministry of Agriculture admitted that not a single state farm was profitable.

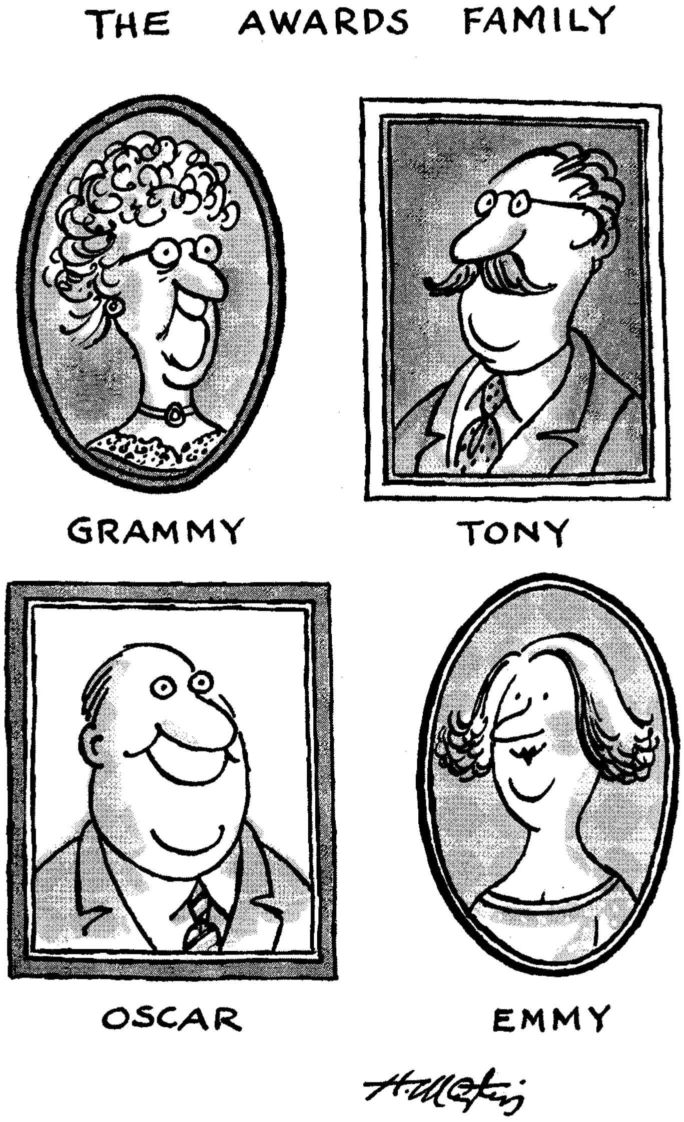
Most Mozambicans live not in villages but on widely scattered homesteads. Under the Portuguese, people fanned out to escape taxes and forced labor; traditional fallow-farming methods also require lots of land. Such a pattern of living makes it impossible to deliver services—schools, clinics, clean water—to rural areas, or to build mass organizations, or to foster almost any kind of development. Frelimo’s proposed solution was communal villages. Ten thousand villages were needed, it was estimated, and by the early nineteen-eighties fourteen hundred had been started. The access to health care and education was a great attraction for peasants—especially women, who do the bulk of the family farming in southern Africa and suffer the most from isolation and illiteracy. But resources to support the new villages were scarce, and the promises that persuaded people to move into them often remained unfulfilled. Worse, many peasants were forced into the villages, particularly in areas where Renamo was active. And the fact that some communal villages were the same “strategic hamlets” that the Portuguese had used to try to keep the peasants away from Frelimo was lost on no one. Communal villages are a major Renamo target, and some of their residents, eager to return to their ancestral lands, have helped the rebels to burn them down.

Communal villages are meant to be supported by coöperative farms. Coöperatives are a logical, though not the only, way to start modernizing peasant agriculture, but they require relatively complex organization and, if they are to make any technical advances over traditional farming, outside support. Again, the lack of training and resources has undermined plans. Peasants still work their own plots with more enthusiasm and to greater effect than they do the coöperatives’ fields. “The peasants do not like Communism”—this was a refrain I heard over and over in Mozambique.

But the starting point for what became known as “the peasant crisis” was the collapse, after independence, of the rural trading network. The Portuguese *cantineiros* had abandoned the rural shops where peasants bought seeds, tools, cloth, oil, soap, salt, lanterns, and bicycles. Frelimo’s efforts to keep the shops going failed. Peasants suddenly had nothing to buy with the money they earned from marketing their surplus, and the lack of seeds and tools made even subsistence farming increasingly difficult. The government policy favoring state farms did not allow for the hundreds of thousands of hoes that needed to be imported each year for family farmers. In the liberated zones of the north during the *luta armada*, Frelimo had made decisions only after consultations with local peasants. But once it was in power, and was relying on central planning, Frelimo seemed to begin to inhabit an imaginary country. The myth of the self-sufficient peasant, for instance, clearly informed the decision not to import enough hoes, and it left the government unprepared when the peasants suddenly stopped producing a surplus. Most Mozambican peasants are in fact heavily involved in the cash economy. The failure of the government to meet their needs led to a mass flight of peasants from the countryside to the cities, and to the disenchantment of millions.

Local Frelimo authorities were often out of touch with local people. In some areas, peasants joined the Party and served as local secretaries, but the district administrators, who were the real authorities in the rural areas, were always outsiders. The deliberate pairing of northerners with southerners, of Makua-speakers with Ronga-speakers, which had been so successful during the liberation war, was carried over into state administration, and there it was a fiasco. Overworked young officials were well versed in Marxism-Leninism, which they had learned at Party schools in courses taught by foreigners, but they rarely had any more useful knowledge to share with their constituents. Some didn’t even speak the local language. The difference between the Party and the state was never made clear to many peasants. With the new administrator living in the same house that the old colonial administrator had lived in, waited upon by the same servants, and trying to squeeze all too similar quotas of cotton and cashews out of the district, some peasants may even have wondered what the ultimate differences were between Frelimo and the Portuguese.

The Portuguese, primarily through forced labor and forced cotton growing, had destroyed the self-sufficiency of peasant agriculture, but many aspects of rural African life—of "traditional culture"—survived colonialism in Mozambique. Christianity, for instance, was never widely accepted; most Mozambicans retained, and still retain, their traditional religious beliefs. The mysteries of death, love, the land, and the weather; the rites of maturity, marriage, medicine, and burial; the structures of kinship, labor, inheritance, and authority—all these are solidly embedded, for most Mozambicans, in a traditional society. In most communities, chiefs, elders, and the traditional healers known as *curandeiros* (who come in more and less religious, and more and less political, versions) retain great authority. Frelimo worked with the traditional structures during the *luta armada* when necessary, but, once in power, the Party approached rural administration with what has since been called "the ideology of the tabula rasa." Traditional society was "feudal." Chiefs were therefore pushed aside. Most of them had collaborated with the Portuguese anyway. *Curandeiros* were also pushed aside. Religion was *obscurantismo*. The brave new day of scientific socialism had dawned. Reactionary practices that oppressed women, like polygamy, bride-price, child marriages, and initiation rites, were actively discouraged.



The same revolutionary purism that made corruption in high places all but unknown in Mozambique seemed to blind Frelimo to what was happening in the countryside. The traditional structures that the new government tried to sweep away were not in fact feudal; they were not like the chieftaincies in Afghanistan which the Communists there so unwisely took on: they were not broadly based, with the tenacious nexus of an organized religion. They could not deliver even basic commodities, like seeds and hoes. But the *régulos*, petty chiefs who had worked with the Portuguese, often remained, even after being deposed by Frelimo, the only people in their communities who had any experience in dealing with bureaucracy. They often still controlled access to cattle and land; they were still the "big men" in their neighborhoods. As the war began to rage, and the general anxiety grew, many rural people naturally turned to the traditional authorities, and many of those authorities, just as naturally, were available to Renamo as allies.

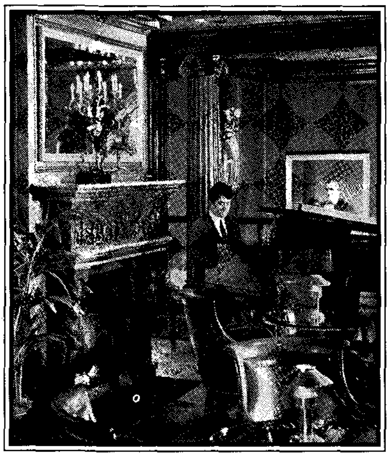
And the war has only worsened Frelimo's problems with the peasantry. The Army's inability to provide security, let alone social services, has been especially damaging. Although some units are better than others, the Army is, on the whole, inept, unmotivated, poorly led, and poorly fed. Thus to many rural Mozambicans, "Frelimo" has come to mean not the national-liberation movement, not the ruling party, not even the state, but a dangerous group of undisciplined soldiers—clearly a disastrous political development.

Meanwhile, in the early nineteen-eighties the country's economy went into an epic dive. A dire combination of war, drought, the peasant crisis, and the world recession, which reduced prices for Mozambique's main exports, cut agricultural production severely. By 1986, the harvests of major crops like tea, sugar, and cashews stood at roughly ten per cent of the 1981 levels. With exports falling, imports had to be sharply reduced. With nothing in the shops, the metical—Mozambique's currency—was worthless, and the black market swelled monstrously. Food shortages became chronic. Some of the economic collapse could be laid to Frelimo's policies, but the decisive factor was the war. Similar collapses have occurred in other African countries, including some that have not experienced war or severe drought, and that were handed functioning, "turnkey" governments by their former colonial rulers. But the collapse in Mozambique has been unusually thorough. By 1988, Mozambique was one of the poorest countries in the world.

FOR an outsider, the nuances of political fear can be among the hardest texts to read. At a UNESCO seminar on the transition to socialism, held in Maputo, Carlos Cardoso, the director of Mozambique's state-owned news agency, was asked by a foreigner about *carapau*. The *carapau* is a small, bony, entirely awful-tasting fish that has become the only source of protein available to many Mozambicans. Cardoso's reply: "The *carapau* is a whale that has been through all the stages of socialist construction."

I had heard before I went to Mozambique that Cardoso was arrested for making this much-repeated

Atop Nob Hill



THE HUNTINGTON HOTEL
1075 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94108

RESERVATIONS
(415) 474-5400 ◆ IN THE USA (800) 227-4683
WITHIN CALIFORNIA
(800) 652-1539

SKULLDUGGERY

Gifts for FATHER'S Day and GRADUATION. For catalog send $2, address & phone # to: Skullduggery, 621 South "B" St., Dept. YF9, Tustin, CA 92680, (714) 832-8488

Hand Etched Sterling Silver Bangles
1"-$90 5/8"-$50 3/8"-$30
1" Earrings-$22

Laraine K. Inc.
103 Godwin Ave.
Midland Park, NJ 07432

includes shipping
VISA/MC/CK/MO
N.J. residents add 6% tax

DRAW LONDON!
Learn how the Masters did it. Landscape sketching, art history, and an insider's view of the Summer Show, gallery openings and the working art world. College credit optional.
ANGLO AMERICAN MEDIA (212) 737-1559
12 East 86th St. #408 New York, N.Y. 10028

crack, but when I met him and asked about it he scoffed. He had made the remark; he had not been arrested. Such jokes have been part of Mozambican survival psychology for years. Everybody makes them, including Frelimo militants.

The rule of law—or, more specifically, democratic constraint on the arbitrary use of power—is a hard-won (and never complete, and never secure) condition in any society, achieved incrementally and rarely advanced directly, by coup, revolution, or fiat. At independence, the rule of law in Mozambique was a stock that had been utterly debased by state-sponsored murder and mayhem. (For most Mozambicans, it had never existed in any case.) After the flight of the Portuguese settlers, there were three lawyers and not a single judge in the country. A makeshift system of revolutionary administration based on neighborhood "dynamizing groups" emerged to fill the authority vacuum. Alongside the heady experiment of self-government and the inevitable scramble for position in the new order, many political scores were being settled. Local administrators and local Frelimo committees had the power to sentence, without trial, any "opponents of decolonization" they happened upon to indefinite terms in rural "reëducation" camps. Ordinary criminals, unemployed vagrants, Jehovah's Witnesses (their crime was their refusal on religious grounds to shout "Viva Frelimo!"), and "prostitutes" (some of whom were apparently just single women who, say, refused to sleep with a member of a neighborhood council) were among thousands consigned, along with suspected political opponents, to the reëducation camps. Conditions in the camps were grim. Beatings and starvation were common, and an unknown number died.

The worst abuses of due process ended, according to Amnesty International, after 1978, when the first laws establishing a new judiciary and legal system were adopted. At higher levels, the judicial system, though still not fully staffed, is being professionalized. Nonpolitical trials are public and are now generally reckoned fair. In political cases, however, indefinite detention without trial and trials in camera are still the rule. The state security service operates with no real accountability, and the death penalty can be imposed for a political crime such as rebellion, sabotage, or agitation. A high-level delegation from Amnesty International that visited Mozambique last October reported that, as far as it could determine, there were no "prisoners of conscience" in the country's jails. But there are between four and five thousand security-related prisoners—either captured Renamo fighters or alleged Renamo supporters. An onerous (though haphazardly enforced) system of internal passports, which makes it difficult for people to travel outside their home districts, is justified officially by the war.

Today, according to the government, all but one of the reëducation camps have been closed. And yet the standards of justice, not to mention health and hygiene, inside Mozambican jails remain, at least by Western norms, fearfully low. And the fact that the chances of going to prison for one's political beliefs are smaller now than they were earlier does not mean that the space exists for loud, freewheeling opposition to Frelimo. "The problem with political opposition is that, in the context of this war, all references are inevitably to Renamo," a professor in Maputo told me. "And no intellectual, however anti-Frelimo he may feel, would associate himself with Renamo." The equation of opposition with treason is standard fare in countries at war, but a more immediate problem concerning political opposition in Mozambique is that it is illegal. According to the country's constitution, Frelimo is the only legal political party. What is more, the press is state-owned. The argument for one-party states in Africa usually rests on the notion that political parties have a tendency to become ethnic parties, which, in turn, have a tendency to destroy *national* unity. Frelimo has used this argument, along with both Leninist and Stalinist conceptions of the ruling party's role, to justify making Mozambique a one-party state. But Frelimo's idea of power actually seems to derive above all from the ideology of the tabula rasa, that fierce dream of building a nation by denying, and thus eradicating, the differences among its people.

Janet Mondlane, the widow of the movement's founding president, calls it "Frelimotite." She pronounces the word playfully, but the undertone is serious. "You know, in Portuguese, the names of sicknesses often end in 'tite,' like 'hepatite.' Well, Frelimotite is a local sickness. Many, *many* people here, including me, have been seriously affected by it. It's the inability to analyze, within a broader context, what goes on in Mozambique."

Mrs. Mondlane was a teen-ager from Downers Grove, Illinois, when she met Eduardo Mondlane, at a church camp in Wisconsin in 1951. Today, she is a kindly-looking, solidly built grandmother with long graying hair and a great, easygoing laugh. After her husband's assassination, she continued to raise their three children in Tanzania while running a school and a hospital for Frelimo. After independence, she became Mozambique's director for international coöperation. She remarried in 1981, and left public service for a life of farming and writing west of Maputo. In 1986, the war forced her to abandon her farm, and she accepted President Chissano's offer to head a newly formed Mozambican Red Cross. When I met her at her office in Maputo, she was wearing a brilliantly patterned African dress and worrying about software problems. Her native Midwestern English had acquired a few exotic trills and slurs. I asked her to tell me more about Frelimotite.

"It's as if you were put in a box in 1975 or 1977 and the box was never opened," she said. "Some people just cannot get the original ideas of Frelimo out of their systems. They hang on to these extraordinarily unrealistic ideas, which have nothing to do with Mozambique. I mean, just look around. The rural areas have *suffered*. They never benefitted from the big projects after independence, even though everything was supposedly being done for the benefit of the peasants. Now friends come to me and start talking about what's going to happen at the Fifth Party Congress, and I just say to them, 'You're still suffering from Frelimotite, aren't you?' It's absolute belief. For Mozambicans to catch it is understandable. They're not used to independence. They're used to dependence. But it's strange that I fell into it, too."

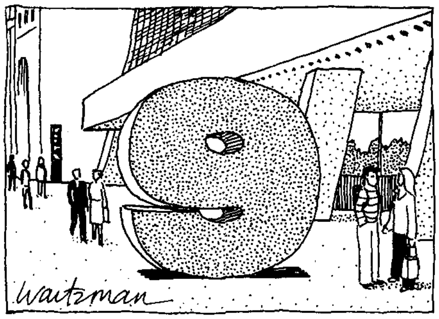
Mrs. Mondlane seemed to ponder this strangeness a moment, and then went on, "You see, it's difficult to get things accomplished here. Mozambicans are, in general, very laid-back. They are quiet and friendly, but they are also cautious, even fatalistic. They have such a long history of having their dreams not fulfilled. They feel they have to be laid-back just to avoid having their personalities destroyed by disappointment. So Frelimo always had to take the initiative, always be pushing and pushing. For some people in Frelimo, that became a way of life. But if you still hold on to the illusion that you can control everything, that Frelimo can control everything, then you are still quite sick. Because what *happens* is injustice, and the joy of living goes *out*."

Mrs. Mondlane looked perturbed, and sad. Along with its emergency service and health education, the Mozambican Red Cross, I recalled, was working to improve conditions in the prisons. She sighed, then brightened. "The great thing is that it has taken the leadership only one decade to open up, to see that this business of being closed, of trying to control everything, just wouldn't work. Most places, it took decades."

The Frelimo leadership is, in fact, remarkably self-critical. I asked Luís Bernardo Honwana, Mozambique's Minister of Culture, about Frelimo's current attitude toward traditional society.

"We didn't realize how influential the traditional authorities were," Honwana said. "We are obviously going to have to harmonize traditional beliefs with our political project. Otherwise, we are going against things that the vast majority of our people believe—we will be like foreigners in our own country. I think we are gathering the courage to say so aloud. We will have to restore some of the traditional structures that at the beginning of our independence we simply smashed, thinking that we were doing a good and important thing."

Honwana, who was educated in Europe, and comes from a prominent nationalist family—one brother was killed with Samora Machel, and another is the chief of the Air Force—is the author of a celebrated collection of short stories, "We Killed Mangy Dog," which explores, among other things, the collision of cultures in colonial Mozambique. "In most African families, even in the cities, some members have assumed Western habits, and won't go to the *curandeiro* if they are ill, or confused, or need a change of luck," he told me. "Others will go. But when disaster strikes, even a Westernized family will always hold a council, and then they may decide to, for instance, placate their grandfather's spirit, which they may have neglected. Traditional beliefs are a point of reference for all those people caught in the middle of the road between Westernization and African society. In a state of flux like a war, the beliefs become even stronger. This war of ours has certainly underlined the shortcomings of our choice to ignore those beliefs. But we are hybrids, we so-called educated Africans, because we will react, sometimes violently, against the imposition of alien values, and yet we ourselves are often the agents of the imposition, all in the name of 'development.' "



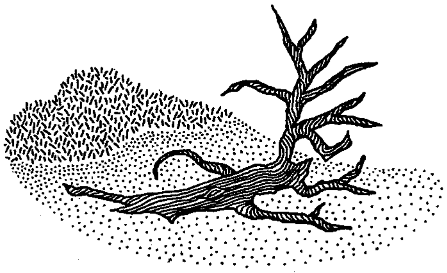
The traditional society is conservative, and unreceptive to socialism, Honwana said, and he went on, "But to most Mozambicans independence is a socialist idea. That's partly the work of the Portuguese. When I was arrested for advocating independence"—Honwana spent time in prison, without being charged, in the nineteen-sixties—"they called me a Communist. But our starting point, you must remember, is always colonialism. On the one hand, fat gentlemen sitting on verandas. On the other hand, half-naked people performing forced labor. Everyone understands that this is unfair, that we must establish social justice for those who work. But socializing the means of production, changing the rules of the economic game—these are more elaborate ideas, and are not widely understood. The nationalizations, the discouragement of the private sector—these were not popular policies. Our assumption that we would build socialism through state-owned companies and coöperatives was wrong, in any case."

Frelimo's changed attitudes toward the private sector (it is now encouraged), private foreign investment (desperately encouraged), state farms (the more unwieldy are being broken up and given away to private farmers and peasants), and Western economic institutions (Mozambique has joined the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund) excite a lot of comment in the foreign press about "Mozambican *glasnost*." José Luís Cabaço, the Deputy Secretary for Foreign Relations on the Frelimo Central Committee and one of the Party's leading theoreticians, says that that is a racist cliché. Mozambique, Cabaço told me, is far ahead of the Soviet Union in its creative reappraisal of the theory and practice of socialism, and Frelimo has always considered Yugoslavia and China more relevant models for its own development anyway. Today, Cabaço said, socialism in Mozambique means simply "a balanced social system." The role of the Party: "maximizing social justice." Beyond that, everything is up for grabs. Already there are Cabinet Ministers who are not Party members. Professional, cultural, and social associations are springing up in the new, less Manichaean climate. The only unacceptable form of association, Cabaço said, would be anything organized on a tribal or regional basis. The only sacred subject is Mozambican sovereignty.

The failure of Frelimo's dreams for Mozambique—universal free and equal health care (it is no longer free and was never equal, and the system has been crippled), universal free education (the cost of textbooks, which students must buy, has soared, and the system, again, has been crippled), public ownership, and a fairer distribution of wealth—inevitably saps the Party's strength. (These are dreams that have been dashed in many countries, of course, including Portugal, where the socialist government that succeeded the dictatorship has been voted out in favor of a conservative regime.) And yet the resistance to new economic and political initiatives in Mozambique comes largely from the bureaucratic class that has developed inside the Party and the government. This group naturally favors state projects over private enterprise, central planning over its alternatives. Frelimo's official commitment to the creation of a peasants' and workers' state notwithstanding, many state and Party decision-makers clearly favor programs that benefit the cities, where they live, over programs that benefit peasants. The higher ranks of the Party and the civil service are still dominated by the families that were privileged before independence, and these people have largely seen to it that they themselves remain in Maputo, which is one of the few places in Mozambique where anything resembling a middle-class life can be had. The gulf between the comforts of the few and the absolute poverty of the rural and urban masses is as deep as it ever was. Nevertheless, Mozambique has avoided not only gross official corruption and "the exhibitionism of power" but also any conspicuous worship of wealth. When I asked Cabaço why there were no food riots in the cities, he cited "the prestige of Frelimo," and, despite everything, it didn't strike me as a ludicrous idea.

Frelimo, aware that it is in danger of becoming a party of state employees, is trying to broaden its base. According to Cabaço, membership has grown to a hundred and eighty thousand, and the rules restricting the amount of property a Party member may own and, if he is in business, the number of people he may employ have had to be relaxed (to keep the Party from losing touch entirely with the private sector). The Party's emphasis is still on ideology; its relation to the state is supposed to be that of the formulator of policy, of the desired result, which the state then tries to achieve. But the Party schools now place less emphasis on theoretical training than on practical subjects. "Cadres" are now trained in agriculture and engineering before they go out to work as local secretaries in the rural districts.

None of this means that Mozambique is about to embrace market capitalism. Despite rumblings from the Soviet Union that socialism is showing itself to be a non-starter in Africa, recent Frelimo Central Committee statements reaffirm Frelimo's commitment to scientific socialism, and the hundreds of scholarship students who return each year from Cuba and East Germany have all graduated from orthodox Marxist institutions. These graduates are the future élite in Mozambique, and they already make up the bulk of the country's intelligentsia. The overwhelming cultural influence of the West is not about to be replaced by any Eastern European model—the thousands of East Bloc advisers who have worked in Mozambique have not made a great impression; the Soviets, in particular, whom I often heard described as arrogant, second-rate, and racist, seem to be deeply disliked. But in Mozambique the Party is still, as its publications claim, "the leading force in society," with no serious contenders in sight.



Even so, the revolutionary slogans on the walls are fading throughout Mozambique, and nobody calls anybody *camarada* anymore. A government minister is now His Excellency the Minister. In fact, Portuguese-style formalism began to reassert itself under Samora Machel, whose flamboyance seemed to overawe most Mozambicans, and around whom a cult of personality—the fate of too many African governments—showed signs of forming. Joaquim Chissano is a less flashy, less intimidating leader. He is known for letting people speak their minds at public meetings. Machel was also known for encouraging people to speak up publicly. If they had complaints about local officials, for instance, he wanted to hear them. He would see to the correction of abuses that came to his attention, and woe betide any officials who tried to punish citizens for speaking up. But if Machel, who was sometimes called "Mozambique's only authorized dissident," did not like what he heard he cut people off. And there were many subjects with which he had no patience—most notably popular unhappiness with the overrepresentation of whites, Asians, mulattoes, and southerners in the top levels of government. To Machel this was racism (or tribalism, or regionalism) rearing its gruesome head.

Under Chissano, the subject of race is no longer taboo. At public meetings, peasants and workers complain that only blacks seem to be required to do military service, and the President promises to look into the matter. The "Africanization" of the Frelimo leadership, in response to popular pressure, is well under way. There is dismay in some quarters that race has become an issue in a party that has always fought to remain non-racial, but in a country that is ninety-nine per cent black it seems reasonable that the political leadership should be largely black. And the question is less one of race, really, than one of culture. Ordinary Mozambicans want leaders who have some understanding of their culture—who at least understand their languages. When President Chissano, who speaks three Western languages and several African languages, travels in the provinces today, he speaks not in Portuguese but, if he happens to know it, in the local language. "Our idea of unity has been forced to change," Honwana told me. "We've seen that we cannot build unity at the expense of identity, that unity does not mean uniformity."

MAPUTO, the capital of a country up to its eyes in war, does not feel like a wartime city. Its million-plus residents go about their business unhindered by military checkpoints—whose indignities are a daily travail in many African cities, even in countries at peace. Physically, Maputo has deteriorated since independence. Most buildings need paint; many high rises—there are about a hundred of them—carry a patina of soot and scorchmarks caused by cooking fires on the landings. The streets are in disrepair—parts of Avenida Karl Marx, a main thoroughfare, virtually require an all-terrain vehicle. A once-famous bullring on the airport road, now in use as a market, has grown profoundly grimy, like an old coal works. When it comes to post-independence decline, however, Maputo is not in Beira's league, or even close. Much of the Lisbon-style neon still works. The power is rarely off. The restaurants that are open have food; the shops that are open have goods to sell. Indeed, it was only on the first of several visits to Maputo that I noticed the city's disrepair at all. Compared with the rest of Mozambique, Maputo is Paris. It is, in fact, a handsome city, built on a bluff overlooking the ocean and Maputo Bay, its wide avenues lined with flowering shade trees—frangipani, jacaranda, acacia, flame.

A few years ago, the war crept close. At night, tracer bullets lit up the headland across the bay, and when the wind

NOW...LOSE WEIGHT WITHOUT DIETING

137
132
129
113
147
134
120
130
138

GET OFF THE DIET ROLLERCOASTER
with
NORDICTRACK
- More fun
- More effective
- More lasting

Burns More Calories Than Bikes And Rowers

You diet. You lose. You falter. You gain it back. Maybe a bit more. Discouraged, you begin the cycle over, destined for rapid initial (and mostly water) weight loss, followed by a plateau . . . and the dieting blues.

THE SECRET TO IDEAL WEIGHT
The only way to break this cycle is aerobic exercise, the key to lowering your "set point." An active body wants to be slimmer. Plus physical activity burns calories while toning and firming.

THE BEST EXERCISE
NordicTrack duplicates the total body action of cross-country skiing, the world's best exercise, and uses more muscles than jogging, biking, swimming or running — without risking joint injury or back problems. NordicTrack is for everyone who wants to reduce weight while increasing fitness.

© 1989 NordicTrack A CML Company

MORE NORDICTRACK BENEFITS
With regular use of NordicTrack, you'll also feel better, have more energy, reduce tension, postpone aging symptoms and help prevent osteoporosis.

Take your first step off the diet rollercoaster. Call today for free information on how you can achieve your fitness and weight-control goals.

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO

NordicTrack
141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
Call Toll Free 1-800-328-5888
In Canada 1-800-433-9582
☐ Please send free brochure
☐ Also free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name
Street
City State Zip
Phone ( )
265E9

The Definitive
Borscht
THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM
150 West 57 St., New York
265-0947

RIDING PROGRAMS • TENNIS • GOLF • SWIMMING • SCENIC HELICOPTER TOURS • NOTED CUISINE • LAKE SPORTS • KID'S KAMP • BALLOON RIDES • FLY FISHING • NATURAL HOT SPRINGS • HIKING •

Spend your days like Butch Cassidy and your nights like Henry VIII.

Come to the AAA◆◆◆◆ century-old Homestead Ranch Resort, where you're both cowboy and king. Explore the "Alps of Utah" by horseback. Enjoy every conceivable activity for those seeking a true adventure. All at the most memorable guest ranch you'll ever encounter. For information, call: 1-800-327-7220

HOMESTEAD
Midway, Utah

blew east gunfire was heard downtown. Anti-personnel mines exploded on the beach, the highways and railways leading from the city were constantly being attacked, and the power was frequently off. Food in those years was scarce—not entirely because of the war—and the shops were, from all reports, empty. But South Africa apparently declined to supply Renamo with the heavy artillery and air defenses that it would have needed to take and hold Maputo. The main theatre of the war shifted back to the center of the country in 1986, and the worst shortages in Maputo ended with the beginning of the economic-recovery program. There are still attacks on every road and railway line connecting the city to the rest of the world, though, and they make life in Maputo feel islandlike, privileged, and somewhat unreal.

It may feel like none of those things, of course, to the hundreds of thousands of people who have fled there from the countryside, or to the relatives they tend to stay with. Because of the influx, the high-rise apartment buildings are extraordinarily crowded, with many three-room apartments sleeping twenty or more. At night, these buildings become a modern Pandemonium. Very few of the elevators work, and a long-term, nationwide shortage of light bulbs insures that most of the stairways are unlit. Because water pressure is often a problem, especially on the upper floors, water is carried in buckets up the stairs. During a climb of ten or fifteen floors, water spills. So the stairways are wet as well as pitch-black, and are jammed with jostling people, children playing, and rats. The wife of a friend of mine slipped one night on the stairs in their building. She was carrying their infant son in a *capulana* (a square of colorful cloth, the Mozambican woman's all-purpose garment) on her back. Mother and child both went to the hospital. The baby was in a coma for five days. When the ordeal was finally over—the baby recovered—I asked my friend if they were considering moving. He said they wouldn't dream of it. Of the choices available, a Maputo high rise was, despite its drawbacks—the stairs, the stench, the crowds—by far the safest and most pleasant place for them to live.

Most people in Maputo live not in the "cement city" but in the "cane city," the archipelago of shantytowns which surrounds the capital. While the cement city commands a view of the sea and the harbor, most of the shantytowns are built on low ground, subject to seasonal floods. They are immense scenes of poverty and squalor, yet in the morning commuters emerge from them in the thousands, many in starched, pressed office clothes, hurrying down sand roads and dirt paths, through thick woodsmoke and low, cool sunshine, heading for the cement city.

In Maputo, seeing the war is often just a matter of asking someone a question. Once, while I was staying in the luxurious apartment of a United Nations official high above Avenida Eduardo Mondlane, I was having lunch alone. As the cook, a heavyset middle-aged career servant named Bernardo, was ladling out soup, I asked him in passing how things were in central Gaza, the area he came from. Bernardo set down the soup bowl, wiped his hands on his apron, stared at me unnervingly, and said things were terrible. It had become so dangerous that he had decided to bring his wife and four children to Maputo. But his wife refused to leave her mother, who refused to leave her land. He decided to bring the children anyway, and to sell one of his four goats—the male—to finance the move. Just then, his goats were stolen from their herder by thieves posing as police. Bernardo paid the local militia twenty thousand meticais (nearly forty dollars, at the official rate) to conduct a house-to-house search. They found three of his four goats, but not the male, and arrested the woman who had them. Bernardo decided not to press charges, because the woman was breast-feeding and was also pregnant, and she promised to pay him, in installments, the twenty thousand meticais. But now she was back in jail, having stolen from someone else, who didn't care that she was pregnant, and he had no way to bring his children to safety in the city. Did I have any idea how dangerous it was in the countryside now? The *bandidos* could burst into your house at any time. And they would just start killing people, for no reason. Bernardo imitated a zombie hacking with a machete, supplying the sound effects himself—"Za! Za! Za!"—and getting visibly upset. That was what they did! They never said a thing! They just chopped people up! The robotic silence of the bandits was clearly the most horrifying part of it all to Bernardo. He kept imitating the chopping, his eyes bulging: "Za! Za! Za!"

Maputo's central hospital was just a block away from that apartment, and one-legged people, most of them victims of land mines, were always crutching along Avenida Eduardo Mondlane. One afternoon, I went into the hospital with a translator from the Ministry of Information, who had got us permission to speak to patients. Casilda Maquele, a sixty-three-year-old peasant, had been wounded by a bullet in an attack only six days before. It was the second time the bandits had attacked her village. Many people had been killed in this attack, she said, including her father-in-law. Her village, which was across Maputo Bay, was within sight of the city. Flávio Maria, a twenty-three-year-old mechanic in the Army, had been wounded in an attack near the Swaziland border only five days before. One bullet had passed right through him—he showed us the open holes, front and back. Another bullet had already been removed, from his shoulder. This was the first day since he had been shot that he was able to move. Maria said he and his company had been defending a warehouse full of food. The battle had lasted seventeen hours. The bandits had finally succeeded in taking the warehouse. They had stolen the food, and destroyed a lot of equipment. Maria expected to be moved soon to a military hospital and, when he was healed, sent back to the front. Where was the front? Almost anywhere outside Maputo.

The hospital was a hellish place, with a stench that forced me to hurry outside periodically for fresh air. Patients were screaming with unsedated pain; sheets were stained red, brown, and yellow; the wards were dirty and ill-lit; legless men lay on the floor in the corridors. And yet it was the best hospital in the country, my guide assured me. "The last alternative before you go to your grave," he said, with a gentle laugh.

MOST of the foreign civilians living in Mozambique live in Maputo. That amounts to a substantial number. "In the development racket, Mozambique is the trendiest place on earth," an American official in Maputo told me. "*India* has a hundred and fifty people here, for Christ's sake." Shaking his head, the official called to his houseboy for more piping-hot cashews and cold beer. We were sitting in his living room, which was large, modern, and immaculate; the previous week's issue of *New York* lay on the coffee table. Maputo's wealthiest neighborhoods, such as Somerschield, a leafy district from which even the Portuguese were once excluded by their British creditor-overlords, seem to be populated almost entirely by foreigners. The government goes out of its way to make them comfortable, reserving for them much of the city's best housing, and even ceding tracts of well-drained land for the construction of whole new neighborhoods—arrondissements so blindingly clean that they might have dropped out of the sky from Sweden. Because leaving Maputo other than by air is dangerous —it is, in fact, forbidden by a number of embassies for their nationals to do so—many expatriates end up living in a closely circumscribed world, bounded by house, office, hard-currency supermarket, the few restaurants that are up to foreign standards, and the company of their fellows. There are shopping sprees to Swaziland and South Africa to break up the routine, but the farthest that many foreigners venture into local society is to join one of several old Portuguese yacht clubs that still molder on the Maputo waterfront.

Few of the officials in the international organizations working in Mozambique are newcomers to the aid business. I was constantly running into people whose résumés contained the same disaster zones: Southeast Asia, Uganda, Somalia, Ethiopia, Sudan. The American "aid professionals" would ask me how long I had been "in country," as if we were in Vietnam. And some of them seemed actively resistant to knowing any more about Mozambique than they needed to do their jobs. The international organizations do good and vital work, but the competition among them can get fierce. Some of their differences are honest ones, turning on questions of how to encourage economic development, or how to minimize the debilitating dependence that so often accompanies aid, especially in places where people have been uprooted. Others are pure bureaucratic turf war. One organization, using its financial clout, pressures the government to certify it as the sole provider of prosthetic limbs in Mozambique, so that it can corner a lucrative fund-raising market. The losers in this sort of power play (the only real losers are the amputees, but they have no political clout) then plot revenge. While I was in Maputo, accusations were flying that one organization was using photographs of another organization's project to raise funds in Europe, misrepresenting the project as its own. All this infighting gives rise to some fairly good name-calling. Rivals of the British organization Save the Children, which is very active, and very effective, call it Shave the Children. Critics of World Vision, a conservative American church organization, call it Blurred Vision.

There are also foreigners, known as *cooperantes*, who moved to Mozambique some time ago for political reasons. Most are socialists from Britain, Western Europe, Canada, the United States, or South Africa, and most work for the government. Some have been associated with Frelimo since the *luta armada*, and many have dedicated the best years of their lives to building socialism in Mozambique. Frelimo's ideological swerve in the nineteen-eighties left a lot of *cooperantes* in the political ditch. Some left the country; some who have stayed seemed to me embittered but not sure how to express their displeasure—few, if any, are Mozambican citizens. *Cooperantes* tend to resent the new generation of foreigners—the technocrats who come to Mozambique with lucrative contracts, health insurance, regular home leave, and no visible ideals. Many *cooperantes* see the Western aid effort as a grand political démarche. They point out that in 1983, when parts of Mozambique were facing a famine, Samora Machel had to go to Europe and make a number of "pro-Western" statements before the emergency aid he had been requesting for nearly a year was granted. (By then, it was too late for an estimated hundred thousand people, who starved to death.) The United States, it is often said, has become popular in Mozambique simply by dumping thousands of tons of surplus grain there. And South African destabilization, by "softening up" Mozambique for a repenetration by international capital, has dovetailed too neatly with Western designs. Many Frelimo militants share this analysis, and many have certainly not forgotten American support for Portugal, through NATO, during the *luta armada*. But the leadership refrains from biting the Western hand that feeds the people. "We are not destabilized for our socialist option, but for our independence," Cabaço told me.

The current popularity of the United States is, in fact, due partly to the amount of aid it sends—we are the largest single donor to Mozambique—and partly to our role, in various forms, as an important local employer. There is also the Melissa Wells factor. Mrs. Wells' confirmation as American Ambassador to Mozambique was held up in the Senate by conservative senators, under the leadership of Jesse Helms, for eleven months in 1986 and 1987. Helms and company were trying to use the nomination to shift United States policy in Renamo's direction, arguing that the so-called Reagan Doctrine of providing support to anti-Communist insurgencies in the Third World was being unwisely abandoned in the case of Mozambique. Mrs. Wells, a career foreign-service officer, contended, throughout a process that included two hundred and forty-six detailed written questions from Helms, that Renamo was not a nationalist movement, and not worthy of American support. The bloc opposing her confirmation, which included Robert Dole, disintegrated after a major Renamo massacre of civilians in July, 1987, was reported.

The Mozambican press had followed the nomination controversy closely, so Mrs. Wells was widely known, and admired, by the time she arrived. And her performance in situ seemed only to increase her local popularity. She was Portuguese-speaking, experienced in Africa, knowledgeable about Mozambique, and endlessly energetic, travelling the length of the country to see things for herself, and adopting local projects. From the news reports, it seemed there was hardly an

• •

orphan in Mozambique who was not at risk for the American Ambassador's kindness. She is a tall, handsome woman with the easy manner and the steady gaze of a very good poker player. She is a serious reporter, known for personally investigating important stories, asking hard questions, and making detailed notes. And she is taken seriously by the Mozambican government.

The American Embassy as a whole is on surprisingly good terms—suspiciously good terms, Jesse Helms might think—with the Frelimo government. Indeed, the American diplomats seem ready to try almost anything to "wean Mozambique away from Communism," as it's so often put in Washington. I overheard the deputy chief of the United States mission instructing that a card be printed up, in Portuguese, to accompany three bottles of Scotch that he had lost in a tennis wager to the Frelimo Minister of Finance. It seemed that they had a regular doubles game on Sunday mornings. The card would express a wish that the Minister and his partner would be as gracious in defeat as they had been in victory, and it would be signed with Frelimo's revolutionary slogan, "*A Luta Continua*"—"The Struggle Continues."

GHOSTS from the colonial past still haunt Maputo. The long beach running north from the city used to be a favorite weekend campsite for white South Africans. They parked their campers and pitched their tents in among shaggy pines behind the beach, and the Mozambicans called them "banana Boers," because all they ever bought from hawkers was bananas. Everything else they needed—except, perhaps, black women and prawns—they brought with them. Behind the beach, near a stock-car track and a miniature-golf course—both closed and overgrown now—stands a huge building, at least twenty-five stories high. The building was going to be a hotel, but it was unfinished at independence, and the Portuguese builders, before abandoning it, poured concrete down the pipes and down the elevator shaft. And so the building has stood, empty and rusting in the sea breeze, a rather heavily symbolic skeleton, since 1975.

The Portuguese settlers committed a great deal of sabotage and vandalism before they left Mozambique. They killed cattle, wrecked machinery, drove tractors into the sea, destroyed records and repair manuals, and, above all, spirited wealth out of the country. Joseph Hanlon, the BBC's former correspondent in Mozambique, estimated, in his book, "Mozambique: The Revolution Under Fire," that some hundred and fifty million British pounds was illegally exported immediately before and after independence. According to Hanlon, the owners of Boror, the world's largest coconut-farming company, simply "loaded the entire 1975 copra crop, worth two million British pounds, onto four ships and sailed away, never to return." Like Renamo's destruction of infrastructure, the damage caused by this pillage was magnified painfully by the underdevelopment from which Mozambique already suffered. In the Portuguese case, it was only the last blow in a battering that lasted nearly five hundred years and included centuries of slaving as well as the more recent bestiality of the colonial secret police.

Yet some Portuguese stayed on in Mozambique after independence—the number today is about twenty thousand; most live in Maputo—and the level of racial tension in the country is remarkably low. Among the whites who stayed, a small minority were actively pro-Frelimo. A few had been members of clandestine Frelimo cells during the *luta armada*. The existence of a white left in Mozambique is sometimes attributed to family traditions retained from the days when Lisbon deported political opponents to the colonies, but some Frelimo officials saw their entire families leave without them. A high proportion of young whites, enthusiastic about either the popular revolution happening around them or the prospect of having the family house to themselves, or both, stayed. An American historian who came to teach at Eduardo Mondlane University told me that his white students, who were used to coasting through school and who regarded independence as a great party, never did their work and then were amazed when he failed them. When food shortages in the cities became so serious that even whites, who had no access to a *machamba*—the family vegetable plot that has always fed the great majority of Mozambicans—began going hungry, more left. Many went to South Africa.

ALL of southern Mozambique lives in the shadow of the neighboring giant, South Africa. When Maputo was built, in the late nineteenth century (it was then called Lourenço Marques), it was to serve the mines and industry of the Transvaal as a port. After independence, Frelimo sought to reduce the country's dependence on South Africa, but the economic integration of southern Mozambique with South Africa was very thorough, and most of the few gains made were reversed as Mozambique's economy was buried by the war. Mozambique supports international economic sanctions against South Africa but, like a number of other states in the region, is in no position to impose sanctions itself. Indeed, comprehensive international sanctions will need to include provisions for increased aid to Mozambique and its neighbors.

In Maputo, the giant's shadow is deep indeed. On television one finds Afrikaner schoolchildren chanting a martial tune between clips of sports bloopers and dog tricks. At the market, every second product—even the onions—comes from South Africa. Although Pretoria has sharply cut the number of Mozambicans allowed to work in the Transvaal mines, men all over southern Mozambique still wear the gum boots and hard hats issued to miners. The deepest part of the South African shadow, though, is military. Maputo is only forty easily traversed miles from the South African border, so it is understandable that Frelimo military strategy after independence concentrated at first on preparation for an invasion. Although the real threat turned out to be another guerrilla war, South Africa has launched a number of raids into Maputo and its suburbs. In 1981, South African commandos drove across the border and destroyed three houses in a Maputo suburb, killing thirteen members of the African Na-

IF BUT ONCE...
There's a singular glory to opera, ballet, theater and simple sightseeing in Monaco. A glory you owe it to yourself to take in... if but once.
For a free brochure call the Monaco Government Tourist Office, (212) 759-5227, ext. 404.

PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO

MONACO

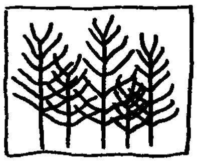
"If you only had Wings, you could fly."
-Crouch & Fitzgerald

The Wings Diamond Collection of luggage is available at Crouch & Fitzgerald.
44" Garment bag—$495. 26" Pullman—$665. 23" Satchel—$285.
Fine leather goods since 1839.
400 Madison Avenue at 48th Street, New York, NY 10017. (212) 755-5888.
Outside of New York City, call 1-800-6-CROUCH.
Open Monday through Saturday, 9-6. Major credit cards accepted.

150 Years Crouch & Fitzgerald

WINGS™

tional Congress, the leading South African liberation movement—it was at that time infiltrating guerrillas through Mozambique—and a Portuguese bystander. In 1983, a dozen South African jets strafed two Maputo suburbs, killing three factory workers, a child, a soldier, and one member of the A.N.C. (he was washing a car) and injuring forty other Mozambicans, most of them women and children. Later that year, commandos bombed the A.N.C. office in Maputo.



The South African forces dwarf those of all its neighbors combined, so Mozambique is virtually helpless against this sort of attack. Some of Frelimo's supporters, like Fidel Castro, are triumphalist in their view of the liberation struggle in South Africa, believing that military and economic pressure could cause the apartheid regime to fall relatively quickly. But Frelimo's leadership is obliged to be realistic about the balance of forces both in the region and inside South Africa, and President Chissano clearly believes that he must work out a modus vivendi with Pretoria. For that reason, he has been trying to revive a 1984 "non-aggression pact" known as the Nkomati Accord, which was supposed to end Mozambique's support of the A.N.C. and South Africa's support of Renamo. (Only Mozambique actually abided by its terms.) Chissano also seems to believe that the capitalist democracies, while they have historically been Pretoria's allies, may now be persuaded to help South Africa's neighbors survive the external shocks of apartheid's death agonies. Those agonies are, after all, likely to last for decades.

Frelimo may be less realistic when it comes to ending the war with Renamo. Militarily, it is a stalemate. Reviving the Nkomati Accord is, along with an amnesty law, Frelimo's only declared strategy for breaking the stalemate. Frelimo's assumption, which may be correct, is that Renamo's centralized command and control depend on South African support. But the idea that any amount of diplomatic pressure can end the flow of external support to Renamo while pro-Renamo forces remain strong inside the South African military and police, in South Africa's large Portuguese community, in certain other African states, and in right-wing circles in much of the West seems, at best, only a hope. In any case, the ability of Renamo units to fight with weapons and ammunition captured from Frelimo or stolen or bought from the popular militia has been amply shown. The government's strategy has a chance, perhaps, of wearing down Renamo over a period of many years. But the Mozambican people do not have many years. Their suffering and their fatal dependence on foreign aid grow every day.

Renamo's leaders say they want negotiations. What they probably want more is the recognition—the international credibility—they would gain from negotiations. The only time negotiations were publicly attempted, in Pretoria in 1984, Renamo's representatives walked out just as a ceasefire agreement seemed in sight. Frelimo has no interest in giving its opponents the political victory that negotiations today would represent, and none of the dozens of governments that give support to Mozambique seem particularly frantic to end the war. The only important issues in the policy debates in Washington, according to Mozambique's American lobbyist, are Frelimo's commitment to Marxism and its ties to Moscow. The State Department would like to see non-lethal military aid going to Mozambique, if only for the protection of convoys delivering food, but conservatives in Congress have blocked that. American pressure on South Africa helped to bring about the Nkomati Accord and the abortive 1984 peace talks but seems not to have been applied since then to ending the war. Meanwhile, giving aid to the victims of South African aggression helps American lawmakers stave off calls for serious economic sanctions against Pretoria. (It does the same thing, even more effectively, for Margaret Thatcher.)

While the war rages everywhere else, people in Maputo end up doing a lot of South Africa watching. A popular explanation, while I was around, for apparent contradictions in South African policy, such as that Pretoria is eager to provide security for the transmission lines that carry hydroelectricity from Mozambique's Cahora Bassa Dam to South Africa—lines that Renamo constantly sabotages—had South Africa taking a "corridor approach" to Mozambique; that is, continuing to sponsor widespread disruption and destruction, while securing a few corridors, like Cahora Bassa and Maputo's harbor, for its own use. The harbor, it was said, was being eyed in connection with sanctions-busting schemes that Pretoria is developing.

Pretoria's relations with Renamo are, naturally, the subject of abundant speculation. Every peasant or captured *bandido* who can describe a South African supply drop, every mysterious parachute recovered from a lake, every suspicious movement in the Comoros Islands (a tiny country, less than two hundred miles off the northern coast of Mozambique, whose leader is close to South Africa) feeds the Renamo-Pretoria rumor mill in Maputo. South African motives are dissected with Thomist care.

The place in Maputo for foreigners to hear the latest political scuttlebutt and soothsaying is the Hotel Polana. A grand colonial pile, the Polana is built on spacious grounds overlooking the sea just along the bluff from President Chissano's house. Foreign delegations, officials, journalists, businessmen, and international-aid workers awaiting other housing all stay at the Polana, obliging the local élites to put in regular appearances there. The hotel ends up displaying all the peculiar contrasts of late-revolutionary Mozambique. The doormen wear grandees' full-length braided uniforms, while the front desk sells a postcard captioned "Luta Armada." (The photograph on that card contains an unusually honest image of African bush war: just a line of peasants walking barefoot on a trail through dry grass and sun-baked dirt with heavy-looking bundles on their heads.) One evening, in the Polana's restaurant, I asked José Luís Cabaço about how the Party planned to handle the confrontation with the power of the national bourgeoisie that the growth of the private sector will inevitably cause. Cabaço, a portly, genial, urbane man with a gray Vandyke, who was a construction executive in Lourenço Marques during the *luta armada* and used his position to photograph strategic sites for Frelimo under cover of commerce, stroked his beard, laughed, and said, "I am cleaning my gun." He was sitting with a beautiful young woman from the Italian Communist Party, who had come to make arrangements for a visit by her boss, Giovanni Berlinguer. Because Cabaço was educated (in sociology) in Italy, he handles the visits of dignitaries from Italy. His most recent guest had been Pope John Paul II. The Pope's visit was generally considered a big success, not least because His Holiness did not call for talks with Renamo, as the government had dreaded he might.

The main action at the Polana, though, is capitalist. Businessmen from all over the world hustle through the lobby, deal out their business cards, and huddle with government officials over lawn tables beside the swimming pool. As Mozambique opens its doors to private foreign investment, everybody and his corporate brother seem to be scrambling for the Land Rover franchise, the office-computer franchise, the oil-exploration and mining concessions. Mozambique's natural wealth, which includes large coal reserves, iron ore, and some of the world's largest deposits of tantalite, not to mention vast tracts of arable land, has been virtually unexploited.

And yet all the wheeling and dealing I observed may have been an illusion. There was another wave of foreign-investment interest after the signing of the Nkomati Accord, but the investment itself never materialized. Even South African businessmen who had pressured their government to make peace so that they could get back into Mozambique lost interest when they saw the extent of the war's destruction. In fact, the only real money to arrive had been four million dollars for the construction of a new, heavily fortified South African trade mission, which was just down the street from the Polana. Many of the accents to be heard around the hotel were South African, some of them belonging to quite voluble characters, happy to explain how they were already using Maputo to get around certain Western trade sanctions.

The true composition of present-day investment is probably best reflected in rumors that Italy is preparing to resume construction of the great sabotaged hotel along the beach north of Maputo. It is said that the Italians plan, when the building is completed, to fill it with the offices of international-aid organizations. Most foreign investment in projects outside Maputo simply must await improvement in the *situação*.

EVERYONE knows that the highways out of Maputo are not safe to travel. Reports of Renamo ambushes have been almost daily fare for years. Of course, ambushes can happen only where there is traffic, and the fact is that the highways around Maputo are full of traffic. People have to get from town to country, and so they take their chances. Most of the traffic is in convoys with military escorts, but going by convoy is no guarantee against attack. Convoys are regularly ambushed. In October, 1987, at least two hundred and seventy-eight people were killed in one attack on the national highway fifty miles north of Maputo. In such circumstances, one's conception of what is safe collapses into a basic equation: if we got through, it was a safe trip, whether the bus behind us was attacked or not.

Last fall, I rode up the highway from Maputo to Manhiça, a rural district where Renamo is very active—the highway massacre the previous October had occurred in Manhiça—with Lina Magaia, an official in the Ministry of Agriculture. Lina drove the route every week, and she did not like to travel in convoys. "If something happens, you cannot get away," she said. "All the cars and trucks start to run into each other." So we set off unaccompanied in her van, a new charcoal-gray four-wheel-drive Mitsubishi Pajero equipped with a two-way military radio, our only armament an automatic pistol on the seat between us. It was an overcast day. My plan was to spend a few days in Manhiça, where Lina works as a sort of all-purpose rural-extension officer.

The soldiers at the checkpoints all knew Lina. They called her Mama Magaia and tried to bum cigarettes from her. At one checkpoint, she talked for several minutes with a commander. They spoke Shangaan, which left me out, but they were obviously discussing the road ahead. Lina gave the commander a pack of cigarettes. We saw a couple of convoys heading for the city but no traffic going our way. The land we were passing through was deserted. It looked like farmland reverting to scrub. We came to a large, spooky cleared stretch, in an area called Pateque. I had been told in Maputo by a local journalist that Pateque was one of the most dangerous stretches of road in the country—he said he would not travel it for anything—but Lina said his information was outdated. "This was the worst part of the road," she said. "So I went to President Samora—

VERMONT®
BEST OF

SPECIAL SPRING SELECTIONS

LAKE CHAMPLAIN CHOCOLATES. World-famous, 12.25 oz. assortment. These hand-made candies make a wonderful gift — even for yourself. The 24 pieces include Honey Caramel, Evergreen Mint, Maple Crunch, and Green Mountain.
☐ **$22.50** Including shipping

ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCH. Our 8 oz. butter toffee classic, enhanced with roasted almonds and wrapped in milk chocolate. Order a few, they tend to disappear.
☐ **$15.30** Including shipping

VERMONT CHOCOLATE COW. Our 5 oz. holstein of luscious milk and white chocolate arrives in its own "truck/box." A best-seller.
☐ **$13.90** Including shipping

LUXURIOUS LEATHER. The soft durability of these products is outstanding. Each bag is hand-made in Vermont. Black only.

THE WINDSOR BAG. This briefcase will make an impressive statement, with removable shoulder strap. 12 x 16 x 2 inches.
☐ **$375.00** Including shipping

THE DORSET BAG. Tote or weekender, this perfect traveling companion comes with adjustable handles. 12 x 16 x 8 inches.
☐ **$425.00** Including shipping

FLAME RESISTANT MEASURING CUP. Holds over 4 cups and goes from freezer to microwave or stove.
☐ **$24.50** Including shipping

HEIRLOOM SALAD BOWL. The finest hardwoods, skillfully shaped by Vermont craftsmen, make this large beautiful bowl with matching spoon and fork as stunning as it is extraordinary.
☐ **$147.50** Including shipping

Call toll-free: **1-800-537-0225**
All major credit cards accepted
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
Vermont Best Of®
Handcrafted Quality Products
309 County St., Bennington, Vt. 05201

A small hotel
on a little street
called Rodeo Drive.

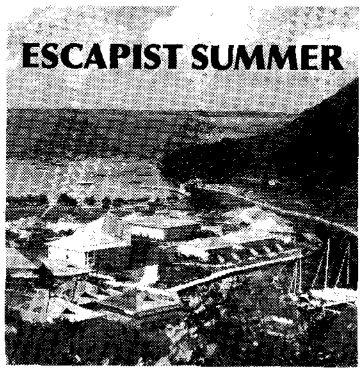
B

THE BEVERLY RODEO HOTEL
Beverly Hills (800) 421-0545

HOMEWOOD INN
ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE
Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland, 10 min. from L.L. Bean. Hearty country breakfasts, lobster bakes. Housekeeping avail. Pool. Tennis.
P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, ME 04096.
Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.
Featured in ***Country Inns and Back Roads***

BEST VALUE IN KA'ANAPALI!
Spacious studios, 1 and 2 bedroom condominiums. Rates from $85. **CALL 800-367-2967** and ask for the NEW YORK Special.
MAUI ELDORADO RESORT

ESCAPIST SUMMER



Escape to an exclusive summer retreat. Where the style is French elegance and the food French sensational. Flee summer's humidity for a trade-wind-cooled terrace and a secluded beach. The shopping is duty-free. The nightlife is hot. And the prices are very special.

l'Habitation
Deluxe Beach Resort
ANSE MARCEL
ST. MARTIN, FWI
(590) 87.33.33

Contact your travel agent or call
USA 800-847-4249 CANADA 800-255-3393
NY STATE 212-757-0225

Represented by
MONDOTELS 200 W. 57 St., NY, NY 10019

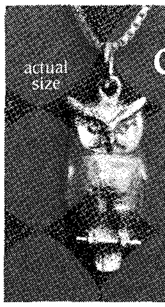
GROUPE DES HOTELS CONCORDE

PROGRESSIVE TRAVELS

Luxury Bicycling and Walking Tours.
England, Ireland,
France, Hawaii, Grand Tetons
and New Mexico.

1932 1st Ave. #1100-N Seattle, WA 98101
(206)443-4225 or 1-800-245-2229

OWL PENDANT



Sterling—$45; 14K—$250
18" neckchain is included
velvet box, satisf. guaranteed

Vern Wayne Pond
105 N. Union St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

VISA/MC/AMEX (703) 548-5994

"Beautiful Hand Cut Wooden Jigsaw Puzzles"
Intricately cut from 5 ply hardwoods and personalized with interesting shapes and silhouettes. Call or send for free information.
Elms Puzzles, Inc. (301) 583-7535
8 Beech Leaf Court / Towson, MD 21204

this was in 1985—and I asked if there wasn't something he could do to improve the security here. His solution was to bulldoze the forest away from the road, to improve the visibility. You see, now you have time to take some action *before* you are ambushed." It was true: there were no trees within several hundred yards of the road, and few places for attackers to hide. We passed through without incident.

Beyond Pateque, at a place called Maluana, the forest came back to the edge of the road. Lina said, "Now I cannot talk. I must pay attention." I began to notice burned, overturned vehicles along the shoulder of the road. Lina started driving at very high speed—seventy-five miles an hour or more. We screamed around curves, and didn't slow down even when we came to an Army checkpoint. The soldiers hurried out of the way, seeming to understand. After several miles, we came to a group of inhabited houses, a place called Esperança, and Lina finally slowed down. She reached into my bag, pulled out a fifth of Scotch I had brought, and, with my permission, took two slugs from the bottle. She sighed. "Now we can relax," she said.

I felt fairly safe with Lina. She had been working in Manhiça since 1982, and knew the area well. In fact, she told me she had been going there since she was a child. Her mother was from Manhiça, and Lina used to visit her grandmother there. She had watched the war come to Manhiça, and in 1986 she had moved her four children back to Maputo. Now she usually saw them and her husband only on weekends. But she had not considered abandoning her work in Manhiça, she said.

Lina was, at forty-three, a formidable woman. She came from a prominent southern clan, the Mabjaia. Her uncle was Mozambique's Ambassador to Swaziland; her brother was the editor of *Tempo*, the country's biggest magazine. Lina's father, a teacher, had become *assimilado* when she was eleven, thereby enabling her to go to a state school in Maputo. She had studied economics in Lisbon on a scholarship until the 1974 coup and then had left to join Frelimo in Tanzania. There she received nine months of military training and rose to the rank of sergeant. The war ended before she saw combat, and she left the Army in 1977, but there was still, I thought, plenty of military dash to her manner. She handled a pistol as if she'd been born with one in her hand. On the day we drove to Manhiça, she was dressed entirely in black—sweatpants, sweatshirt, boots, beret. She was big—tall, and a good two hundred pounds—with a big, husky voice and an enormous laugh. She had a mobile, expressive face and a quick tongue—not, all in all, the deferential bearing found among most African women in southern Mozambique. Lina also had a quick pen. She wrote a weekly column for *Notícias*, the Maputo daily paper, which was popular for its attacks on incompetent officials.

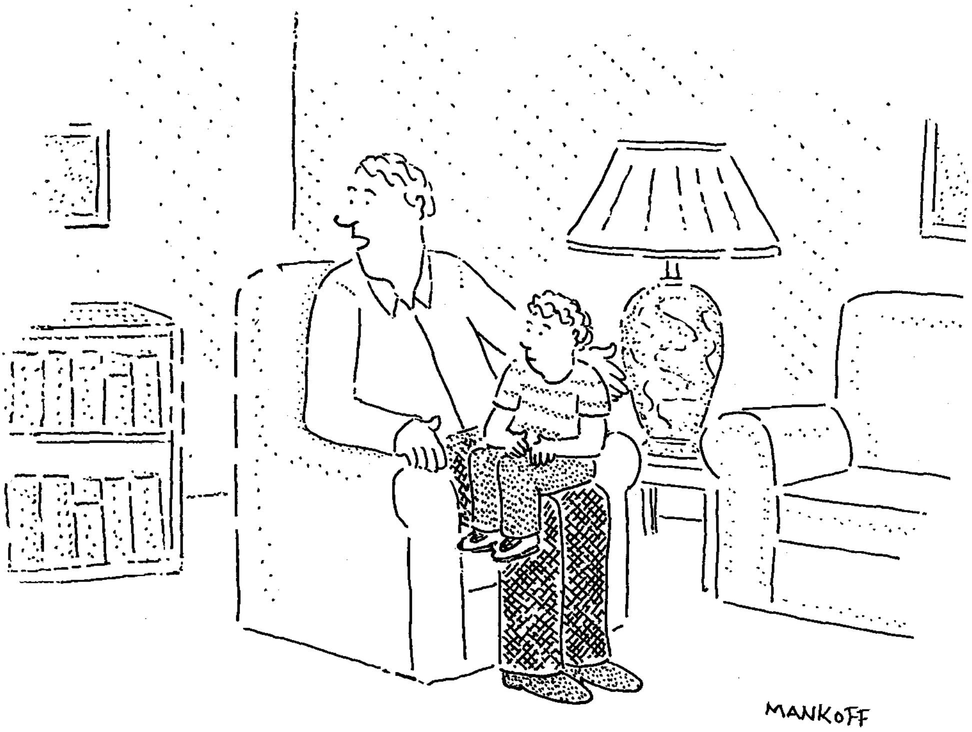
We reached Manhiça in the afternoon, and found a large convoy, perhaps a hundred vehicles, getting ready to leave for Maputo. The people in the cars and trucks all smiled when they saw us arriving safely from the south. Manhiça is a pretty town, spread out on a green plateau above the Incomati River. The cement town probably has two thousand residents, the cane town many times that. The main commercial street, which is the national highway, is flanked by old-fashioned pillared sidewalks. Two small hotel restaurants compete for the carriage trade. We turned off the highway and followed a dirt road out through the cane town, and little children started rushing at the car, all shouting excitedly, "Lina Magaia! Lina Magaia!" Lina pointed to a row of burned houses. "The bandits attacked here two weeks ago today," she said. "They burned forty-seven houses, and they wrecked the office of our farm, Ribangue, which is just coming up here. But the attack was a victory for our militia—they killed four bandits and captured a bazooka and a Mauser."

We arrived at Ribangue, a dilapidated farm headquarters at the edge of the plateau—the fields were down in the floodplain—and were met by Domingos Jasse, a solid-looking, mild-mannered man with a glass eye, whom Lina introduced as the head of defense for the farm. (She later told me that Jasse had lost his eye in the *luta armada*. He had fought for ten years as a Frelimo guerrilla in his home province of Niassa.) Jasse showed me the damage to the farm's office—burned files, a burned desk—and gave me a blow-by-blow account of the attack two weeks before. The farm's militia, consisting of eighty-seven people with only five automatic weapons, had received word that an attack was coming, and had moved out into the fields. The *bandidos*, they knew, were after the food, seeds, tools, bicycles, and other goods stored in the farm's magazine. When they entered the office, and started smashing it up, the militia ambushed them. Two militiamen were injured when a fleeing *bandido* threw a grenade, but otherwise it was a rout. The *bandidos* had left one body behind, and it was handed over to the man's family, who lived nearby, but the militia now knew they had killed three more, because a young woman whom the *bandidos* had kidnapped—they had kidnapped eleven people from an adjoining cane town during the raid—returned and told them so. She also said that the *bandidos* had had a kidnapped peasant carry one of their wounded, and had killed the peasant when the wounded man died. The *bandidos* had beaten up the young woman, and they had given her a message for the people at Ribangue: they would be coming back for their bazooka and their Mauser, and to place flowers on the grave of their fallen comrade. Jasse showed me the bazooka and the Mauser, now stored with the other valuables in the farm's magazine. The *bandidos* would have to fight very hard to get these back, he said quietly.

Lina said she only wished that the newspapers covered militia victories the way they covered highway massacres, and then she showed me around the farm. There were pigsties, a henhouse, a duck farm, a large shed full of rabbits, and, down on the floodplain, six hundred acres of corn, beans, cabbage, bananas, and other crops. The fields were divided into small family plots, which suggested a coöperative farm, but Lina denied that Ribangue was a coöperative. It was "a project," she said. Whatever it was, she was clearly in charge of it. She upbraided workers who had not fed the chickens, went over salary sheets, and upbraided the salary clerk for not paying out raises that had been set. When I asked if she received a salary herself, she said she did, but added that she did not get paid if the farm did not make a profit. Though the fields at Ribangue seemed to be flourishing, Lina said they could be far more productive. The main problems were irrigation and drainage. They badly needed a backhoe to reopen drainage ditches that had been neglected since independence. Lina wondered if I would ask Melissa Wells to help her get a backhoe. We met a man in rags in a beanfield. He grinned when he saw Lina, and handed us two ears of roasted corn, which we chewed as we went bumping around the muddy roads of Ribangue.

I was supposed to stay with Lina in Manhiça, but she already had three houseguests, North Korean technicians working on an irrigation project, and they panicked when they heard that an American was coming. Lina said they were afraid that if their embassy heard that they had stayed in the same house as an American—or were even seen speaking to one—they would be in big trouble. They could be sent back to Korea, and could lose their jobs. I had passed the North Korean Embassy in Maputo a few times, and had been impressed by the tone of a display in the front yard—it was all photographs of the recent visit of the Great Leader, Comrade Kim Il Sung, to Ulan Bator, Mongolia, with captions, in English, pointing out the "rapturous" crowds waving "fervently" while wishing long life with "infinite respect" to an old, dour-looking fellow in a gray suit—so I was sympathetic, and happy to stay in a house around the corner from Lina's. (But Manhiça was a small town, and on my third day there the inevitable happened: I ran into the Koreans on the street. Without thinking, I waved. They blanched and turned away, and we all just pretended that it hadn't happened.) It was a small, bare three-bedroom cement house that, from the outside, might have been in a postwar working-class neighborhood in Fresno. The whole street had that look, in fact. Two young men who worked at Ribangue also stayed in the house.

I was thoroughly confused by everything I had heard about the war in Manhiça, so that evening Lina brought over a huge map of the Manhiça district and we spread it out on the floor. The map, which had been drawn in 1969, was terrifically detailed, showing every house and hut in the district. Renamo had first come to Manhiça in force in 1984, Lina said, crossing from South Africa into sparsely inhabited western parts of the district. She showed me wild swamplands, far from any road, where the bandits had established their first big encampments, and the routes they had used to move into more populated areas, and where they had first started preying on the national highway. The map clearly showed why the stretch of highway at Pateque had become so



"Hon, was Skippy your concept or mine?"

• •

dangerous: there were many miles of heavy forest cover on either side of it, with no roads and no villages. A second major group of bandits, Lina said, had come to Manhiça from the north, after a Frelimo offensive in Gaza in 1985. They had moved down the left bank of the Incomati, preying on the villages in the valley and in the sandy, forested hills between the river and the coast. The coastal hills were a roadless maze, full of hideouts, and, Lina said, the empty beaches beyond them were ideal for resupply by sea.

I wondered why, if the bandits had come from far away, the family of the fighter killed at Ribangue was living in Manhiça. Lina said that the composition of the local Renamo bands had changed over the years. The commanders were still all Ndau-speakers, from the north, but now many of the troops were local men. In fact, Lina believed that there were no longer any large Renamo bases in Manhiça but instead just a number of small bands with excellent radio communications, which enabled them to mass for large attacks and then disperse. As Lina waxed military in her descriptions of the fighting over the years in Manhiça, one thing became clear, even to nonmilitary me: Renamo could not be defeated. Even in Manhiça, though it is near the capital, has a railway and a highway running through it, and is, for Mozambique, relatively developed and heavily populated, there were vast, roadless areas for guerrillas to hide in. It occurred to me that if the entire Army were brought to the Manhiça district—which constituted less than one per cent of Mozambique's area—its thirty thousand soldiers might have a chance of actually securing the district, of making it safe for the people who lived there to grow their crops and live their lives without fear of attack. *Might.*

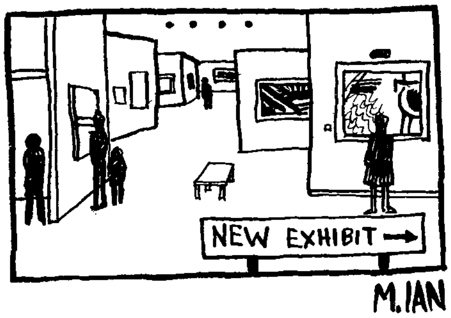
And Lina, to my surprise, agreed. But the Army was not the answer, she said. There would never be enough soldiers to defend Manhiça. No, the answer was militias—local people, well trained and well armed. They were fighting to protect their own property, and so had a level of motivation that soldiers would always lack. What was more, they knew the area, and they often had advance word of Renamo attacks. Many people were disenchanted with the popular militia—the Territorial Defense Force, it was now being called. They said that militiamen were dangerous, drunken, undisciplined thieves. That attitude, which made Lina furious, had been most cruelly manifested, she said, at a meeting in Manhiça the previous Saturday. Local private farmers and shopkeepers had gathered and, at Lina's urging, had agreed to support the reorganized district militia, but at the insulting level of a thousand meticais (less than two dollars) a month each. Lina was still spitting mad about the outcome of the meeting. "We *must* help ourselves," she said. "The Army cannot help us." Militias, I gathered, had been the subject of some of Lina's columns in *Notícias*.

It was getting late. I had noticed, under the bed where I would be sleeping, an AK-47 Soviet assault rifle, and I asked Lina about it. She said, "That is for your self-defense, in case the militia fails." She checked to make sure that the rifle was loaded, showed me how to set it on automatic fire, and said good night.

Thinking about it afterward, I wondered why Lina had said, "in case the *militia* fails." The town was full of regular Army. Earlier in the evening, in the commercial district, I had seen hundreds of people bedding down for the night on the canopied sidewalks. They were from the cane town, Lina said, and from nearby villages; they were afraid to sleep in their homes. Every few yards, a young soldier had sat, cradling an automatic rifle, guarding the sleepers. And open trucks full of soldiers were cruising the streets, the soldiers singing lustily. They were letting people know that they were being protected, Lina said. They had already come past the house several times.

As I was getting ready for bed, I asked one of my housemates, a quiet young man named Alexander, why Lina had not mentioned the Army when she left.

Alexander, who had studied animal husbandry in South Africa and, as a result, spoke English, looked at me strangely and said, "You have heard her. She believes that the militia, not the Army, must protect us."



I asked Alexander if he had a gun. "No," he said.

I asked him what he thought about my having one.

He shrugged. "The chap who usually sleeps in that room keeps that gun. I think it is not a good idea."

I poured Alexander a glass of Scotch and asked him why.

He said, "Because when the bandits come, they don't come just one or two. They come one or two hundred. You cannot fight them alone. And if they see you have a gun they will consider you the enemy."

I found it hard to believe that Renamo ever came to that part of town, much less in a force of hundreds, and said so.

Alexander stared at me. "They come," he said.

I asked him when Renamo had last come into the center of Manhiça.

"The last time they killed many people here in the cement town was January 12th," he said. "They broke into the shops on the national road and they killed eleven people. But the last attack we suffered here was three months ago—in June. They came into this road." Alexander gestured at the Fresno-like street outside the window. "I was alone here, and I was sleeping, and nobody came to warn me. When I woke up, I heard the bandits singing and firing their guns. I ran outside. There were hundreds of bandits marching in this road. They were beating drums, firing guns in the air, and shouting. It was very dark, so I just stood next to the house and said nothing, and they said nothing to me. They were singing, and they were shouting, 'Where are the men in this town? Where are the soldiers? We are the men in this town!' They went to the national road, and they looted the shops. They took clothes, and they just left their old clothes there in the road. They even took the curtains from the hotels. No one was killed in that attack. But that was when the last white people living here in Manhiça town left. They owned the hotels, and I think they didn't want to see the bandits next time wearing clothes made from their curtains."

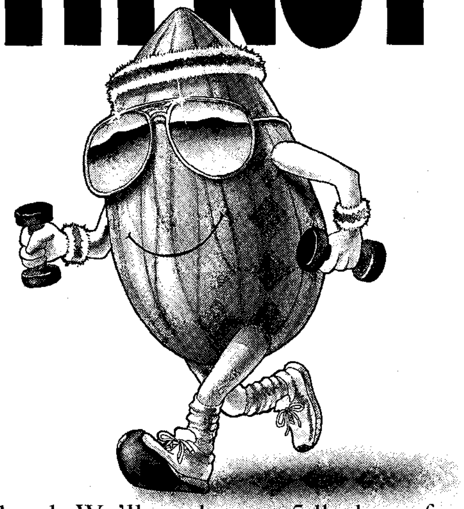
I repeated the bandits' question: "Where *were* the soldiers?"

Alexander waved a hand toward the river. "The bandits came from three directions at once," he said. "Everybody ran in the fourth direction, including the soldiers. Why should they stay and fight? The bandits are so much stronger." Alexander regarded me seriously. "We have a very bad situation here," he said, finally.

Later, lying in bed, I tried to recall if I had heard anything about militiamen standing guard nearby. Was there even any militia *to* fail? The month before, there had been a major militia failure a few miles south, at an agro-industrial complex called Maragra. Lina had been very upset about it. From 1982 to 1986, she had been the deputy director of Maragra, and she had created and trained the militia there herself. It had repulsed a number of Renamo attacks, but the most recent, which came late at night, had caught the Maragra militia napping. Six hundred Renamo fighters had overrun the complex, killing twenty-one people and wounding many. The most horrifying aspect of the attack was that a number of teenage boys from Maragra had joined the bandits in looting the homes of their neighbors, and had departed with Renamo. Lina had been lamenting the Maragra militia's fatal overconfidence, but the community's problems clearly went deeper than that. The war in Manhiça contained a large amount of delinquency, apparently, and nonpolitical banditry, as well as organized military activity, possibly supported by South Africa.

I decided that, Alexander's wise words notwithstanding, I liked having a rifle within reach. Somehow, perhaps by reducing, if only symbolically, my sense of vulnerability, it made the possibility of sleep slightly greater. Still, I slept poorly. The problem was less thoughts of a Renamo attack than my bed's mattress, which was thin and lumpy and had a horrible odor that seemed to get stronger every hour. Finally, after a long night, roosters began to crow, birds began to chirp. The dawn revealed a small, too blue room—blue walls, blue curtains—and slowly transformed the assault rifle from a dream-dark lifeline into a battered, prosaic old gun.

MANHIÇA was typical of nothing in Mozambique. Officially, it wasn't even part of "the emergency." There was, therefore, no free distribu-



HEALTH NUT

A Mariani Golden California Almond

The next time you crave a snack, junk the junk food and go for almonds. Our tasty nuts contain no cholesterol, and every sun-ripened kernel is an exceptionally good source of riboflavin, vitamin E, magnesium and eight other nutrients.

It's easy to keep our bite-sized nuggets of nutrition on hand. We'll send you a 5 lb. box of our fresh-shelled, unsalted, naturally-good-for-you almonds for just $19.75.

Order some junk food relief today. Send your check or money order — with your street address — to:

MARIANI NUT COMPANY

Mariani Nut Company
P.O. Box 664, Dept. NY
709 Dutton Street
Winters, California 95694

Court Her Again This Weekend.

DORAL COURT HOTEL

Romance her again in the old-fashioned way—at Doral Court, an intimate new hotel in the heart of the world's most exciting city. Offering plush accommodations and all the charm of Murray Hill.

Our weekend package includes champagne upon arrival, a full American breakfast on Saturday and Sunday brunch at our cheerful Courtyard Café.

A Weekend at the Court \$75^{00}*

*Per person, per night, double occupancy. Taxes additional. Valid Friday and Saturday only, subject to availability. No charge for children 12 and under in same room with parents. Not applicable to groups. Rate subject to change.

Complimentary Parking

Doral Court

"*...no finer bargain in midtown Manhattan.*"—*Condé Nast Traveler*

130 East 39th Street, New York, New York 10016 • (212) 685-1100 • (800) 624-0607

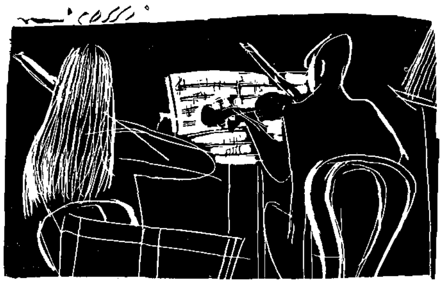
tion of food or clothes. (In truth, while there was no starvation in Manhiça, there were plenty of *afetados* and *deslocados*.) The highway, the railway, the abundant water, the fertility of the soil, the proximity of Maputo—all made Manhiça a special case. And the fact that it was in the far south, where the people spoke Ronga and Shangaan, and had been exposed to modern life and ideas, made it, politically, natural Frelimo territory—in contrast to many other parts of the country. And yet, paradoxically, as I travelled around Manhiça I began to feel as if I were seeing all of Mozambique's problems, and all the patterns of the war, in perfect, murky microcosm.

The murk here, as everywhere, shrouded not only the war but local farming and living arrangements. Lina said that communal villages had been a failure, and that the only one still functioning in Manhiça was a model project that received special government support—and yet we visited at least two other communal villages that seemed to be functioning. Both were building schools, and both had militias. I never did find out what sort of operation Ribangue was. Every time I asked someone working there who owned the farm, the answer was "Lina." Lina, however, denied owning it. What had probably happened was what had happened on many coöperative farms: the Ministry of Agriculture had ended up running the show, with little or no formal declaration. In any event, Ribangue was just one of many projects that engaged Lina's attention. Her job description was simple, she said: she was supposed to find out what Manhiça's farmers needed, and then go to the government to try to get those needs met. But her actual work seemed to involve everything from importing bicycles (the trading network in Manhiça, like that almost everywhere in rural Mozambique, had collapsed since independence, and Lina believed that she and the Ministry of Agriculture needed to take up some of the slack), through diagnosing crop diseases, to training militias.

There were many kinds of farmers in Manhiça: subsistence farmers, wealthier peasants, small and large private farmers, Portuguese, Chinese, African, and those on coöperatives and state farms. Lina's decisions about where to focus her assistance were critical, and highly political. Was she still working toward Frelimo's revolutionary goal, "the socialization of the countryside"? Lina seemed impatient with the question. The former economics student pointed out that Marx had never said that agriculture had to be collectivized, and, as for Lenin, "he had his own cultural-historical situation to deal with, and we have ours." Private farmers, she conceded, were a long-term problem, but Frelimo's medium-term goal was simply to reduce the social and economic gaps between farm workers and their employers. And the government's short-term goal was even simpler: to increase production.

This was Lina's obsession as well as the government's. She talked farm talk with every farmer we saw: the tomatoes killed by the frost; the rice that was getting too much water; the ominous yellowing of the onion tops. She constantly rued her own lack of technical expertise. What she needed most, she said, was surveyors, a hydraulic engineer, and an agronomist. First, though, she needed vehicles for them. And, since they would probably have to be foreigners, she needed houses. There were no houses suitable for foreigners available in Manhiça, so new ones would have to be built. Lina also dearly wanted to establish a farm-equipment shop in Manhiça, selling seeds, pesticides, and pumps, and perhaps offering pump and tractor maintenance and repair. She was excited about the possibility of growing rice in the bottom of a lush valley she showed me, but was in despair over a mealybug infestation that was destroying the district's cassava crop—she had no idea how to combat it. She would give *anything*, she said, to have an agronomist here in Manhiça.

Wandering the back roads of Manhiça with Lina was part celebrity tour. Everywhere we went, the children ran at the van shouting, "Lina Magaia! Lina Magaia!" Peasant women gazed at her adoringly as we sped past. Lina looked entirely unlike any of the other women I saw there. They wore *capulanas* and head scarves; she was now wearing bluejeans, pink elf boots, and a loose lavender knit blouse, the short sleeves of which kept blowing back over her shoulders. And yet she seemed beloved: the longer we drove, the more the back of the van filled with gifts of onions, bananas, lettuce, carrots, sugarcane. Many bundles were placed there by unseen hands while we were out tramping around in the fields.



Not everybody was ecstatic about seeing Lina. Several times, we came upon individuals with whom she was unhappy—"these so-called technicians they send me," she called them. They were all young men, and they all looked stricken on being found lounging behind a warehouse when they knew they were supposed to be out building a dam. After two or three of these scenes, Lina began to fume. Her biggest problem, she said, was the difficulty of delegating authority. Nobody wanted to make any decisions, so nothing got accomplished when she was not around. People had such terrible work habits! It was a hangover from colonialism. Because of slavery and forced labor, people had the habit of conserving their energy for their own *machambas*—that was why communalization had not worked. Frelimo had made a huge mistake at independence when it allowed people to start believing that life was going to be easier.

I had heard about the onset of "commandism" in relations between officials and peasants, and Lina clearly had a serious case of it going in Manhiça. Her interactions with people were hard for me to read, though. She seemed to chew out all comers without fear or favor. She was obviously a diva, self-involved and imperious. But most of her conversations were in Shangaan, so I understood nothing that was said, and several times, just when it seemed to me that she was riding roughshod over everyone, some worker would answer her more robustly than I expected, get a big laugh from everyone listening, including Lina, and then press his advantage, getting more aggressive and winning more laughs. Lina's moods were mercurial. While she was driving along in silence and I was watching her from the corner of my eye, I could see expressions of tenderness and ferocity and perplexity pass over her great fleshy features, alternating along with her thoughts.

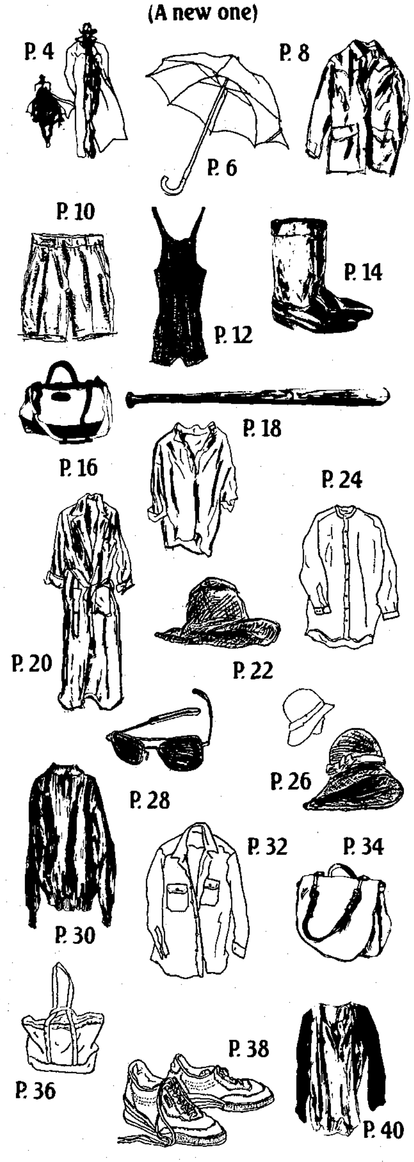
"Do you see why I love Manhiça?" she said, sighing and waving a hand out the window. We spent most of our time in the floodplain on the right bank of the Incomati or up on the rich green bluff at its edge, but when she asked that question we were crossing an exquisite open plain known as the Mozambique Valley. A eucalyptus windbreak ran alongside the road, which traversed brilliant fields of rice and sugarcane. "Only war could cause famine here," she said. "It's a naturally *rich* place. And it all makes me so sad. This farm here used to be João Ferreira's place. He was my favorite farmer. He worked so hard. He was going to be a Mozambican Inácio De Sousa." Inácio De Sousa, a white man, had been the biggest farmer in Manhiça. "But João was killed last year, along with two friends, on the way home from a wedding." Lina pointed out a young mulatto man in a battered cowboy hat who was climbing out of a truck. "That is João's brother-in-law. He is trying to run the farm, but he is very, very young. All this unnecessary suffering!" Later, on the edge of the town of Manhiça, Lina pointed to an abandoned house set back in the woods. "This is where João and his friends were ambushed," she said. "The bandits hid in that house. After shooting them, they slit their throats, and took all their clothes, leaving them naked."

I asked Lina if she had ever been ambushed. She said she had not. Several times, she had come upon the scene of a fresh attack, though, and had ferried dead and wounded in her car. She had also been involved, she said, in the defense of Maragra during Renamo attacks. I asked if she had ever been threatened personally by Renamo. She had once heard that the local bandits were hunting "the lady who wears black and organizes the militias," she said. "That was when I always wore black. But they never found me." Another time, in the province of Tete, she had heard a captured *bandido* say, "This is a real war. It has even been written in a book." She assumed that he meant a collection of her stories about Renamo atrocities in Manhiça, which had originally appeared in *Tempo* and had then been published as a book called "Dumba Nengue." "*Dumba nengue*" was a local expression. It meant, literally, "Trust your feet," and in Manhiça it referred to farming areas that had been abandoned but were sometimes visited by former residents, who came to gather fruit and nuts and were always ready to flee from Renamo. The stories were full of murder, torture, rape; of people burned, beheaded, thrown down wells. Ten thousand copies had been published in Mozambique and had quickly sold out. "Dumba Nengue" had also been translated into English and published in the United States. It was still the only local book about the war. But Lina didn't know whether the bandits in Manhiça knew that she was *that* Lina Magaia.

I got a sense of how Lina might have collected the stories for her book when we asked a farm worker in a field for directions. He had a tiny, hoarse voice, and he had trouble speaking. Lina asked him what had happened. He said that the *bandidos* had caught him near Palmeira and had slit his throat. He lifted his head so that we could see the scars. They went from ear to ear, and were at least an inch wide. It was hard to see how he had survived.

Later that day, while we were on the way to Palmeira—it's a small town on the national highway in the northern part of Manhiça—things briefly got tense. Lina spotted three men with rifles standing on a curve in the highway ahead of us. There were burned vehicles overturned along the side of the road. It was obviously an ambush spot. Lina stepped on the gas, we both slid low in our seats, and we went flying past the men, who did not move. "Those might be bandits," Lina said, as we slowed down to normal speed. "Sometimes they will come out and simply stand by the road, waiting for a truck carrying food, or a bus, or any vehicle they want to ambush. People think they're militia. There is no way to know." We stopped at the next village to ask around. Eventually, we found an old man who said that the men *were* militia. They had been stationed out there because of all the attacks on the curve. Afterward, Lina grumbled, "But is anyone feeding those militia? Is anyone paying them? If they are not being paid, how will they get food? And what will they do when they get hungry?"

We were going to Palmeira to see Zeca De Sousa, a son of Inácio De Sousa. Inácio, who died in 1976, had



The J. Peterman Catalogue
(A new one)

Catalogue to ______ name
______ address
city ______ state ______ zip

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue
Lexington, Kentucky 40507
(800) 231-7341
NY5/29

A WALKABLE FEAST!
Literary Walking Tours on Audio Cassette. Visit homes/haunts of your favorite writers in Paris, London or NYC. Detailed maps included. *FREE* brochure.
A Great Bon Voyage gift for that literary traveler!
DAY RANGER
P.O. Box 301 Dept. N
Fort Collins, CO 80522
(303) 482-9211
Visa and Mastercard Accepted

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-237-3759 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-1, Pgh., PA. 15220

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been such a respected farmer, Lina said, that Samora Machel himself had given the eulogy at his funeral, praising his honesty. Most of the white and Asian farmers in Manhiça had left after independence. Others, like a Chinese shopkeeper who owned a big banana farm we had seen near Maragra, lived in Maputo. The Portuguese farmers in Manhiça had been prosperous, unlike the illiterate European peasants who settled in, say, the Limpopo Valley, to the north. The most prosperous among them, though, had been Inácio De Sousa. He had controlled the entire banana market in Maputo. And Zeca was still here, growing bananas and rice, raising cattle, and running a large mill and rice-cleaning plant in Palmeira, where he lived, with his wife and child. We looked for Zeca in Palmeira, and were told he was in the fields. We drove out to a large, beautifully laid-out, well-drained banana farm, and found Zeca on an access road, driving a new white Japanese pickup truck with a black roll bar.

He joined us, and we took a tour of his farm. Zeca was a trim, unassuming man of about forty, wearing tinted glasses. He had a crooked, modest smile and a quiet voice. While we drove, I asked him about how the war had affected his operations. Zeca said that the farm and the mill in Palmeira had both been attacked many times. The most recent attack, three months before, had been on Palmeira. Three hundred *bandidos* had rampaged through a nearby communal village, killing and kidnapping, but had been repelled by the militia in Palmeira before they reached the mill. Zeca paid and fed full-time militias both on the farm and in Palmeira. At first, the militiamen, who were trained and equipped by the Army, had been terrified of Renamo. People in Manhiça tended to believe that the *bandidos* were "bulletproof," Zeca said. But the militias had by now killed many bandits, and morale was high. The militias usually received advance word of Renamo attacks from escaped captives. Still, Zeca had recently put up an electrified fence around Palmeira, and powerful lights, which shone all night out into the fields. He was thinking about doing the same thing on this farm. It was all very expensive, though.

I asked Zeca about his family. He said that his wife and child had been staying in Maputo since the last attack on Palmeira. His two sisters had moved to Portugal after independence, but his mother and his brother still lived in Maputo. His brother was a pilot.

I asked Zeca about his relations with Frelimo. He said that he had lost a little land to a communal village, and that his taxes had gone up. Otherwise, he said, he had had no problems with the government.

Lina erupted: "I love this man. He is doing so much for my country, and he loves this land."

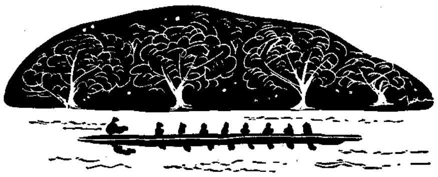
I asked Zeca if he had ever been approached by Renamo.

He was silent for a minute. Then he said, "Twice." The first time had been in 1984. A well-dressed black man had come to him in Palmeira and asked for a lift to Maputo. He said that his car had broken down in Manhiça town. He was cool, Zeca said, but he had nervous eyes. Zeca became suspicious, and turned him in to the police, who searched the man's hotel room in Manhiça. In the room they found South African and Swazi passports, photographs of Samora Machel and other Frelimo officials, and a Renamo document transferring the man from Sofala to Manhiça for "research."

"That means that he was sent to approach white farmers, to see who might support them," Lina said.

The second approach to Zeca had been only five months before. A man had come to him asking for a job, and said he had been living in Matola, a suburb of Maputo. There was something fishy about the references he gave. Zeca had him searched, and, again, the searchers found a Renamo document, transferring him from Matola to Manhiça for "research."

We were passing through a newly planted banana field. Lina stopped the van, and we all climbed out. Lina had been asking Zeca questions about his farming methods between my questions to him about the war. Now she wanted to know how he had dug the large, regular holes in this field, each with a young banana plant growing nicely inside it. Zeca reminded us that we had seen a machine up at the farm headquarters, attached to the back of a tractor, and said that it was a special machine for digging such holes. Somehow, that was the last straw for Lina. As we climbed back into the van, she burst into tears. She sobbed and sobbed while Zeca and I sat and squirmed. Through her tears Lina began to rage against, of all things, government bureaucrats. They sat in their offices in Maputo and issued idiotic orders that did nothing but screw up the people trying to work in the country. They called a meeting to enlist support for the new militias without proper preparation, on the wrong day, undermining the entire project. They set ridiculous production goals that did nothing but oppress the people trying to produce, and they arbitrarily reorganized successful projects, destroying them in the process. They sent her stupid, lazy so-called technicians instead of a real agronomist who could teach her things like how to dig proper holes for young banana plants. Lina was sad, she was furious, and, for the first time in her life, she was *tired*.



Zeca and I tried to comfort her. She eventually stopped crying, wiped her face with the back of her hand, took three belts of Scotch, laughed lightly, and resumed driving, plainly in a much better mood.

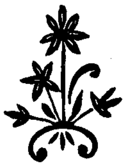
THE Cubans thought well of the Territorial Defense Force. It had worked for them at the Bay of Pigs. Other military advisers in Mozambique were less enthusiastic. Cuba had a strong central government and few remote areas. In Mozambique, creating militias with loyalties that were primarily local—to the farmer or factory owner or administrator who fed and paid them—carried the risk of fostering warlordism. It also seemed like a backward step in the over-all effort of nation-building, the struggle to create larger, national loyalties. But, again, this has been Frelimo's deepest political problem since independence: how to reconcile local realpolitik with abstract modern ideals. And the military reality was that in many places the regular Army was useless. In Manhiça, in March, Renamo had overrun an Army training barracks virtually without resistance, capturing a large number of weapons.

The Army could also be worse than useless. Lina and I went to see the one *cooperante* living in Manhiça, an Italian named Giovanni. We found him at his warehouse, very near the spot where João Ferreira and his friends had died. Giovanni was a dapper-looking fellow about forty years old. When Lina asked him how he was, he said, "Fine. Now." His smile was tight. I thought I saw his hands shaking. Lina asked him what he meant. Giovanni said that he had been driving in from Maputo on the national highway earlier that afternoon and had come upon an ambush. A group of soldiers was looting a truck between Maluana and Esperança. He stopped and made a U-turn. The soldiers spotted him, and started shooting at him. He got away without being hit, and reached Manhiça by back roads.

Later, Lina said that Giovanni must have meant *bandidos*, but I had heard him say "*soldados*." Lina sighed hugely, and said that it was a major problem: the soldiers were ill fed. She had often had to feed them herself. But the situation was improving.

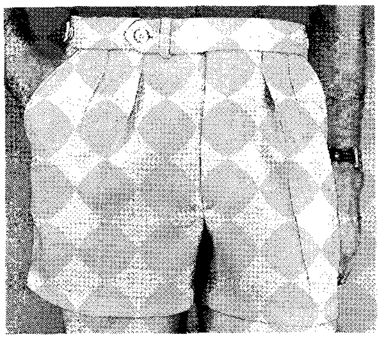
That evening, we stopped in at an old house in the center of town to see some friends of Lina's, including a shopkeeper and a part-Chinese farmer named Abraão, whom we had met earlier in his fields. Conversation centered on business and the war. Like Lina, the shopkeeper and Abraão had their families in Maputo and drove back on weekends. Abraão said that he had a hundred and fifty acres and a tractor, and employed fifty-eight people, and also owned a fishing boat in Maputo. But Abraão was not a capitalist, Lina said, because he actually worked the land. In fact, he wasn't making any profits from farming, and would do better to invest his money elsewhere. I asked Abraão if he was really such a good citizen that he made his investment decisions according to Party directives about production, and he laughed. He wasn't a Party member, he said. He just loved to work on the land. But Abraão was not against Frelimo, Lina said. She studied him. Abraão grinned. "He prefers to have an independent position," Lina said. (I later learned that Abraão had fought with the Portuguese during the *luta armada*, and that that would have disqualified him from Party membership even if he had wanted it.)

Later that evening, we ended up down the street at the Hotel Castro—no relation to Fidel, Abraão assured me, so Americans were welcome. It was a lively bar and restaurant, with drunks falling about, a jukebox, a number of trucks parked out front which had not made it into the last convoy of the day, and soldiers posted at the doors. We ate steaks and mealie pap—a cornmeal mash that is the southern-Africa staple—and drank local beer. I inspected the new curtains—the Castro was one of the hotels relieved of their drygoods by Renamo in June—and met a large number of Lina's friends and associates. At one point, a song by a Brazilian pop singer named Roberto Carlos came on the jukebox, and Lina's face became a vision of bliss. She had owned this record when she was seventeen, she said. She used to have parties at her house and play this record, and she and her friends would dance. Roberto Carlos was singing a Portuguese version of Dion's "The Wanderer," and Lina did a hilarious imitation of herself at seventeen seriously bopping. "You know, when I am not working, I really love to play," she said to me.



There were a number of soldiers in the bar, some of them drinking, some of them dancing in front of the jukebox. Few of them looked over eighteen. Abraão studied the crowd critically, then said, "There are only two good soldiers here tonight." He pointed out two older, serious-looking characters, both sober, alert, erect, and well dressed, standing at the edge of the room. One wore a greatcoat. Both wore pistols. I later noticed two young soldiers with pink flowers in their berets, and, for no particular reason, I pointed them out to Lina. Her smile disappeared. She called one of the soldiers over, and spoke to him long and quietly. After he left, she called over one of the watchful officers, and spoke to him. He left, and I asked Lina what was happening. She said that the young soldier had said he and his friend had just completed a British training course in Zimbabwe and had received the flowers in their berets as graduation gifts. That might be true, she said. Or the flowers might mean that the boys were spies for the bandits. The bandits might have told them to wear flowers so that they could be recognized, and would not be killed accidentally in an attack.

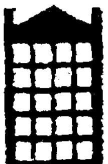
I was shocked to hear what I had



PURE COTTON
TENNIS SHORTS $36

Handsome pleated white all cotton tennis shorts look and feel great on or off the court. Double pleats, 2 side pockets, rear button pocket, side tabs for precise fit. Even sizes 32 to 46. Made in U.S.A.
Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733
☐ *Please send free catalogue.*

Cable Car Clothiers
A1E299
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939
One Grant Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94108
Tennis Shorts (88232A): Size______Qty.______
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #______________Expir.______
Add $3 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name____________________
Address____________________
________________Zip______



KENSINGTON
PARK HOTEL

"A Great Little Hotel that Belongs in London, but Lives in San Francisco."

450 Post Street
on Union Square
San Francisco, CA 94102
1.800.553.1900
★★★★ Mobile Guide Rating.

SPRUCE POINT INN
Maine's Oceanfront Resort
(207) 633-4152
Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538

A Corner of England—in Virginia
AGECROFT HALL, in Richmond, a Tudor Manor House built in England before America was discovered. It crossed the Atlantic in 1926 and was recreated on 23 landscaped acres as a private residence in town. Now a Museum, exquisitely furnished, with superb gardens. $2 admission includes film & tour. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for a brochure.
AGECROFT HALL, 4305 Sulgrave Rd., Richmond, VA 23221

started, and a few minutes later I went outside for some fresh air. I had seen the soldiers with the flowers in their berets go out a minute before, but I did not find them on the hotel steps. The guards in front of the hotel were extraordinarily young—they looked like children—and they wore big, unnervingly cowled East German helmets. I asked one of them where the boys with the flowers had gone. He smiled, held up his hands, and hit the insides of his wrists together. It was the sign for "arrested."

Some hours later, I found myself back on my evil-smelling mattress, still distressed by what had happened. I had heard before about Renamo attacks in which certain soldiers suddenly turned their caps around backward, were not shot at, and, when the battle was over, left with the enemy. People said that Renamo had spies everywhere, even in the Army. But the boys in the bar with the flowers in their berets seemed to me so clearly what they said they were. (I later asked a British defense attaché about the course in Zimbabwe. He said that the training officer was from the Fusiliers, who wear a hackle, a red-and-white plume, in their cap badge, and that the training officer did indeed award a hackle, or the best locally available equivalent, to his graduates.)

The incident had led me into a series of bar conversations about the Army, some of them even more disturbing than the arrest of the young soldiers. I had asked one of my companions what he thought could induce a soldier to spy for Renamo, and he had said, "To many of these boys, there is no difference, the bandits or the Army. They are taken in just the same. They are never let go, even though the Army says they only have to serve two years. We hear that the bandits are starving, but we *know* the soldiers are starving. They do not get enough food."

I asked if he had ever heard of soldiers ambushing vehicles on the highway.

He sneered, and said, "They do it. And they are the most dangerous, because they don't want to leave witnesses, so they try to kill everyone. The massacre at the Third of February—that was soldiers." The Third of February was the village near the spot where the big highway massacre had occurred the previous October. Rocked by this news, I asked two other solid Manhiça citizens, as discreetly as I could, who they thought had committed the massacre at the Third of February. Neither blamed the soldiers, but only one blamed Renamo. The other said, very sadly, "I don't know." (A number of diplomats had flown by helicopter to the scene of the massacre. When I got back to Maputo, I asked one of them what he thought. He said that the Army had provided very poor protection to the convoy that was attacked, and that there was a chance—a *chance*—that soldiers had joined in the looting, which lasted for hours.)

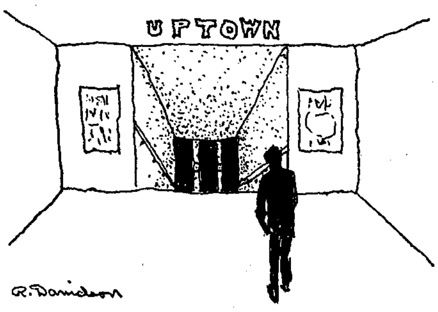
The man who had accused local soldiers of committing the massacre was, at the same time, sympathetic to soldiers. He said, "Not only is the soldier hungry but his family, wherever they are, they are hungry, too. And he knows it. And his wife knows that if he is killed she will get nothing but a pension for six months. The soldier you see is the same man who was struggling to survive, to see his future, to understand his situation before he came to the Army. He has not stopped thinking. And so he must ask himself, 'What am I fighting for? So that a few officers, high officials, and the bourgeoisie can eat meat, drive cars, and live in nice houses, while we eat beans, if we're lucky, and our families starve, must walk everywhere, and sleep on the bare earth?' Lina loves the soldiers. But have you seen her telling them that they are the victims of injustice? Have you seen her telling the peasants that? No, and you won't hear her telling them that. Because there is nothing that she can do about it, and they will only look at *her*."

Was this what Renamo was telling people in Manhiça?

The man sneered again. "Renamo? Who is Renamo?"

It was a good question. I had been struck by the disparity between the intrigues that Zeca De Sousa had described—the shadowy characters carrying Renamo transfer papers and engaged in dubious "research"—and the world of the Manhiça *bandidos*, such as I had glimpsed it. Although most Renamo fighters were, like most Mozambicans, illiterate—even important commanders were reported to be illiterate—there were levels of Renamo where written records were kept, as several captured caches of documents had shown. But there were other levels, probably including some of the Manhiça bands, where records were not kept, and Zeca's experiences suggested that the communication between, say, the Manhiça bands that battled the De Sousa militia and whoever sent the "researchers" to sound him out was poor at best. I had been surprised to see, near Maragra, an undestroyed bridge over the Incomati. It was in an area where Renamo had been active for years. When I pointed it out to Lina, she said that the bandits did not try to destroy infrastructure in Manhiça but simply tried to kill and terrorize. It made me wonder just what their orders, if any, from outside Manhiça were.

Local conditions dictated who Renamo was locally. The mass unemployment caused by the cutbacks in the South African mines and the hopelessness that it bred in many young men were, I had heard, a major aid to Renamo recruitment in Manhiça. The belief that the *bandidos* were bulletproof was common throughout Mozambique; Renamo fighters, and especially Ndau-speakers, are believed to have powerful magic. And yet the main Renamo magician in Manhiça, who gave the fighters their power, was, according to Lina, a local woman named Nwamadjosi. She was the widow of a former *régulo*, and she was considered a great *curandeiro*. The "advance word" of attacks which Zeca's militia got suggested that there was a steady traffic of local people between the Renamo camps and government territory. Nwamadjosi was an attraction, apparently, helping to swell Renamo's ranks; perhaps she was drawing more ordinary business as well. I somehow doubted, in any case, that her line of goods included extolling the virtues of democratic elections—Renamo's declared objective in the war.



Trying to fall asleep, I began to see the war in Manhiça as a battle between two titanic women: Lina and Nwamadjosi. It was a silly idea—and it wasn't silly at all. Beyond the fact that they fought on opposite sides, with very different weapons, Nwamadjosi casting spells and invoking the spirits of the ancestors, Lina importing bicycles and writing books—beyond everything they might be made to represent in the wider world of ideas, politics, values—there was the fact that each of them was a locally powerful individual. Lina was not Frelimo's sole representative in Manhiça, or even, necessarily, its most important one, but she was clearly popular. She was in no danger of becoming a warlord in Manhiça—that wasn't why she favored militias—but in another place, at another time, it would not have been inconceivable. Frelimo has been talking since independence about the need to "decentralize problem-solving in the countryside," but all its instincts have been for centralizing. To fight Renamo, to administer Mozambique, Frelimo needs to decentralize with a vengeance: to cut a thousand local deals with a thousand local honchos. Few of the arrangements will be ideal, fewer will be "modern," but a successful secular state is an impossibility at Mozambique's stage of development—except, perhaps, for international consumption. The pieces are too small, the structures of power too dense and personal, the people too soaked in the sacred.

IN the morning, I discovered that, after our long evening in the Hotel Castro, Lina had gone home and written a letter to the Minister of Agriculture about the things the farmers needed in Manhiça; a letter to the local military commander about the problem of non-standard uniforms, with particular reference to the beret-flower incident; and most of her weekly column for *Notícias*. I had seen her houseguests leave for work, so I ventured to her house for coffee, and found her tapping on an old portable typewriter at her dining-room table. The night before, she had groaned, held her great head in her hands, and said, "I smoke too much, I drink too much, I eat too much, I never sleep, I am *so tired*"—but that morning she looked infinitely fresher than I felt. Her beret, in fact, seemed set at an even more rakish angle than usual. She asked me to give her a few minutes to finish the column. It was addressed to a director at the Ministry of Health who had still not handed over an ambulance that the Mozambican Red Cross had given to Manhiça more than two years before. The director's behavior was a perfect example of office-bound Maputo thinking, and Lina was flaying him without mercy. She wanted that ambulance!

Lina's house was airy and bright, and crowded with potted plants. Pictures of her mother and her children covered a bureau top; one of the children, I knew, was a war orphan she had adopted. A surveyor's tripod caked with mud stood in a corner of the living room. The wonderful old map of Manhiça covered one wall. Mozambican pop music was playing on a radio, and in the kitchen Lina's cook was chopping vegetables. I glanced into Lina's bedroom and saw, propped next to her bed, an AK-47. Also, a pistol on the night table. And a very large knife.

I studied the map of Manhiça. We were planning to return to Maputo that afternoon, and Lina had said that she did not want to take the highway. Apparently, Giovanni's had not been the only report of an attack on the highway between Manhiça and Maputo over the past couple of days. Instead, Lina wanted to take a dirt road that ran along the bluff on the Incomati's right bank. It went through more heavily populated areas. It was dangerous at night, but in the daytime there was only one bad stretch, a few miles south of an Army training barracks. I found the barracks that Lina meant, and the dangerous stretch of road, on the map. The back road did look less vulnerable than the highway, and the bad stretch looked short.

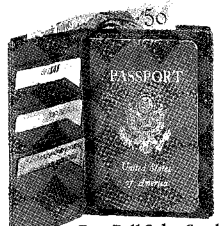
We spent most of the day running around Manhiça. Lina was planning to go overseas on a speaking tour, and she was worried about Ribangue. The stock operations were poorly managed, and the militia needed to be ready for the next attack. She and Domingos Jasse went over his preparations several times. We ran into the local military commander, and he and Lina had a talk about the need for standard uniforms for soldiers, obviating her letter. We went down into the fields at Ribangue, and Lina pondered the blighted cassava crop. "Sometimes I feel that it's me against the land," she muttered. "And I don't know which one will win."

Finally, rather alarmingly late in the day, we were ready to leave Manhiça. We set off on the dirt road, through the cheering columns of children: "Lina Magaia! Lina Magaia!" We

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036



INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT WALLET

Genuine leather. Features oversized currency compartment and six credit card pockets. Hand-crafted in milled calfskin, black or dark brown, $40. Makes a great gift. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Free Full Color Catalog. Select from an exciting new collection of fine leather men's wallets, ladies' clutch purses, accessories and gift ideas. Unique designs at sensible prices. Write or call toll-free today.

1-800-728-8264
SHIKARI LEATHER
P.O. Box 857-NY, Middleton, WI 53562

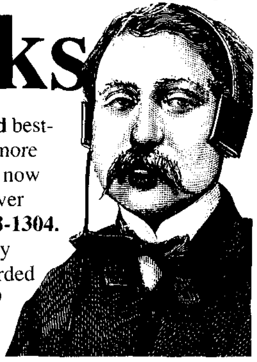
Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.

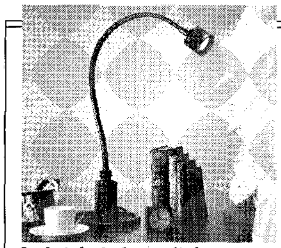
Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

ILLUSTRATED VIDEOTAPE LECTURES
Helen Vendler
An Introduction to Robert Frost's Poetry
Modern American Poetry
Free Catalogue: Omnigraphics, Inc.,
2400 Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, MI 48226
1-800-234-1340

At 30, 50, or 70, you are more self-educable than you were at 20. It's time to join a Great Books reading and discussion group.
Write:
The Great Books Foundation
A nonprofit corporation
40 East Huron Street
Chicago, Illinois 60611
Call: 1-800-222-5870
In Illinois: (312) 332-5870
A20



Recorded Books
Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622



Read in Bed...
with pleasure using our Sunnex. Its bright halogen light, recessed in a cool shade, illuminates your page—not your partner. Exceptionally well made. 27"gooseneck; 8" base. Black. **$156.50** or **$297** for pair, including ship. & ins.
MC/VISA/AMEX • Money-Back Guarantee
Call 1-800-544-0880 Catalog on Request
LEVENGER—Tools for Serious Readers
480-C Concord Ave., Dept. NYN, Belmont, MA 02178

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

passed through Maragra, Lina's old headquarters, where a vast old sugar refinery stood silent, closed for lack of spare parts, and the rows of worker housing, their residents nowhere in sight, looked like a town still in shock from the Renamo attack of the month before. Lina was driving very fast. Suddenly, in the woods south of Maragra, she slammed on the brakes. As we slid to a stop, hundreds of young men surrounded the van. They were jogging in the road, running straight out of the low sun—that was why I had not seen them. They were recruits from the nearby training barracks. They were all bare-chested, and they all had their heads shaved, and they came at the windshield in waves, all with hypnotic marathoners' eyes, their skin shining in the dusty golden light. They were singing: a deep, swinging, African chant. The recruits swarmed past the van, and when they saw Lina they tapped the van's roof, but they did not alter their chant. As the last of them passed, I saw that Lina's face was lit with a beatific smile. She put the van in gear, sighed, and said that she really regretted having left the Army. "I think I have the military mentality," she said. She liked the order and discipline of military life, and she believed that military discipline had a role to play in the economic development of Mozambique.

The road turned to sand as we approached the stretch where an ambush had seemed possible. Lina showed me how to release the safety on the pistol, and told me to hold it between my knees. I wondered about the wisdom of my blazing away at any attackers—maybe they wouldn't start shooting if they thought we were not armed—but I figured that Lina knew more than I did. The road dropped into a gully, the sand got deeper, and I felt a sense of menace that I had not felt before in Mozambique. Lina was battling the sand, which slowed us to walking speed. It was already dusk in the gully. The crest of the far slope was lined with abandoned houses. Although it probably took less than a minute, it seemed to take hours to climb the slope beneath the houses, the van screaming and lurching in the sand. I didn't need to be told that any attack would come from the houses. The worst moment was when we emerged from the gully into a scatter of abandoned, bullet-riddled buildings and had to round a slow, blind corner. Nothing happened, and we were soon speeding down a gravel road, each sending regards to our separate deities.

The Scotch was all gone, but we promised ourselves a stiff drink in Maputo. Lina tried to raise someone on her two-way radio. She was going to be late delivering her column, and she wanted to reassure her editor. I had heard that Lina had sometimes called Samora Machel himself on her car radio. She laughed when I mentioned it, shook her head, and said, mostly to herself, "Samora, Samora." She gave up on the radio. I asked if she ever called President Chissano on the radio. She said, "I never have. I have other ways to talk to him." She nodded at the typescript on the seat between us. It struck me that Lina had been producing engagé journalism—writing with consequences—ever since she was the only black child in her class at school and was jailed for three months, at the age of seventeen, for publishing an anti-colonial poem. The gravel road curved and came up onto the highway. We were now out of Manhiça, and out of ambush territory. The soldiers at the checkpoints seemed surprised to see us. Lina handed out cigarettes, and we headed for the city.

While the buildings multiplied around us, Lina said, "So you have seen Manhiça. People here in the city will tell you Manhiça is too dangerous. They put their hands on their heads and say, 'Oh, all these tragical things!' " Lina did a good imitation of a Maputo worrywart. Then she said, "Yes, there are tragical things, but that is why we must fight. We must not abandon Manhiça." We skirted the crowded, smoky edge of the cane city, passed the United States Embassy, the Hotel Polana, and the South African trade mission, and drove down into the center of the cement city. Outside the editorial offices of *Noticias*, Lina called to a man standing on the sidewalk. She handed him the typescript of her column and asked if he knew where the editor's office was. He said he did. That was all she needed to hear. Lina made a U-turn and we went to find a drink, agreeing not to talk—at least, not that evening—about tragical things.

—William Finnegan

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

THE THEATRE

Comics

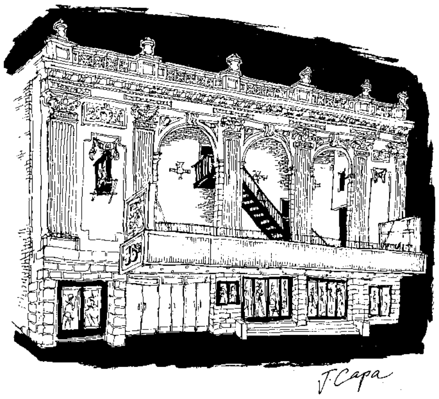
JIM GEOGHAN'S "Only Kidding," at the Westside Arts, is a comedy about comedians, in all the panic and desperation that lie beneath their professional swagger. More precisely, it is about a pair of comedians—one a borscht-circuit type named Jackie Dwayne and the other a hip, coke-snorting modern named Tom Kelly—who are vying for a spot on a late-night television show in Hollywood that more than suggests Johnny Carson's. The play, among its other merits, gives both men a chance to display their wares, and there isn't a dud among them; every joke pays off. In the first scene, which is set in a cottage in the Catskills, middle-aged Jackie (Larry Keith), in his underwear, interviews an owlish comedy writer (Howard Spiegel) by reciting his repertoire of routines, ethnic and bigoted and cruel (and funny), and the writer exposes the age of all of them by reciting the punch lines a second before they come due. In one of the routines, Jackie continually insults an imaginary fat woman in the front row, stopping himself over and over again with the line "I'm only kidding." Another routine, about a heart attack in a Greek restaurant, is a knockout. The second scene, just as funny, is set in a nightclub basement somewhere. Tom (Andrew Hill Newman) and his partner, Jerry, bring us up to date with their off-the-cuff, improvisational style. The second act is the showdown in the greenroom of the television studio, with all present, plus a beef-brained talent agent who is somehow connected with the Mafia, and the voice of the star occasionally issuing forth. This showdown is bare-knuckle, and with it comes the realization that the play is a true satire, whose target is the seaminess of show business. This realization came a bit late in my case, since I was laughing too hard, along with the rest of the audience, to think much, and that point has been made time and time again anyway, most notably in John Osborne's "The Entertainer." No matter. The subject is fertile enough for all.

"Only Kidding" is a strong, well-constructed play, whose characters and milieu ring true. Mr. Geoghan is to be congratulated on his ability, and also on his luck in having Larry Arrick as his director. The performance couldn't be better; every point is made and every subtlety observed. The impeccable cast also includes Paul Provenza, Sam Zap, and Peter Waldren (as the voice of the star). Sets by Karen Schulz, lighting by Debra Dumas, and costumes by Jeffrey L. Ullman. —EDITH OLIVER

Sweet and Sour

"YANKEE DAWG YOU DIE" is the inspired title of a new play by Philip Kan Gotanda about the plight of the Asian-American actor in contemporary Hollywood. It begins with a sendup of anti-Japanese movies of the Second World War era: Under a schlock-movie score, an actor (Sab Shimono), wearing army fatigues and carrying a gun, comes out and assumes the attitude of an aggressor. "You stupid American G.I.," he snarls. "You think you will escape!" Continuing this menacing line of talk, the Japanese soldier boasts of his grasp of English, explaining in a cripplingly exaggerated accent that he was educated at U.C.L.A., Class of '34. No, not "dirty floor"—thirty-four. Nineteen *thirty-four*. No, not "dirty floor"—the floor is clean. At the point in this one-sided, nightmarish dialogue where if this were a real Second World War movie the clever American G.I. would probably blow "the Jap" from here to eternity, the enemy goes to pieces: "What the herr's wrong with you?" he shouts. "Why can't you hear what I am saying? Why can't you see me as I reery am?"

"Yankee Dawg You Die," which doesn't pull any punches about ethnic stereotyping, opened last week at Playwrights Horizons, in a production directed by Sharon Ott. In it, Stan Egi and Mr. Shimono play actors with opposing viewpoints about what it means for an actor to be true to his ethnic heritage. Young Bradley Yamashita (Mr. Egi), a third-generation Japanese-American, has high ideals and a determination never to play any role that would be demeaning. Vincent Chang (Mr. Shimono), a seasoned performer—presumably Chinese—has made a career in movies that flatter the Hollywood view of Asians as sinister, inscrutable, and unable to pronounce the letter "L." The two men meet at a Hollywood party and take an instant dislike to each other—or, rather, Vincent takes a dislike to Bradley's affectations and airs. Bradley is too anxious to break into the commercial film industry to dislike anyone, but he manages to offend Vincent more than once through sheer insensitivity.



J. Capa

They make an interesting contrast, these two—the one brash and somewhat impertinent, the other courteous and self-contained. Bradley, dressed all in black, chatters confidently about something called "the Asian-American community"; Vincent, in white suit and corsage, still thinks of himself as "Oriental." As Mr. Gotanda takes them from confrontation to confrontation—party, audition, acting class—the conflict between them stays interesting, partly because of the subtlety and appeal that Mr. Shimono and Mr. Egi bring to their roles, and partly because of the complexity with which the playwright has conceived the two characters. Vincent, for all his dry sophistication, is rather humorless and unperceptive. He is also the worst kind of hypocrite, as we realize when we hear him telling his homosexual lover that it would damage his career for them to be seen together. But Bradley exhibits his own brand of self-serving hypocrisy: his ethnic pride and consciousness are fundamentally callow, because they fail to take recent history into account. Gotanda makes no excuses for Vincent's willingness to compromise himself. All the same, what comes across when he reminisces about the old days on "the chop-suey circuit" is something more than an image of Asians aping white entertainers. Vincent's idea of dignity may be inconsistent with the quality of the roles he plays, but it is nevertheless compatible with an idea of responsibility to something other than the self, and that's more than you can say for Bradley.

Throughout the first act, Gotanda keeps us guessing about which of the two actors has the moral ascendancy, and the production remains sprightly and stimulating under Miss Ott's intelligent direction. Each scene is introduced by a Roy Lichtenstein-style comic-book projection whose caption serves as the scene's "topic sentence," and there's a certain amount of interest in the question of how that line will figure in the scene. The drawings themselves—which were done by Kent Dorsey, who also designed the play's elegant set—achieve a certain balance between meaningful camp and coy melodrama, but melodrama of a less tongue-in-cheek variety rears its head in the second half. Act II is aimless and poorly structured, with swift, sudden changes in the nature and tenor of the two actors' relationship, startling revelations and discoveries, and a plot line (involving Vincent's gay lover) that is never fully developed. One scene, in which Vincent is using the dagger speech from "Macbeth" to coach Bradley in Shakespearean acting, becomes the excuse for a confession about Bradley's having once possibly killed someone in a "West Side Story"-type brawl. Another is constructed solely around the idea of getting back at Mickey Rourke for his performance in Michael Cimino's "Year of the Dragon." There are an unconscionable number of speeches that begin, "I keep having this dream," and an interminable sequence in which Bradley demonstrates total recall of an LSD hallucination he had in college.

"Yankee Dawg You Die" began in a workshop production at a small West Coast theatre, and I'd be prepared to bet that it started life as a one-acter. It has the natural rhythm of a one-act play, and everything in the second act seems predictable. The turning point is really Vincent's revelation in Act I ("You can't even tell the difference between a Chinaman and a Jap!") that he had been forced by circumstances to change his name and identity during the war. Perhaps this play should end where the first act ends, with Vincent, dressed in a Godzilla suit, wreaking comic-book vengeance on the San Joaquin Valley in a workshop production of a contemporary play that Bradley has persuaded him to perform in.

—Mimi Kramer

Direct From

The New Yorker
Reader Services

To hear personalized information about quality products and services offered in the pages of The New Yorker, call:

1 • 800 • 2 tilley

TIFFANY & CO. ☎ 30005

Karastan ☎ 30001

The Art of Bretislav NOVAK Jr. ☎ 30055

CHUBB ☎ 30035

Royall Fragrances Limited BERMUDA NEW YORK ☎ 30025

Cartier ☎ 30065

ADVERTISEMENT

MUSICAL EVENTS

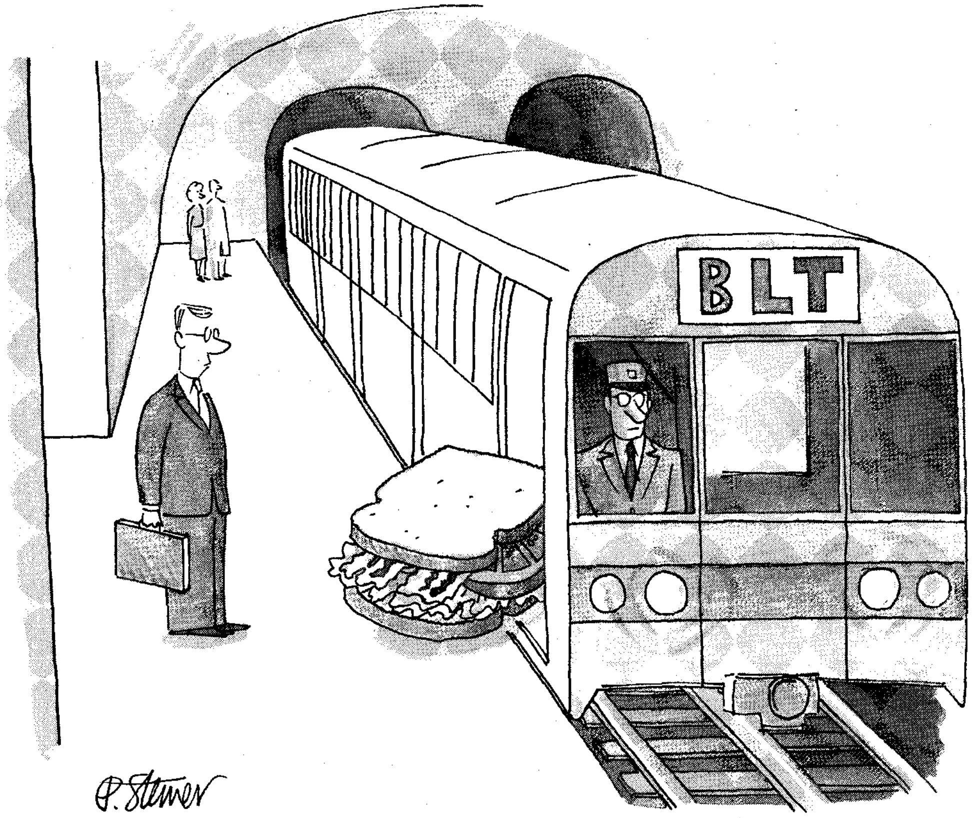
Classical Manners

NEW YORK is one of the few big cities without a baroque orchestra and a classical orchestra in regular employment. That may change. In March, I wrote about the début, in Merkin Hall, of the New York Classical Orchestra, twenty-one strong, directed by the violinist Stanley Ritchie. It played Haydn and Mozart, and came to life when Malcolm Bilson joined in as the soloist in Mozart's B-Flat Piano Concerto K. 595. This month, the Classical Band, fifty-one strong (the figure includes three extra percussionists for Haydn's "Military" Symphony), directed by the harpsichordist Trevor Pinnock, made its début, in the Miller Theatre of Columbia University. It played Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. With his British ensemble, the English Concert, Mr. Pinnock has made many records, mainly of Bach, Handel, and Vivaldi. Roger Norrington's London Classical Players, John Eliot Gardiner's English Baroque Soloists, Christopher Hogwood's Academy of Ancient Music, the Hanover Band, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and others tackle and record the classical and early-romantic repertory. Mr. Pinnock evidently wants to join the crowded field. He and the Classical Band have signed a six-year contract with Deutsche Grammophon, to make three CDs each year. Mozart's late symphonies, his concertos, and his "Requiem," Haydn's "Paris" and "London" symphonies have been mentioned. The recording contract should offer the new band some stability and security.

The opening concert was awful. Mr. Pinnock showed small feeling for classical music and small ability to communicate with his orchestra. On the podium, he enacted a comic-strip modern maestro. He whacked away through two symphonies, the "Military" and Beethoven's Eighth, without care for balance, phrasing, flow. There was no grace, no lightness. Between the symphonies he played (from the score) Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto K. 414 in a bland, dull manner. There were good instrumentalists on the platform, many of them familiar. Fifteen of them had also played in Merkin's New York Classical Orchestra. Eleven of them, as members of the Orchestra of St. Luke's, played Beethoven's Eighth last month for Mr. Norrington, in Carnegie Hall. (It was rash of Mr. Pinnock to risk comparisons while that wonderfully alert performance was fresh in listeners' ears.) Christopher Krueger led the flutes, Stephen Hammer the oboes, Larry McDonald the clarinets, Dennis Godburn the bassoons. The first horn was Lowell Greer (whose buoyant performance of Mozart's horn concertos, with the San Francisco-based Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, directed by Nicholas McGegan, has appeared on a Harmonia Mundi CD). There is material here for a first-rate classical orchestra that could challenge any of Europe's. Whoever fashions it will have to work hard with the strings: American "original instrument" string tone in ensemble tends to be scrawnier, less euphonious, less lovable than that of the best European bands. At the 1986 Maryland Handel Festival, the difference in string sound between the English Concert and the Smithsonian Chamber Players, performing on consecutive days in the same church, was striking. Perhaps, in time, Mr. Pinnock will draw poised, polished, shapely phrases from his American fiddlers.

The band will have to find a more suitable place to play. The sound in Miller was horribly dry: a full-frontal assault from the platform, and no warmth in the house. There is no evident New York home for early music (that centuries-spanning term) on a scale too large for Corpus Christi Church, just north of Columbia, where the Music Before 1800 concerts are held. Town Hall would probably be the place—if its staff were more welcoming.

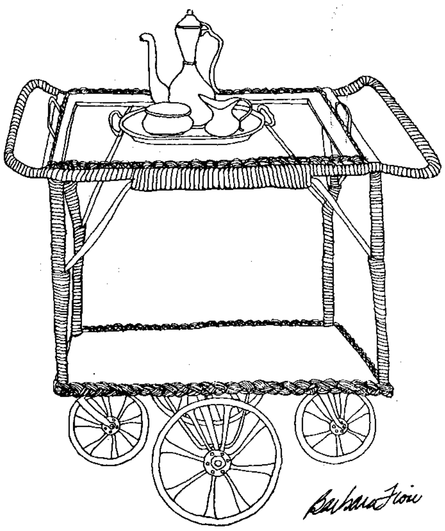
THE latest record by the Hanover Band, directed by Roy Goodman, is of Mendelssohn: a lively, colorful "Italian" Symphony; a sparkling G-Minor Piano Concerto, played by Christopher Kite on a Viennese piano of about 1840; and an unsettled, somewhat driven Violin Concerto, played by Benjamin Hudson (the violinist of Speculum Musicae, and the concertmaster of the Classical Band, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, the Drottningholm Court Theatre Orchestra). This is a Nimbus CD. On a Virgin Classics CD, Antony Pay, with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlight-



enment—Mr. Goodman the concertmaster—plays Weber's clarinet concertos and concertino in a manner at once merry and poetic. Both orchestras—there is only a small overlap of personnel—confirm that observation about national string tone. Both recordings were made in outer-London churches: the Mendelssohn in All Saints', Tooting (where Beverly Sills made her best records), the Weber in St. Barnabas', Woodside Park. Recording engineers, it is true, can create sonic ambiences at will, but both disks provide a natural sense of warm, spacious acoustics in which the music can flower.

THE New York Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Stephen Rogers Radcliffe, presented three attractive programs this season, in Alice Tully Hall. The first included Falla's "El Corregidor y la Molinera"—the mime-play score that served as a tryout for the Diaghilev ballet "El Sombrero de Tres Picos." The second was a conflation of the "scandalous concert" that Ravel planned in 1913, to consist of "Pierrot Lunaire," Stravinsky's "Poèmes de la Lyrique Japonaise" (their instrumentation suggested by "Pierrot"), and his own "Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé," and the concert that was given, in 1914, at which Maurice Delage's "Quatre Poèmes Hindous" replaced "Pierrot." The Ravel songs—two of them to poems that Debussy also set, at much the same time—are exquisite. Delage's "Lahore" cunningly re-creates the twangle and whine of Indian timbres. The New York soloist in all four works—and at her best in the Ravel—was Lucy Shelton.

Hindemith's "Hérodiade"—the ballet, originally entitled "Mirror Before Me," that he composed in 1944 for Martha Graham—was the principal piece at the third concert. The score is an "instrumental" setting, for wind quintet, strings, and piano, of the central panel—the Scène for Herodias and her Nurse—of Mallarmé's "Hérodiade." In the composer's words, it was "an attempt . . . to mold into one single concentrated form words, poetic idea, lyric expression, and music" without using a voice or voices, which "would only have distracted the spectator's attention from the stage." The Nurse's remarks are given to the strings; Herodias' speeches span the full color range and pitch range of the ensemble; cue lines of text printed in the score tie the musical periods to those of Mallarmé. This is a distinguished and fascinating composition, well worth revival. Setting lines of poetry for instruments is not uncommon; it seems as good a way as any of finding a framework—in Hindemith's words, "a stimulant for the musical structure"—on which musical inspiration can build. The cadenza of Hindemith's Horn Concerto (1949) declaims an eight-line poem, by the composer, whose text is given in the score. At the start of Brahms' D-minor Ballade, the piano sings "Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot? Edward, Edward!" The finale of Henze's Second Piano Concerto is said to contain a setting of the sonnet "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame," and his Seven Love Songs, for cello and orchestra, are settings of English lyrics. The finale of Berg's Lyric Suite, we learned a few years ago, enshrines a setting of Baudelaire's sonnet "De Profundis Clamavi," in Stefan George's German translation. Since then, the Lyric Suite has sometimes been performed with an added voice singing the Baudelaire-George text in unison or octaves with the instruments. I am unsure whether it is a good idea. I am sure it is not a good idea to perform "Hérodiade" with an added speaker pronouncing Mallarmé's words—more or less but not quite in synchronization with the music, since the tempo of speech is not exactly that of song. This happened at the Chamber Ensemble concert. The composer, however, apparently countenanced the practice, and there is a recording of "Hérodiade," conducted by Robert Craft, in which Vera Zorina speaks through the music. At a lieder recital, eyes can glance at a text while ears are intent on the music. Two senses harmoniously conspire. Likewise when "Hérodiade" is danced, and one watches and listens. But when, at a concert, a verbal gloss is added to "Hérodiade"—when in the same, aural medium a soloist's contribution (Hindemith refers to "the omnipotent factor of the singing voice," and a speaking voice is hardly less potent) takes the limelight—the force of music written for instrumental declamation is diminished.



In Tully, Anne Azéma spoke the Mallarmé text into a microphone. Fate intervened, however, and killed the amplification, so that we could hear the music with only small verbal disturbance; but then a second performance was given, with the electronics under control and the solo voice yakking away, most audibly, through the music. No blame to Miss Azéma; this French-born, now Boston-based soprano is a fine artist. She was heard to better advantage in Falla's "Psyché," that delicately fashioned, flawlessly colored little cantata. The program opened with Rossini's 1823 Serenata, a septet with winning variations for player after player, and closed with Peter Maxwell Davies's "Seven in Nomine" and Milhaud's ballet "La Création du Monde." The ensemble has as its core the Chester String Quartet and the New York Woodwind Quintet; other players are added as the programs require.

MISS AZÉMA—perhaps best known in New York for her purely tuned, steady, vivid singing of contemporary music—is the Isolde of the latest "Tristan" recording to appear. Or, rather, the Iseult: this is not Wagner's opera but the Boston Camerata's "Tristan and Iseult," devised by Joël Cohen. The narrative is drawn from Gottfried of Strasbourg's thirteenth-century and Thomas of Britain's twelfth-century romances, their lines eloquently recited by Andrea von Ramm. The music is medieval, about half of it specifically associated with the Tristan matter (including a lai attributed to Tristan himself) and the rest apt in mood and content. Miss Azéma's Iseult, fearlessly and brightly sung, shines out. The late Henri Ledroit is a Tristan both brave and gentle. Ellen Hargis's Brangane and Richard Morrison's Mark are admirable. Surrender, I found, was not quite complete: there is just a touch of artiness about the enterprise, and medieval ears were readier than mine are to welcome long periods of *rum-titum-titumty* compound metre. But surrender was nearly complete: it is stirring to encounter the great romance in something closer to its original form. The recording was made in Boston's Church of the Covenant, a more resonant space than Tully. This Camerata "Tristan and Iseult" is an Erato CD.

TRISTAN was also the subject of Stephen Albert's "TreeStone" (1984), for soprano, tenor, and ensemble, which had its New York première at a pair of New York Chamber Symphony concerts at the Ninety-second Street Y this month, conducted by Gerard Schwarz. Albert came to attention with his "RiverRun," an attractive and sensitive setting, for soprano and ensemble, of a passage from "Finnegans Wake." It won the 1985 Pulitzer Prize. Since then, his (I quote Joseph Horowitz's Y program note) "swift rise to prominence has coincided with the movement toward a more accessible, less esoteric contemporary idiom; his music is tuneful and unabashedly tonal." One might put that in other ways: music that offers no challenge to an audience's understanding; music closer in intellectual content to Danielle Steel than to James Joyce; maybe "music for Leonard Slatkin to champion." "TreeStone" is a setting of six passages from "Finnegans Wake" which contain Tristan references, direct or oblique: not the second sentence of the book, where "Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, has passencore rearrived from North Armorica," but others, in which even a reference to the birds' "treestirm shindy" is allowed to count. I don't want to sound too Sterne about the peace. It was conventionally picturesque. So far as it went, it was perfectly agreeable, but it did not go far enough. It clad Joyce's verbal music in music less strangely and richly musical. Miss Shelton was the soprano, David Gordon the tenor. Mr. Schwarz seemed not to care that they were often drowned. A coarse and apparently underrehearsed performance of Stravinsky's "Vom Himmel Hoch" Bach arrangement and a vulgar one of Ravel's piano concerto—Alexander Toradze the soloist—completed the program.

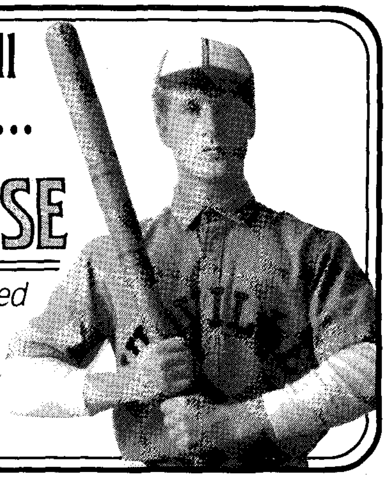
—ANDREW PORTER

A PLACE TO DREAM IN THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

$59.00* With quiet European charm, and all the excitement of New York just outside the door, the Doral Tuscany is an enchanting weekend retreat. *Per person, per night, double occupancy, including free parking.

39th Street, East of Park Ave.
New York, NY 10016
212-686-1600/800-847-4078

Doral Tuscany


If ever you loved baseball or if ever you had a hero...

CASEY ON THE LOOSE

What Really Might Have Happened

FRANK DEFORD

Bestselling author of *Everybody's All-American*

VIKING

Illustrated with eight pages of classic period photographs.

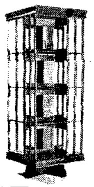
PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE

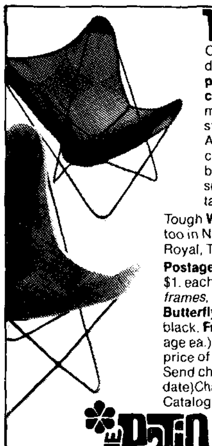
Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics

Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"

18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)

HANDMADE IN EGYPT


Rotating Bookcase
Payne Model, $710 Fob
16 shelf feet in 29 inches
The Lazy Lawyer™ Co.
203 W. Myrtle Foley, AL 36536
MC/AM. EX./VISA Immediate Delivery
1-800-247-9229 (24 hrs.)


TOUGH STUFF

Our cool as-a-breeze most-durable-ever PVC coated **polyester plastic butterfly cover**. It simply won't fade, rot, mildew or stretch, is triple stitched and doubly reinforced. And the open weave makes cool sitting even in the brightest sun. White, brown, sun yellow, vanilla, sand, tangerine or blue **$29.95.**

Tough **Welter-Weight Canvas Covers** too in Natural, Green, Lemon Yellow, Royal, Terra Cotta, or Brown **$27.95.**

Postage on all covers: $3.50 1st cover. $1. each additional. *Covers fit all size frames, satisfaction guaranteed.* **Butterfly Frames:** Tubular steel; matte black. **Frame only $45 ea.** (7.50 postage ea.); add cover of your choice (& price of same) from above listings. Send check, MO, Visa or MC (w/exp. date)Charge Orders can call (714) 661-3000 Catalog $1.; Free with order.

THE Patio
P.O. Box 925
Dept. NY529
San Juan Capistrano,
CA 92693

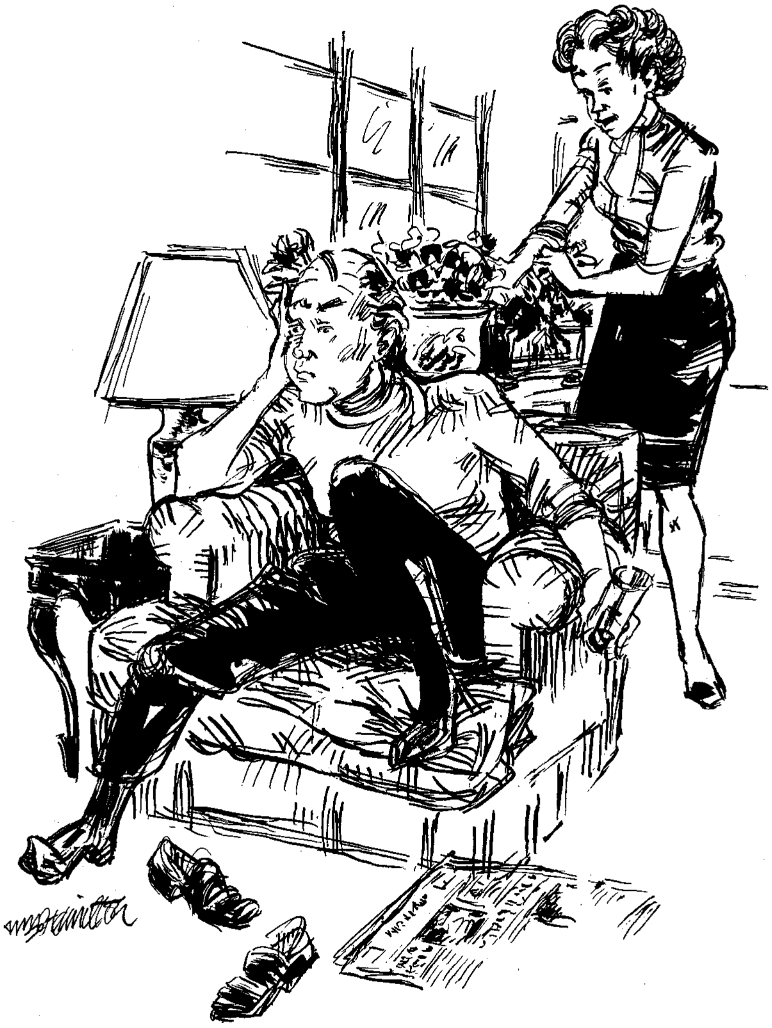
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Trampled

DESCRIBING the landscape where the heroine, Ursula Brangwen, walks toward the woods in "The Rainbow," D. H. Lawrence wrote, "It was very splendid, free and chaotic." That's true of "The Rainbow" itself. It doesn't have the dramatic clarity (or the greatness) of its successor, "Women in Love," but it's a passionately heated landmark novel about marriage. This chronicle of three generations of a farming family is an attempt to show how marriage worked in the Victorian and Edwardian periods and why it became subject to new strains in the industrial age. Ursula, who experiences those strains—and is aware of them—flails at everything around her. While still in her teens, she's in conflict between her drives and the repressive claims of conventional marriage. It isn't just sex she wants; she yearns for sexual and spiritual union. The novel, which was completed and published in 1915, was prosecuted for obscenity and ordered destroyed. It's not hard to understand why. The writing is intensely sensual and often ecstatic; it's potent—Lawrence makes you feel that the whole world is panting in rhythm with his language. And Ursula, trying to break free, challenges Christianity and colonialism, and questions the other ideas that her fiancé, Anton—an attractive man with a fine, slender body who's in the Royal Engineers—casually accepts. When she expresses her feelings, he hates her. Finally, he wants to marry her, he wants to kill her. The new movie version, by Ken Russell (who filmed "Women in Love" in 1969), doesn't impose an artificial pattern or plot on the material, but it isn't splendid. Amorphous and unsatisfying would be more accurate.

The pastoral locations are grassy vistas that seem to melt before your eyes. The Midlands look the way a reader wants them to look, and the images suggest that the material is being approached with humility and seriousness. This isn't one of Russell's lurid, campy pictures. But his underlying attitudes haven't really changed; the campiness is simply more restrained. The adaptation, which he did with his wife, Vivian, is a slapdash job—speeches are borrowed from one set of characters for another, and incidents are thrown in. So the themes don't cohere. It isn't clear what the story is about, besides the one theme that the "modern" woman's desire for independence leads to turmoil, and that there's hope in this turmoil. (If Ursula married the officer, who has no deep connections with her, she'd shrivel.) The movie's most powerful section is the treatment of Ursula's first job—when, at seventeen, she takes a teaching post at a school where the children of the poor are beaten into whining submission. Russell seems relieved to get away from the difficult, blind anger that's woven into the sexual experiences of Ursula (Sammi Davis) and Anton (Paul McGann). He plunges into the Dickensian miseries of the school, where the contending forces are clearer.

The ads for "The Rainbow" feature a banner line from the review in the *Times:* "Ken Russell is the purest interpreter D. H. Lawrence could have hoped for." In his worst nightmares. Russell's fidelity (to roughly the second half of the novel, the part that moves from the previous generations of the Brangwen family to concentrate on Ursula) is staggeringly superficial. The fault isn't just in the script; it's in how he has directed Sammi Davis, and how she plays the role. She made a smart, sunny impression in relatively small, teen-ager parts in "Mona Lisa," "Hope and Glory," "A Prayer for the Dying" (less sunny), and other movies; and, as the cunning little schemer—a starring role—in the BBC's Thomas Hardy adaptation, "The Day After the Fair," she had an authentic horror. (But she didn't have to represent the consciousness of the Hardy material.) As Ursula, she has a scrappiness that works well in the school-teaching scenes, but in the rest of the movie nothing she says seems to have any substance: her rude, angry lines just pop into her mouth right out of the script. This Ursula is blank-faced



"I know it hurts, Henry, but sooner or later everybody has to condo the home he grew up in."

and lightweight. It makes sense that she should seem surly and withdrawn to her family and the other characters, but she can't be merely that to us, or who's going to give us what is the glory of the novel—Lawrence's intuitive exploration of her feelings and her imagination? That's what's missing. One of the pioneering feminist heroines—a woman who represents an advance on previous generations, a woman on a quest—has been turned into a snippy, closed-off brat.

As if to make up for the passion that's omitted, Russell adds an episode in which Ursula (when she's still a schoolgirl) poses nude for a dirty-old-man painter (Dudley Sutton), who becomes furious when she won't let him beat her. And Russell adds such details as the headmaster maneuvering the young teacher Ursula into displaying her bottom for him. But Lawrence's material isn't about scruffy lechery; it's about sexuality and spirit. Russell's additions detract from the poetic intensity of what Lawrence was up to, and muddy the conflicts. Since it's Winifred, the teacher that the schoolgirl Ursula has a crush on, who dares Ursula to go to the painter's studio, without warning her about his kinks, Winifred seems callous and sadistic. The scenes involving Winifred (Amanda Donohoe) are fairly weird anyway, since Donohoe, who was the serpent-like fanged vampire in Russell's 1988 "The Lair of the White Worm," retains some of her viperishness here. She's a leering mannish lesbian, who seduces Ursula with soft caresses and anti-male talk, and then turns about and marries Ursula's plump and prosperous mineowner uncle, played with smiling finesse by David Hemmings. (You couldn't guess from the movie that in the novel Ursula is the matchmaker.)

Glenda Jackson and Christopher Gable are surprisingly relaxed as Ursula's parents, and (in small details) they show us how different their sexual life is from hers. The mother keeps having babies; the father is proud of being able to support his family, and finds his other joys at the church organ and in wood carving. The parents' lives are eventful yet peaceful in ways that Ursula will never know. But will anybody who hasn't read the novel be able to understand Ursula the dreamer? Or will they just think she's an impossibly petulant twerp?

Funny thing about this movie: Russell, notorious for overheating most of his pictures, has left the heat out of this one. He seems to be trying to serve the novel without recognizing what a blazing vision it is, how it stirs a reader. And he seems to have run out of bravura. (The climactic scene, in which Ursula is in danger of being trampled by horses—and perhaps by a marriage based merely on sexual attraction—is emotionally inert.) The most sensuous moment is very brief. Just after Ursula and Anton meet—when she isn't quite sixteen—they go into a church that's being restored. They're secluded there; he opens several of the miniature buttons on one of the gloves she's wearing, exposing a small bit of flesh, and kisses it. That's at least the beginning of something.

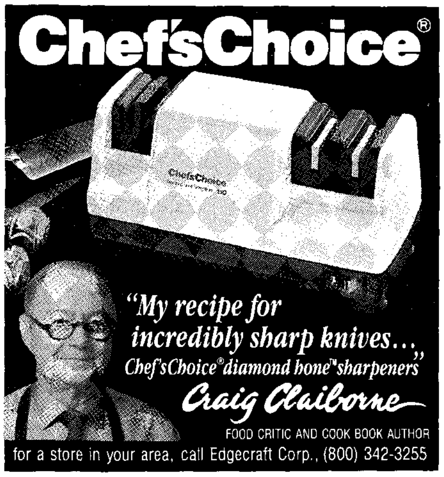
THE playwright Beth Henley is a fey, witty observer, with a knack for impish parody. But her themes are sometimes poetic—she wants us to feel exalted—and she's not a poet. She doesn't transform her material; the transformation process goes no further than turning everything into slightly fermented local color. Set in Yazoo City, Mississippi, "Miss Firecracker" —she adapted it from her 1984 play, "The Miss Firecracker Contest"—is a farce about Southern eccentrics that's at the same time (and here's the death knell) a loving tribute to the indomitability of screwed-up, lonely dreamers.

Holly Hunter is the waif Carnelle, who was orphaned at eight and raised with her classier cousins Elain (Mary Steenburgen) and Delmount (Tim Robbins). After tall, willowy Elain married a wealthy Atlanta businessman and Delmount went away, Carnelle stayed on alone in the big, decaying family mansion. Yazoo City isn't rich in opportunities for Carnelle; she works the gutsucker machine on the assembly line of a catfish-packing plant. She has just one rhapsodic memory: it's of the time, back in 1972, when she watched the triumphal big parade featuring her idol Elain, who had won the Fourth of July beauty pageant—the Miss Firecracker Contest. Carnelle isn't considered much to look at, and her effort to gain acceptance by hopping into bed with local boys has already got her the title Miss Hot Tamale, but she thinks that if she can just win this year's contest (it's the last year she'll be eligible) she'll be respected, and she'll be able to leave town "in a blaze of glory." The movie is about what Carnelle goes through for the chance of winning (and, yes, how she discovers true values).

The contest is a rambunctious "This Is Your Life" freak show. The patrician Elain returns home; she's been asked to deliver the keynote speech. Delmount, a dilettantish aspiring poet-philosopher, has just been released from the asylum that Elain had him committed to; he comes back to try to sell the tumbledown house. And he is soon charmed by Popeye (Alfre Woodard), the black seamstress who's working on the shiny outfit for Carnelle to wear in the talent competition. (To the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner," Carnelle marches, tap-dances, does cartwheels, and twirls a red-white-and-blue wooden rifle—all pretty much simultaneously.)

Thomas Schlamme, directing his first feature, has tried for vividness, and it should be acknowledged that the movie is never plain boring. But its comic pathos and Southern-gothic cuteness can grate on you. Almost everything to do with Carnelle's dream is like some quaint form of torture—it's as if somebody behind you were whacking you on the head and saying "Isn't this priceless?" in one ear and "Doesn't this girl have gumption!" in the other. Henley over-individualizes the characters; you get the feeling that a whole summertime seminar of creative-writing students has gone to work on each one of them, punching them up. Then Schlamme directs the actors to brighten them up even more. Holly Hunter initiated the role of Carnelle on the stage, and she gives it a determinedly virtuosic stage performance; she cries and smiles almost as much as Luise Rainer did, and Rainer wasn't feisty. Schlamme compounds this folly with closeups of Hunter acting full tilt. Probably from the best of motives—admiration of Hunter's talent—he force-feeds us Carnelle's desperation, her courage, and her heartbreaking pint-size gallantry. So it's just about impossible to laugh at her.

But even if he didn't—even if he brought the emotions down a few shades—the material still might not work, because there is something off in


Chef'sChoice®
"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives... Chef'sChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners"
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

Some People Leave The Noise Of The City So They Can Raise A Racket

Or an oar. If your game is tennis, boating, golf or just relaxation, come to Sebasco. We're Maine's complete ocean resort on beautiful Casco Bay. To find out what the noise is all about, call or write:

Sebasco
MODIFIED AMERICAN PLAN

Sebasco Lodge, Box W,
Sebasco Estates, Maine 04565
1-800-225-3819 207-389-1161

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB-131W.3rd ST-475-8592

"RED HOT"
RAY BROWN TRIO
w/ Gene Harris, Jeff Hamilton & Special Guest Ernie Andrews
Tue thru Sun May 30-June 4
at 9 & 11:30 Third Show Fri & Sat 1:30am

TANIA MARIA! June 6-11

GARY BURTON QUINTET plus NEW YORK VOICES
June 13-18

WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary.
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
The only fine, handcut, mahogany-backed puzzles still being made today.
1-802-295-5200
Free 36-page catalogue. Stave Puzzles
Box 329A Norwich, Vermont 05055

ISRAEL
A VERY SPECIAL EXPERIENCE
BAR-BAT MITZVAH ON MASSADA
For information call 516-374-6148
TOVA GILEAD, INC.
199 Curtis Rd. • Hewlett Neck, NY 11598

Henley's technique. In some aberrant way (which can work on the stage), her writing is all exposition; everything is told to us, and it all feels like anecdotes that are already set from previous tellings—that are finished. Henley is too meticulous a student of playwriting: she positions all the skeletons in the funky closets and prepares us for each thing that happens—Carnelle and Elain enter amid a flutter of briefing papers.

Mary Steenburgen, with her calm, deliberate way of talking, isn't bad. At first, she seems to be overdoing Elain's flower-of-Southern-womanhood diction and her self-adoring meanness, but then, as the picture goes on, Elain's twanging pseudo graciousness becomes more effective. You listen to the elegant trickiness of the line readings; since Elain the coquette is a false identity that was confirmed when she won the Miss Firecracker contest, Steenburgen is probably justified in keeping us aware of the gears grinding. (But Elain could have been made funnier; we don't need to see that the actress "understands" the character.) Some of the other performers provide texture in the background: Ann Wedgeworth and the late Trey Wilson as the contest officials who sing during the swimsuit competition; Angela Turner as the blond contestant who delivers the Scarlett O'Hara "As God is my witness!" monologue.

But the only element that really makes the movie worth seeing is Tim Robbins' droll, courtly Delmount. When I first saw Robbins in a starring role, he was playing the prim civil-rights worker in "Five Corners"; he was good, all right, but I thought it was a case of sensational casting—I didn't see how he could play anything else. I assumed that the stiffness and the idealist's bulging, bumpy forehead and the squinched-up pug face were the only way he could look. Then, as the flirty, baby-faced rookie pitcher in "Bull Durham," he showed that he could use his six-foot-four frame for slapstick. And as the "video visionary" in (the generally negligible) "Tapeheads" he had an agreeable loose humor. (When he and John Cusack danced together on a roof, the scene recalled the relaxed teamwork of the Laurel and Hardy dances.) But Robbins' Delmount suggests that he could be a major actor.

He has the gift of looking just right for each of his roles, and he has a puckish commanding presence here (though Delmount can't command, because he's a creature of impulses: he never thinks anything out). The role is a baroque contraption, and that's what Henley is good at; she has a wonderfully silly talent—Delmount even suffers from gothic nightmares. Robbins gives the movie some richness; he gives it scenes that flow, that spill over. He uses his full height here, and his sweaty hair, curling from the humidity, provides him with an aureole. Delmount, the misfit prince with a dinky ponytail, has Southern grace and formality along with a wild, infantile sense of fun. When he's quarrelling with his sister Elain—and especially when they swing into a ballroom dance—they have a tingling love-hate intimacy, something voluptuous that they take for granted. As Elain, Steenburgen plays off Robbins with a cool, lofty satisfaction; they're marvellous together. Delmount is completely different in his lovestruck scenes with Alfre Woodard's Popeye: grinning and boyish, he's her heartthrob. The two of them are so nuttily harmonious they're like Shakespearean clown-lovers, or Papageno and Papagena—they're spellbound. I wouldn't have guessed that Woodard (who has played so many put-upon, suffering women) had this kind of lightness in her. The role is a caricature, but so, of course, are most of the other roles (underneath their awful rounding). What makes Woodard's Popeye stand out is that, with a black actress playing the part (it was written in the play as white), Popeye becomes a black caricature. There's naughtiness in the performance: Woodard's rapt gaze evokes memories of Butterfly McQueen at her dizziest.

Tim Robbins brings some comic poetry into the movie. When Delmount is bawling himself out for his own pretentiousness, or watching the pageant and sucking on a little pipe, he makes you feel that behind his sneaky, demon eyes he's thinking thoughts no character in a movie has ever thought before. And he's stimulated by them.

—Pauline Kael

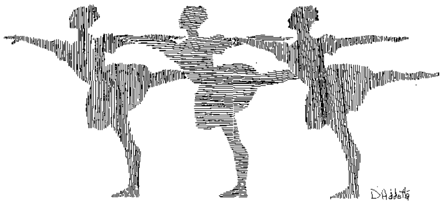
DANCING

The Story of O.

Mikhail Baryshnikov's new production of "Swan Lake," for American Ballet Theatre, is more noteworthy for what it isn't than for what it is: it isn't a psychological drama, isn't a personal showcase (Baryshnikov doesn't appear in it), isn't unendurably long. It avoids every distortion of which other recent productions have been guilty. But its traditionalism isn't emphatic enough to be called restorative. The hallmark of the production is anti-revisionism, not traditionalism. The great influence upon Baryshnikov's thinking has been the standard production by his home company, the Kirov, which stems from the St. Petersburg revival of 1895, itself a revision but thought to be closer to Tchaikovsky's intentions than the original Moscow production of 1877. The setting is medieval Germany. Gothic arches rise behind the lake; the dummy swans as they cross it are reflected in the water. The ballroom in Act III is lit by candelabras and hung with tapestries depicting the nobility at play. That last detail, like so much of PierLuigi Samaritani's décor, is impertinent to any seriously traditional reading of "Swan Lake"; all it suggests is that to A.B.T. decorativeness is preferable to deconstruction.

Because the basic idea of the production is the negation of ideas from other non-Kirov productions (it also negates some Kirov ideas, such as the presence of a jester and the absence of a Benno), it's hard to tell what Baryshnikov wants to say in this "Swan Lake." Like other renovators, he has left the second act pretty much alone. He has reorganized the first act without peasants (a Kirov taboo), the third without the brutal key change that used to introduce the pas de deux, and the fourth without the swan-boat apotheosis. He has deleted some St. Petersburg interpolations, so that Odile now dances her solo to the F-minor oboe variation, from the third act's Pas de Six, and the Prince dances his to music that Tchaikovsky originally wrote for the purpose (and that Balanchine used for his "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux"). The fourth-act Liebestod takes place to the strange and solemn Variation No. 2 from that same Pas de Six. For the most part, though, Baryshnikov has contented himself with filling in the blanks in the St. Petersburg canon. This involves erasing material that some people consider canonical (the previous A.B.T. version was derived from Britain's Royal Ballet) and that Baryshnikov plainly regards as inauthentic. But more troubling than anything he takes out is what he does not put in. Although this production may have originated in a desire to get at the essence of the old ballet by stripping away accretions, in every act it evades a definition of that essence. The Romanticism that inspired Tchaikovsky has been thinned down to the texture of a mystique—one shared by the audience. Baryshnikov and Samaritani seem so sure we all understand what "Swan Lake" is about that they don't bother to explain a thing; there isn't even a scenario printed in the Met program. In the opening act (the weakest of all), the Prince and his friends disport themselves in an unspecified place. Amid the lilac obscurities of a springtime forest we find this band of aesthetes whose tights match the vegetation. And yet it isn't a determinedly "abstract" production. It's just vague—unaware of what the audience needs to know and halfhearted about telling us.

You've heard of Odette and Odile, have you? In this version, the ballerina is billed only as Odette. The ballroom scene's pas de deux is listed in the program, and the ballerina's name again appears, along with that of the dancer cast as Prince Siegfried. Odile's name is not mentioned. For all we know, that girl who rushes into the ballroom *is* Odette, unaccountably wired up and hellbent on mischief. We recognize her because it's the same dancer and she wears a white dress. How are we to know that the Prince only *thinks* she's Odette? Baryshnikov and Samaritani can revoke the Black Swan if they want to: the black dress was not a tradition until the nineteen-thirties; before then, Odile customarily wore red or gold. But what's the point of not even hinting that an Odile exists? I saw three performances. In all three of my programs, Odette was actually listed as Odettee. Could the absent Odile also be a printer's error? Or could she be a casualty of the production's low regard for story values? The plot of "Swan Lake" is usually the locus of gratuitous revisionism, and Baryshnikov isn't having any of that. How odd, then, that his only act of revisionism should be one that strikes at the very heart of the story.

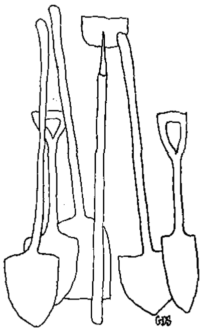


As in any great fairy tale, there are ambiguities in the libretto of "Swan Lake" that underlie its basic truthfulness as an allegory of the human condition. An example is the predicament of the young prince when we meet him. A virgin who has reached the age of consent, he has a pushy mother, who presents him with a crossbow and tells him to get married. The Freudian symbolism may now be too much for Baryshnikov; he removes the crossbow solo that he inserted in the previous production. But the crossbow is no less a symbol or more a joke than Siegfried's sword in "The Ring," and the plot similarities are no accident, either. Siegfried betrays Brünnhilde in the opera, Odette in the ballet. And then there's "Lohengrin," which the ballet also evokes, with its swans and the musical theme by which they are known. "Swan Lake" was born in a Wagnerian climate. (As if to underline the fact, the opera season at the Met closed with "The Ring" and the ballet season opened with "Swan Lake.") But the Wagnerian elements in the libretto probably interested Tchaikovsky less than the myths they sprang from.

It would appear that what attracted the composer to the commission for "Swan Lake" was the opportunity to present mythic drama without words. The old Romantic ballets that flourished before his time were all about the unhappy love of a mortal for an innocent otherworldly creature—a sylph, peri, or ondine. We know that Tchaikovsky actually attempted two operas on this theme—"Ondine" and "Mandragora"—before going on to complete incidental music for yet another version of the story, Ostrovsky's play "The Snow Maiden." In ballet Tchaikovsky was finally able to treat the subject in its purest and swiftest form. As his friend and critic H. A. Laroche put it, "In that magical world there was no room for words, it was pure fairy tale expressed by pantomime and dance."

Odette is a direct descendant of the Ondine legend. An early libretto gives the content of Odette's speech to the Prince: she began by telling him that a water nymph loved by a faithless knight was her mother—Ondine. Music written for "Ondine" made its way into the second-act adagio of "Swan Lake"; once a duet for soprano and baritone, it was now a love scene fraught with mute and tender animal innocence. Ballet deals in appearances and semblances. The crux of the drama in "Swan Lake" is the hero's betrayal of his loved one for a woman who *looks* like her. (Ondine had a rival; she did not have a double who baffled her lover's perception.) The whole tragedy turns on the ambiguity posed by Odette and Odile and its impact upon the Prince. Which is worse—for him to so far mistake Odette's nature as to believe it is she whom he holds in his arms at the ball, or for him to realize the truth and let himself be seduced anyway? Tchaikovsky does not decide the issue; the music supports either possibility, because all that is happening on the stage is dancing. Wherever Odile's music comes from—Act I or Act III (the source was in dispute from the very first production; here the adagio is the traditional "Black Swan")—what really matters dramatically is that the Prince be led to break his vow, thus bringing about Odette's destruction and his own. He can be led to this end by the same girl in a different dress or by a different girl in the same dress. But by the same girl in the same dress? Perfidious Odettee! I hear defenders of the white dress saying that the evil magician would not be so stupid as to put Odile in black. But if he's smart enough to produce a girl who to all appearances is the *same* girl, why would it matter what she wore?

In ballet, as in folk tales, a person is what he or she seems to be. Disguises are unhesitatingly assumed by folk-tale characters, and they always work; we accept the crudity of this so that fantasy may take place. In ballet, the fantasy of deception is peculiarly alive; we *see* Albrecht fool Giselle, we *see* Odile fool the Prince, and we see why they succeed. Giselle needs to be fooled, and Siegfried, besides needing to be fooled, needs to be seduced. Ballet can engage us with a psychological premise for fantasy because it presents a drama of appearances. When fantasy fails, when the deception rings hollow, it is not the fault of the premise. Cyril Beaumont, in "The Ballet Called 'Swan Lake,' " may be the father of Baryshnikov's Odile. Beaumont writes that it would be a truer test of the ballerina's gifts if she were to portray dual identities in the same costume. If Beaumont were here today, he'd see that wearing the same costume (actually, a different white dress, sprinkled with jewels) only incites the ballerina to coarsen the distinction between Odette and Odile. I've seen more subtle Odiles danced in black than Susan Jaffe, Christine Dunham, and Amanda McKerrow have offered so far this season.

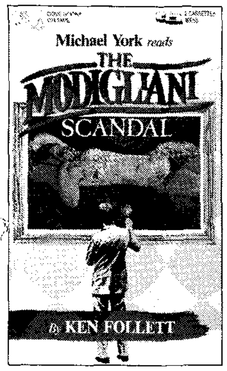


Along the same confused lines, we have the new version of the Pas des Fiancées—the Prince's waltz with the prospective brides, in Act III. Ross Stretton, Andris Liepa, and Wes Chapman all seemed to have been instructed to dance this passage as if in the grip of hallucination. At first, I wondered if Baryshnikov meant that the girls weren't really there. But it was the Prince who wasn't there; in his mind, he was back in the forest with Odette. This used to be conveyed in the old production without so much fuss. The key to the effect is again a matter of costume: the six "brides" are all dressed alike, which defies reality if you think of the event as one that could actually happen. But this is a fairy tale; the girls are what they seem to be to the Prince—indistinguishable and uninteresting. His subjective impression is already accounted for by their appearance and by the traditional choreography, which needs no elaboration. The girls dance as an ensemble; each is granted a minimum of twelve bars to be alone with the Prince. It's interesting to compare this scene with the Rose Adagio in "The Sleeping Beauty": the ballerina, confronted with four suitors, who partner her in turn, chooses none. The four men are not individualized choreographically, but they are individually costumed, often flamboyantly so. It is right that they should be, because their prospects are real. Aurora has not yet met her prince.

When you look at the old ballets closely, they are already psychological dramas. The plots are simple but rich in allegory; that is why they bear retelling. "Swan Lake" invites more "invention" from directors because it alone of the Tchaikovsky ballets failed to find its theatrical form during the composer's lifetime. It isn't known how many of the St. Petersburg revisions Tchaikovsky approved before he died. (Roland John Wiley, in his excellent "Tchaikovsky's Ballets," notes with irony that Petipa and Ivanov cut out about a quarter of Tchaikovsky's score and were acclaimed by posterity, while for doing the same amount of damage the originators of the Moscow production have been reviled.) His unwieldy legacy to "Swan Lake" consists, basically, of three dance suites, one in each of the first three acts, and an experiment in dance symphonism in the fourth. But there's also the subject of the ballet, which we have every reason to believe Tchaikovsky took seriously, at least until he became persuaded that the ballet was a failure. What one wants in "Swan Lake" is a production that takes the story as seriously as the music tells us Tchaikovsky took it. Musical values are not enhanced by reducing the ballet to three divertissements danced by some people while others stand around watching, plus one dance drama performed in a blanket of dry-ice mist.

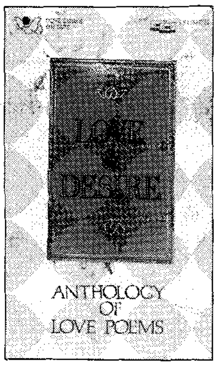
Baryshnikov's "additional choreography" within this constricted format is not bad, although it is far more resourceful for men than for women. He knows how to turn a phrase on the music. But to be answerable to musical values a production needs, besides musical dances, musical mise en scène. I still recall how, in the Kirov's Act I in the sixties, the behavior of the young bloods surrounding the Prince creates an unease that corresponded to the veiled melancholy of the music. Baryshnikov deletes the incidental passages that used to color our view of the Prince's sexuality and the pressures to which court life subjected him. Siegfried now has no particular attachment to his tutor (played nonetheless with exaggerated effeminacy, by Alexander Minz), and Benno, his squire, is a dancing cipher. Nothing in Act I prepares us for the lake scene to come except a very

DOVE BOOKS ON TAPE, INC.
12711 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, CA 91604

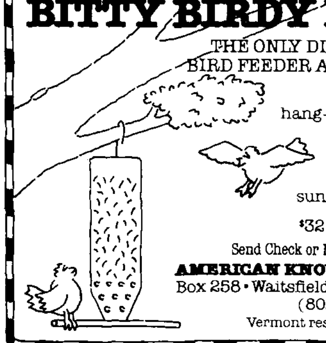


NY Times Bestseller!
THE MODIGLIANI SCANDAL
AUTHOR:
KEN FOLLETT
READER:
MICHAEL YORK
A beautiful but ruthless art historian and an angry young painter are on the trail of a fabulous "lost masterpiece". Anything goes, maybe even murder . . .
ABRIDGED
2 Cass./3 Hrs.
40610 $14.95

LOVE AND DESIRE
READERS:
DAVID BIRNEY, JANE LAPOTAIRE, LEE REMICK, ROBERT STEPHENS, and MICHAEL YORK
A romantic selection from history's most prominent poets: Dickinson, Shakespeare, Shelley, Yeats and others.
UNABRIDGED
2 Cass./3 Hrs.
40670 $14.95



Free Catalog Available
1-800-345-9945



JEAN SHERMAN'S
BITTY BIRDY BAG
THE ONLY DISPOSABLE BIRD FEEDER AVAILABLE
Ready to hang—anywhere!
Each bag pre-filled with 1 lb. sunflower seed.
$32 per 12 pack
Send Check or Money Order to:
AMERICAN KNOW HOW CO.
Box 258 • Waitsfield, VT • 05673
(802) 496-3025
Vermont residents add 4%

SILVER SEAGULL
Newport Silversmith James Breakell captures the grace and beauty of the seagull's flight in this lovely bracelet. In sterling silver, $25.00. In 14K gold, $245.00. Add $3.50 handling. MC/VISA/AMEX (401) 849-3522. Brochure on request.

J.H. Breakell & Co. 69 Mill Street, Dept. NYS
Newport, RI 02840

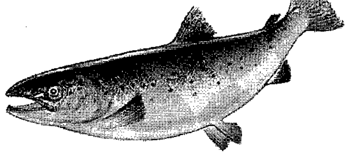
N. Y. FOUNDLING HOSPITAL NEEDS VOLUNTEERS
Development Department
Typing/Clerical
(212) 633-9300 Ext.6979

curious parallel that is inadvertently set up by the Queen Mother's speech commanding the Prince to marry. When Odette appears, she looks like another woman giving him another bunch of orders. The two speeches are set pieces of formal mime which acquire their undue emphasis through isolation from any strong incidental-mime current. Though Tchaikovsky's flair for mime scenes seems irresistible—he can even blend them with dances, as in the Goblet Dance—Baryshnikov persists in treating mime grudgingly, as a bridge between dances. This is a production doomed by rationalism and good taste. Even Baryshnikov's erudition goes against him. He's obviously read his Beaumont and his Wiley, obviously looked long and hard at the previous production and at productions around the world. But all it comes down to is fuss. In that misty last act, he and Samaritani create endless distraction with rising and falling green gauze curtains meant to represent the waters of the lake. Does the act take place underwater? Is there a flood? Do we *see* the swans revert to human shape? What is human shape? Niggling questions that had never been asked about "Swan Lake" are asked, while major questions long settled are thrown open.

The company's next full-length attraction, after its "Swan Lake" week, was the MacMillan-Prokofiev "Romeo and Juliet"—a surefire box-office hit that it may now be time to call a classic. The story of Romeo and Juliet in ballet terms is not greatly different from that of Siegfried and Odette; it lacks only a supernatural dimension. Romeo betrays Juliet by killing Tybalt; it's as if Siegfried had killed the sorcerer in the second act and sealed Odette's fate as a swan. More important, "Romeo and Juliet" is a story narrated with music; it's in Prokofiev's language, not Shakespeare's. There's been no serious attempt yet to subject "Romeo and Juliet" to the "Swan Lake" treatment, but one envisions a time when questions will be asked. Why *does* Romeo fall for Juliet? Does he think she's Rosaline? What if the two women were dressed alike? "Swan Lake" will still be there, chuntering along, and with God knows what apologetic nonsense on the stage. But it will remain "Swan Lake" so long as it is Tchaikovsky that's being played in the pit. It's his story, after all.

—ARLENE CROCE

Fishing the Maine wilderness...in luxury



Superb cuisine.
Elegant accommodations.
Your own personal guide.

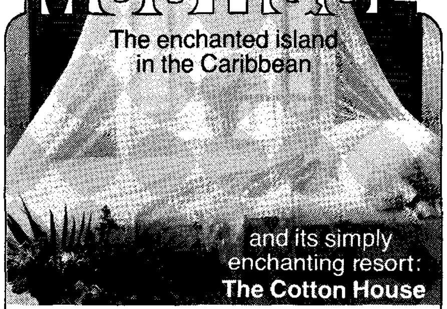
We greet you at Bangor International Airport. The Falcon float plane then flies you back into the wilderness. Back to one of Maine's most remote, most pristine fishing grounds. The Falcon lodge, and your personal living quarters, are amazingly plush. Cuisine has been likened to the finest European restaurants. Evening cocktails and quiet sunsets all included. As is your guide, the spectacular scenery and amenities uncommon to the wilderness. Corporate rates available.

The Falcon Experience
videocassette: $15.00. Mastercard. VISA. American Express.

FALCON LODGE IN MAINE
800-825-8234

Brochure and reservation information:
FALCON-BK, P.O. Box 1899, Bangor, Maine 04401

MUSTIQUE



The enchanted island in the Caribbean
and its simply enchanting resort:
The Cotton House
Brochure: (800) 223-1108 • (212) 696-1323
P.O. Box #800, Waccabuc, NY 10597

CLIFTON LODGE
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON
Beautifully appointed, stylish apartments right in the heart of London, near Harrods.
Toll Free No 1-800-642-2747 Telex No 936 238
Fax 01-823 9194

Turkey
Cultural yacht cruises, exotic Istanbul combined
Club Voyages, Box 7648, Shrewsbury NJ 07702 / (201) 842-4946

BOOKS

When You Wish Upon a Star

MOST writers entertain immodest literary ambitions, and perhaps couldn't write without them. Margaret Atwood, however, is one of the exceptional, confident few who don't seem troubled by the discrepancy between their reach and their grasp. There are periodic drumrolls in her work which call attention to what she regards as the universality of a theme, the beauty of an image, the mordancy of an aperçu, or the majorness of an entire book. Proust trusted readers to make their own way through the labyrinth of memory as he imagined it; Atwood does not. Here's the opening of her latest novel, "Cat's Eye":

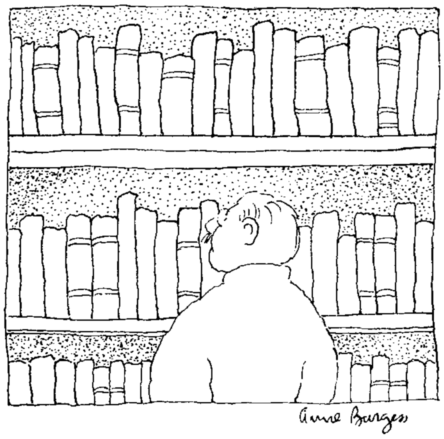
> Time is not a line but a dimension, like the dimensions of space. If you can bend space you can bend time also, and if you knew enough and could move faster than light you could travel backward in time and exist in two places at once.

The narrator of "Cat's Eye," a fifty-year-old painter named Elaine Risley, quickly puts this observation in context: it was made by her precocious brother when they were children. But there's no wryness to suggest that Stephen Risley didn't discover relativity, or that retrospection isn't a metaphor Margaret Atwood has invented. "You don't look back along time but down through it, like water," Risley continues, in the elegiac tone of a "Masterpiece Theatre" voice-over. "Sometimes this comes to the surface, sometimes that, sometimes nothing. Nothing goes away."

Atwood may not be the writer she thinks she is, but mistaking her true subject sometimes makes her more complex and interesting than she knows. Her previous novel, "The Handmaid's Tale," was intended as and received by its admirers as a "chilling," "stunning," "Orwellian" "critique of contemporary society." It described a world in which young women are kept as reproductive slaves by aging commanders and their barren wives, and are ritually raped by both spouses. But "The Handmaid's Tale" was far less provocative and disturbing as a dystopia than as an erotic fiction. The novel's implicit perversity is what generated its power. Atwood's political misanthropology, on the other hand, was a fascinating but hollow *construction*—a doll's house of horrors with a working piano in the sitting room and a basement torture chamber. If Gilead—an America of the future ruled by the religious right—wasn't plausible psychologically or politically, it *was* plausible as a metaphor of incest and a fantasy of bondage. Had Atwood examined the pathology of desire as boldly as she drew upon it, the novel might have joined that select company of books by women—Colette, Pauline Réage—which tell the truth about a woman's complicity in her sexual corruption; about her feelings of emptiness and delight in power; about her lust, anger, and impotence; about her yearning for trust and despair of wholeness.

"The Handmaid's Tale" foundered on the paradox of Atwood's own righteousness. She had a sure instinct for her characters' anarchic feelings, but, having exposed them to the light, she distanced herself from them with doctrinaire interpretations or exalted poetic ones. In her new book, the same detachment takes the form of grandiosity. Atwood seems both too sure she knows what she means and too anxious for us to get her *right*. She romanticizes defiance and champions transgression while ignoring the authoritarian impulse—an impulse to suppress or abstract what she hasn't mastered or can't resolve—in her own fiction.

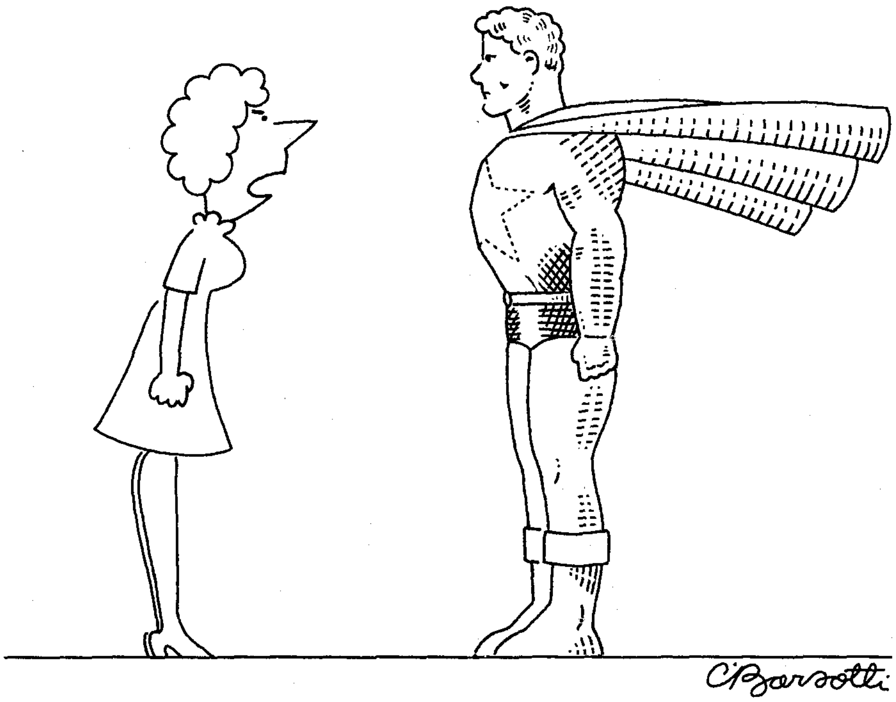
The latest of Atwood's fierce, enthralling dramas of bondage is buried in a sprawling bildungsroman that escorts us through the narrator's five decades of life. Elaine Risley is a famous, controversial Canadian artist and feminist *monstre sacré* whose resemblance to Atwood, like peekaboo lace, is too coy to be elegant. She arrives in Toronto for a retrospective of her painting to find the city, which she fled years before, obnoxiously gentrified. Declining a free hotel room, she moves into the loft where she lived with her first husband, and where he is still painting in macho squalor. Risley is insufferably macho herself. She makes a point of camping out, rather than keeping bourgeois house, in the loft. When meeting the press and the directors of her trendy gallery, she flaunts an unstylish sweatsuit ("my disguise as a nonartist"). She laments the fact that the prole-food haunts of her art-student days have been usurped by cafés serving sprouts and spritzers. And, in the same tone of self-dramatizing adolescent asceticism, she rejects all the comfort and adult entitlement that have come to her through talent and hard work. "I'm supposed to be a person of substance," she reflects. "But since coming back [to Toronto]. . . . I feel lighter, as if I'm shedding matter . . . as if I'm filling with cold air, or gently falling snow."



Even though Risley half ironically repudiates the designation of "artist," preferring to call herself, more matter-of-factly, a painter, the self-portrait she elaborates is a cliché: the romantic iconoclast; someone who isn't "respectable," whose gift is the ability to see beyond proprieties to the "subversive" truth—and who pays for her vision with a heightened sensitivity to pain and a special vulnerability to exploitation. The voice is tough, the imagery elemental. Risley speaks a kind of staccato prose—short, punchy sentences in the present tense, which are intended to brace the narrative against the tug of all that is tender, prosaic, sentimental, and, especially, passive in its point of view:

> I crawl out from under the duvet. I am a busy person, in theory. There are things to be done, although none of them are things I want to do. I check through the refrigerator in the kitchenette, dig out an egg, boil it, dump it into a teacup, mush it up. I don't even glance at the herbal teas. I go straight for the real, vile coffee. Jitter in a cup. It cheers me up to know I'll soon be so tense. . . .

Today we hang. An unfortunate term.



"Well, your jersey damn sure wasn't inside out when you left home this morning."

• •

The peculiar muscularity of the verbs in this passage is indicative of the way that Atwood's language strains to be intimidating. Are you squeamish? Can you take a graphic description of Elaine's self-abuse? (She bites, then peels, the skin off her feet.) Are you complacent? Or do you share Risley's "sinking feeling" when she enters an art gallery: "I don't like it that this is where paintings end up. . . . It's as if somebody's been . . . spraying the paintings with air freshener, to kill the smell. The smell of blood on the wall." Would she prefer to exhibit in the Lascaux caves? The unintended irony of "Cat's Eye" is that its prose often reproduces the schoolyard bullying to which its narrator is subjected.

The story of Elaine Risley's subjugation surfaces in flashbacks. Her homecoming to Toronto rekindles an old obsession with a demonic figure named Cordelia. Cordelia was one of Elaine's first friends. Until she was eight, she had had no playmates of her own sex or age. Her father, like Atwood's, was a forest entomologist who took his family with him into the field. Elaine and her brother Stephen grew up in the northern woods, sleeping in logging camps and motels, wintering in furnished lodgings. The world war going on abroad was as "remote and crackly" as the information about "normal" family life that reached them in school readers. Their existence was a nomadic one, rich in sensation and mystery. "Until we moved to Toronto I was happy," Risley asserts—begging the question central to this novel and others of Atwood's: What happens to a child that disposes her to self-punishment?

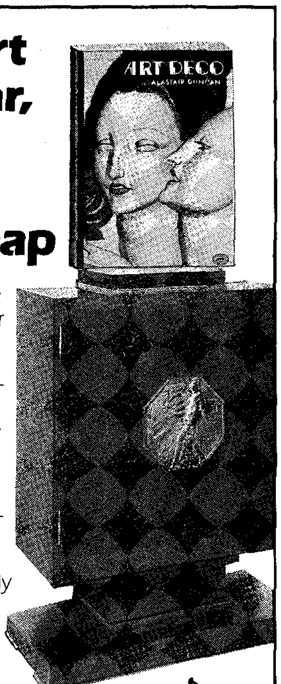
Risley's solitude in her parents' company is less extreme than that of Offred, the handmaid, in the household of the Commander and his wife, but it has the same feel to it. Absent-minded to begin with, the elder Risleys become even less accessible when the father accepts an academic job and the family settles into a tract house in a featureless new Toronto suburb. Neither of the children has ever been to school, and in relation to the prissy, knowing girls of the neighborhood Elaine is a misfit. Innocent of convention and desperate for acceptance, she begins to "want things I've never wanted before: braids, a dressing gown," and to "see that there's a whole world of girls and their doings that has been unknown to me." But she also discovers that it is much easier to achieve competence in this lazy world than it was to keep up with the originality of her unfettered brother. "All I have to do is sit on the floor and cut frying pans out of the *Eaton's Catalogue* with embroidery scissors, and say I've done it badly."

Atwood suggests that the rootless self-sufficiency of the Risley family was a form of insulation for Elaine, like one of the cocoons that she and her brother helped shake to the ground for her father to study. When they move to Toronto, then, she is shaken loose herself. The loss of connection (and of innocence) leaves her much more vulnerable than she would have been if her time in the cocoon, her time before the fall, had not been artificially prolonged. This rude, abrupt, belated entry into the world weakens Elaine, and puts her at a newborn's disadvantage in relation to the predators of her new environment.

But predators in nature have a motive for predation, and their prey is singled out from the herd because it betrays some organic disadvantage. Why does the sturdy, observant, tomboyish Elaine become the victim? And why does the attractive, worldly Cordelia become a torturer? Atwood twists the narrative to provide pat answers—art and madness—when in fact her dramatic instinct for the subject of bondage must be telling her to withhold them. "Knowing too much about other people," Risley reflects, "puts you in their power, they have a claim on you, you are forced to understand their reasons for doing things and then you are weakened."

Cruelty, however, is also a form of perverse attentiveness, and as Jessica Benjamin observes in her fine study of Réage, "O is actually willing to risk complete annihilation [in order] to be recognized." The cruelty of Cordelia and her minions, Carol and Grace, is embodied in small trials and gestures that tease Elaine with the promise of recognition. They humiliate her in the guise of correcting her faults (she "lies"; she's "stuck up," "disobedient," impious, and shabby; she does too well or not well enough in class), and she is gradually seduced so far from her instincts for autonomous survival that when Cordelia dares her to retrieve her "stupid hat" from an icy ravine frequented by drifters she obeys.

These are the finest chapters in the novel, as sinister and spare, in their fashion, as Musil's treatment of children's power games—and the dynamics of obedience and conformity—in "Young Törless." All these games



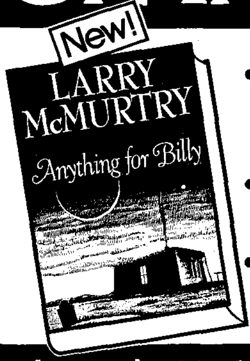
The art so dear, the book so cheap

These days, examples of Art Deco, with their superlative craftsmanship and lavish ornamentation, are fetching breathtaking prices at auction. But the price of Alastair Duncan's superlative new history of the style, with nearly 200 illustrations (44 in color), is equally breathtaking—only $11.95!

Whether you pay a million dollars for a Ruhlmann cabinet or admire a Deco skyscraper for free, our World of Art paperback will make the experience more valuable to you.

The World of Art...
for more than meets the eye

Published by Thames and Hudson Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10110
Distributed by W.W. Norton & Company.
Please write for a free catalogue

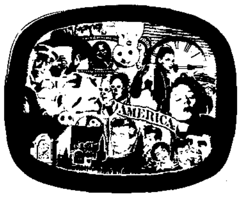


BOOKS ON TAPE™

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658



Jar The Jar - the sharp new satirical journal chronicling all manner of social, political frolic, frisk, surprise and distraction! $5. Plus follow its march of curiosities with a Color Quartz Watch: The George Bush Silly Putty watch; Sen. Simon-in-a-fishbowl; the Pink Moose watch; Jar watch; Pig-in-a-blanket; $27, full guarantee; specify male/f. THE BUREAU OF JARS, P.O. Box 10707, Arlington, VA 22210

have the same gage: the self—which can be lost, or defended, or aggrandized by incorporating the selves of others. In this respect, sex and child's play have something in common. They become thrillingly but dangerously absorbing, and may turn vicious when their participants believe that the survival of the self is actually, not just symbolically, at stake.

The down-to-earth writing in this section of the novel also confirms Atwood's gift—which is that of a prisoner or a recluse—for the poetry of ordinary life. She salvages beauty and fear in sensations no one else would bother with: the look of a scab under a microscope; the smells of hand lotion and sawdust; the "antiseptic sheen" of the Milky Way on a winter night. And her description of the rage for marbles that sweeps Elaine's school, and abolishes the sex boundaries of the playground (either sex can be the predator), is a paradigm as satisfying to contemplate as the marbles themselves:

> For marbles you're either the person setting up the target or the person shooting. To shoot you kneel down, sight, and roll your marble at the target marble like a bowling ball. If you hit it you keep it, and your own marble too. If you miss, you lose your marble. If you're setting up, you sit on the cement with your legs spread open and put a marble on a crack in front of you. It can be an ordinary marble, but these don't get many shooters, unless you offer two for one. Usually the targets are more valuable: cat's eyes . . .

But "Cat's Eye" might best have ended when Elaine's ordeal ends, on page 206. A child has gambled and lost her self and recovered it, and from here on the tension dissipates. Atwood attempts to pump suspense back into the narrative and to restore its unity by insisting on Risley's unresolved obsession with Cordelia, although the heroine has left her young dominatrix growing "paler and paler, less and less substantial" when the girls are ten. She kills off Stephen improbably long after he, too, has ceased to count in his sister's life or for the reader. The image trail of corpses, graves, ghosts, and bloody portents that Atwood leaves for us to follow is like a dot picture. You know what it is going to look like long before you finish making the connections.

Possessed of a self, Risley spends the second half of "Cat's Eye" shopping for an identity. She buys it off the generational rack but seems to think it's an original. As an art student in the sixties, she discovers the charm of squalor, sleeps with her Life Drawing teacher, and saves her lover's girlfriend from a botched abortion. Her shotgun marriage to a fellow art student falls apart, and she tries to kill herself, although insincerely—it's a way of dramatizing her belated refusal to be a good girl. With distance (she moves from Toronto to Vancouver), she cultivates her talent, relishing her superiority to the philistines who buy her art, the pedants who praise it, and the harpies who sell it, nearly as much as she enjoys the opprobrium of the religious nuts who throw ink at it. Her second marriage, to a dull but decent travel agent, provides her with emotional ballast and free trips to Mexico. As her daughters grow up, she examines her bonds with women and her ambivalence about feminism. Her father dies, and, perhaps because such a loss doesn't register as exceptional, her brother is dispatched by terrorists on a blistering tarmac somewhere in the Middle East. The stars, meanwhile, continue to shine their pale, old light upon the world ("If they were sounds they would be echoes"), and one afternoon, helping her terminally ill mother clean out the basement, Elaine and Mrs. Risley make a discovery.

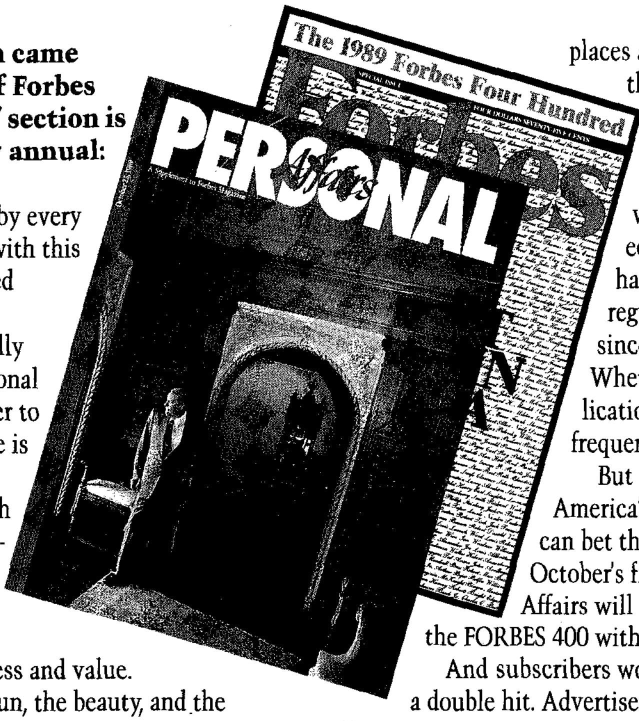
> "A marble!" says my mother, with a child's delight. "Remember all those marbles Stephen used to collect?"
>
> "Yes," I say. But this one was mine.
>
> I look into it, and see my life entire.

Risley may see her past and present magically "entire" in a marble, but the reader has a different epiphany. Earlier in the basement scene, Mrs. Risley, who has been prattling about her son ("A lot of what she says is about Stephen"), recalls the day that Elaine's "friends" abandoned her in the ravine. "'I was so worried,' she says. What she wants from me is forgiveness, but for what?"

By choosing, at that moment, to gaze at the marble and away from her mother, Risley distracts herself from that crucial question, just as Atwood's implicit claims for her novel's clarity and wholeness distract her from its pervasive but unfocussed outrage and, most of all, from its suppressed sadness: the "confusion" of a daughter at her parents' obliviousness of who she was, what she longed for, how she suffered, and of the brilliant star she has become —eternally invisible to them.

—JUDITH THURMAN

Wealth: An Owner's Manual.



Out of Time's "People" section came People Magazine...Now, out of Forbes Magazine's "Personal Affairs" section is coming a sparkling, alive new annual:

FORBES Personal Affairs

The first edition will be received by every one of FORBES' 700,000 subscribers with this October's eighth annual Four Hundred Richest Americans issue.

FORBES Personal Affairs, a specially expanded edition of the popular Personal Affairs section of FORBES, will deliver to its subscribers (one out of every three is a millionaire) insights and advice on how best to use their wealth to enrich their nonbusiness lives, with the confidence they have come to expect from FORBES, the authority:

On travel—to fresh destinations, where price is secondary to uniqueness and value.

On art and collectibles—for the fun, the beauty, and the intellectual stimulation.

On exhilarating sport—for all seasons, for those who needn't hurry.

On attire that suits their station and their interests.

On new electronic hardware that can make a busy life easier in the castle called home.

From authoritatively chosen fine wines that will pay for themselves to beautifully engineered cars that are a kick to drive, to sailboats she will also love, to imaginative gifts...FORBES Personal Affairs will single out the top of the line in things and places and personal enthusiasms that sophisticated, wealthy, active FORBES readers want to know more about.

It will be written in FORBES' witty, irreverent style and its editor is William G. Flanagan, who has been in charge of FORBES' regular "Personal Affairs" section since it started nine years ago.

Whether this great new Forbes publication will be an annual or more frequent will be decided by you.

But advertisers who want to reach America's richest concentration of readers can bet their advertising bucks that this October's first edition of FORBES Personal Affairs will be as intently, as avidly read as the FORBES 400 with which it will be distributed.

And subscribers won't be the only ones getting a double hit. Advertisers who run ads in both magazines will receive 50% off their earned rate on their FORBES Personal Affairs insertion. Those who run in FORBES Personal Affairs only will be charged a special introductory rate.

If you want your message to reach the wealthy, both where they live and where they work, run your ads in the only business magazine that makes it its business to address both. FORBES.

For more information on advertising in this special magazine, contact FORBES' Consumer Advertising Manager, George Clissold, or Evelyn Mitchell (212/620-2200). Issue date is October 23, but closing for all advertising is September 5.

Put your message where the money is.

Forbes
Capitalist Tool®
Forbes Magazine—60 Fifth Ave., N.Y. NY 10011

"The Audi 90 follows the road like a bloodhound," one awed reviewer recently wrote.

True enough. But while an Audi adheres to the asphalt, it adheres to very little else. Because the Audi 80/90 Sports Sedans follow an alternate route.

Look at the evidence. It's sculpted of 100% zinc-galvanized steel. Uniquely shaped to smooth-talk the wind out of resisting. (And quite dashing, we might add, under its painstaking 27-step paint process.)

Tell an Audi Sports Sedan to hit the road and it will stick like proverbial glue.

Then, drive the evidence. The maverick five-cylinder powerplant will shatter your preconceptions as easily as its motorsport cousins shattered ten world speed records. The confidence-

The Only Thing It Conforms To Is The Road.

The 90 Quattro Sports Sedan.

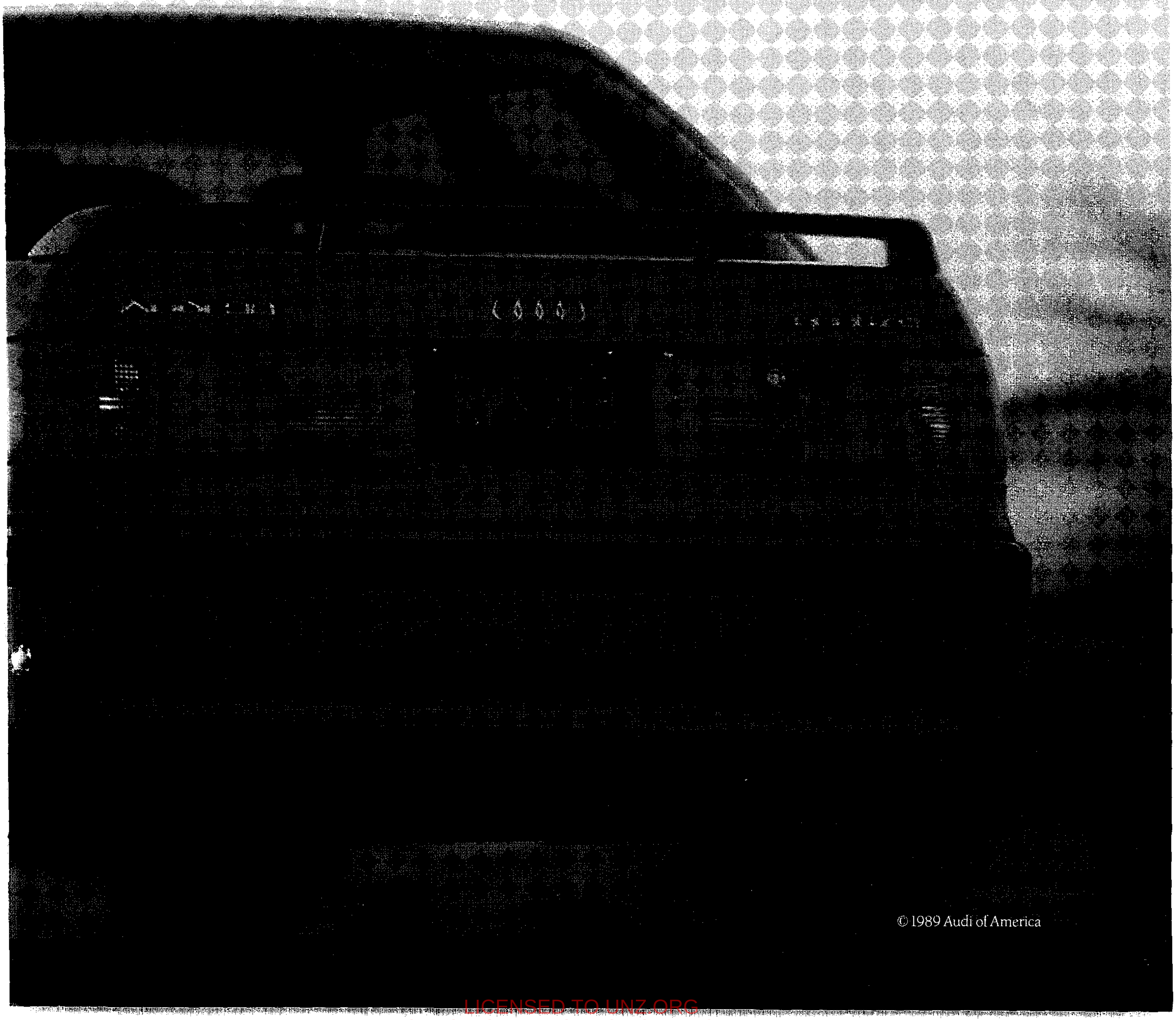
inspiring front-wheel drive (a system pioneered by Audi) embodies 58 years of continuous refinements. And the available all-wheel Quattro drive is so highly evolved, it can actually improve traction by 100%.

No wonder *Car and Driver* concluded: "The driving experience is every bit as polished as the exterior shape. Sit down, strap in, and prepare for a momentous ride." Prepare for some rather momentous protection, as well. Because every Audi comes equipped with the Audi Advantage—for unequalled security. Security, in fact, from delivery to trade-in. (Your dealer will be proud to share the details.)

So why not pursue an alternate route? In an Audi 80/90 Sports Sedan. And conform to the only thing that matters.

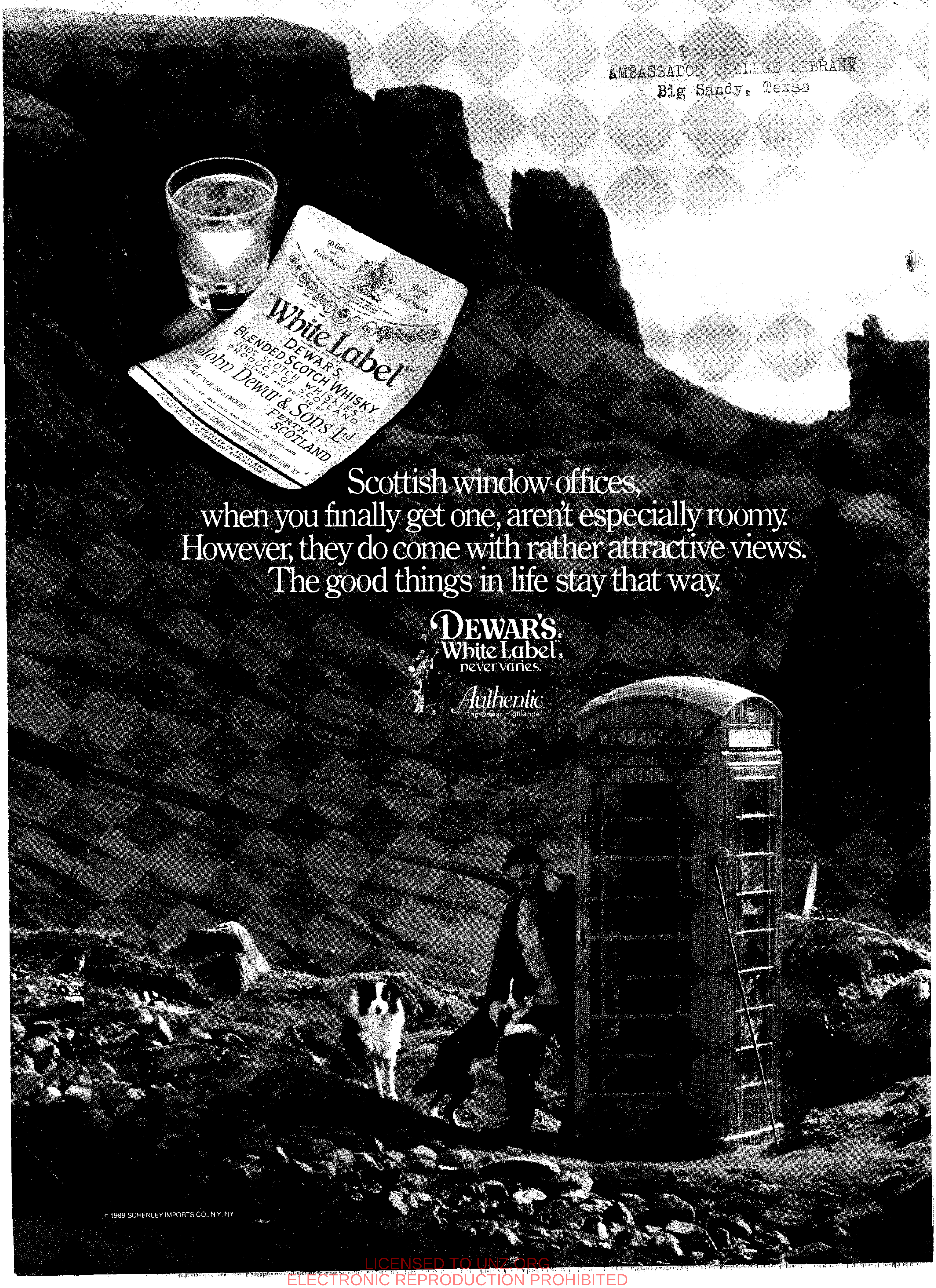
The road.

The Alternate Route.



© 1989 Audi of America

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas


50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
SCOTLAND.
750 ml
43.4% ALC VOL (86.8 PROOF)
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN U.S.A. SCHENLEY IMPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Scottish window offices,
when you finally get one, aren't especially roomy.
However, they do come with rather attractive views.
The good things in life stay that way.

DEWAR'S®
"White Label"®
never varies.

Authentic.
The Dewar Highlander®

© 1989 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., NY